DECEMBER 1955

COMMENTARY

The Jewish Revival in America: I — NATHAN GLAZER
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Synagogue Art Today: I — WILLIAM SCHACK
Which Has Speed—A Poem — ELI SIEGEL
From the American Scene
The Dressmaker — TOBY SHAFTER
Cedars of Lebanon
Three Letters from Bialystok — MORDECAI TENENBAUM
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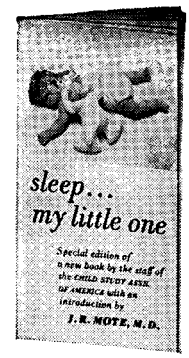

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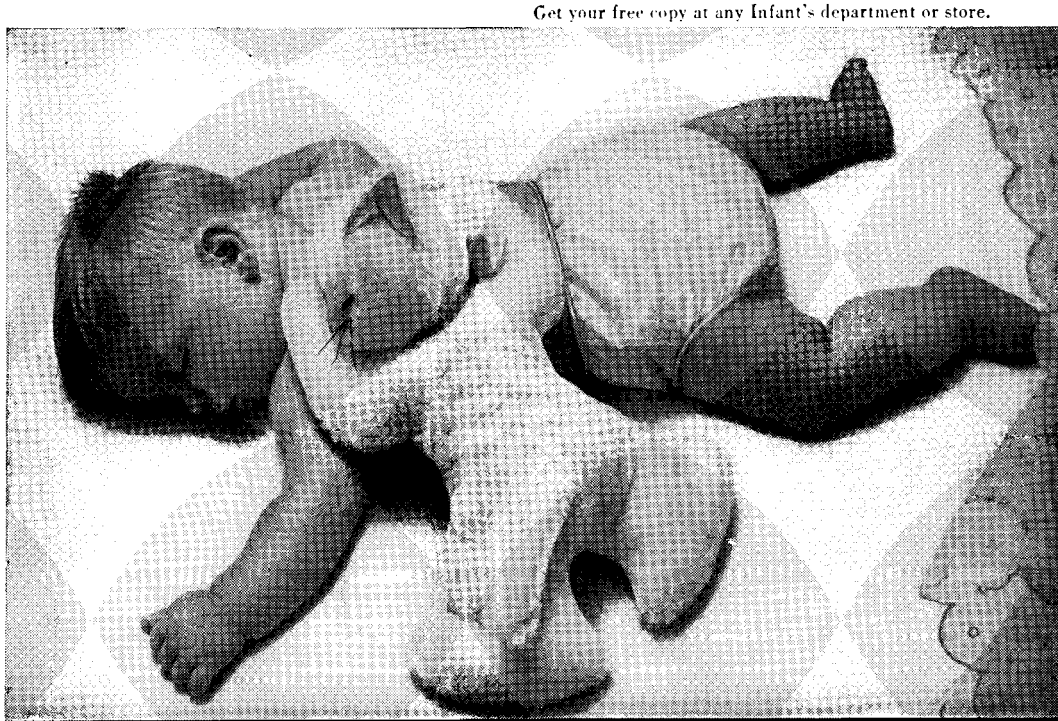

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COMMENTARY

DECEMBER 1955 VOLUME 20, NUMBER 6

The Jewish Revival in America: I	*Nathan Glazer*	493
The Kastner Case	*W. Z. Laqueur*	500
Taking Stock after Geneva		
What Is the Iron Curtain For?	*G. F. Hudson*	512
"Reducing International Tension"	*Paul Kecskemeti*	518
My Father, and His Father	*David Daiches*	522
The Angel Levine *A Story*	*Bernard Malamud*	534
Which Has Speed *A Poem*	*Eli Siegel*	540
Cost of the Security Programs	*Maurice J. Goldbloom*	541
Synagogue Art Today: I	*William Schack*	548
From the American Scene		
The Dressmaker	*Toby Shafter*	554
Cedars of Lebanon		
Three Letters from Bialystok	*Mordecai Tenenbaum*	560
On the Horizon		
Reflections on a Talk by Toynbee	*H. D. Schmidt*	563
The Study of Man	*S. M. Lipset and*	
European Traditions and American Sociology	*Herbert Luethy*	568
Letters from Readers		573
Books in Review		
Conservatism in America, by Clinton Rossiter	*Edward N. Saveth*	576
Histoire de l'Antisemitisme. Vol. I.		
Du Christ aux Juifs de Court, by Léon Poliakov	*James W. Parkes*	578
The Deer Park, by Norman Mailer	*Richard Chase*	581
German Democracy at Work, edited by James K. Pollock	*G. L. Arnold*	583
John Maynard Keynes: Economist and		
Policy Maker, by Seymour Harris	*Ben B. Seligman*	587

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IN FORTHCOMING ISSUES OF

COMMENTARY

Israel and Egypt Spar *Hal Lehrman*

COMMENTARY's roving correspondent sends in an on-the-spot report from Israel's southern frontier, where the Egyptian army – now being supplied with considerable Soviet military equipment and arms – appears to be testing its strength against Israel's.

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Adenauer will be eighty shortly, and the question of his successor in the chancellorship, if not yet openly discussed, looms as an urgent one. The author, a Swiss political observer, sees everything as depending on the political maturity of the West Germans, and he inquires into the present degree of that maturity.

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Anti-Semitism in Russia is by no means a dead issue, but Mr. Poliakov shows that it cannot be understood without penetrating to its origins in the religious policies of the Czars at the turn of the 15th and 16th centuries.

Discrimination in College Fraternities *James Rorty*

Our campuses may be centers of enlightenment, but traditions of snobbery (as well as of bigotry and racism) still keep many fraternities in the dark, Mr. Rorty reports in a study of the recently published *Fraternities Without Brotherhood* by Alfred McClung Lee.

About "Pudd'nhead Wilson" *F. R. Leavis*

The famous English literary critic re-evaluates a little read and scarcely regarded novel by Mark Twain which explores Negro-white relations to a depth most later fiction writers on the subject have failed to attain.

World Communism's New Leadership *Franz Borkenau*

The well-known analyst of events behind the Iron Curtain reports on the radical changes that have been taking place in the system of Communist leadership over the last year, and what they bode for post-Genevan international relations.

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COMMENTARY

THE JEWISH REVIVAL IN AMERICA: I

A Sociologist's Report

NATHAN GLAZER

THE most striking development of the last fifteen years in American Jewish life has been the "Jewish revival." One hesitates to call it a "revival of Judaism," for if one were to apply the touchstones of Judaism as a religion to the practices and beliefs of American Jews, we should find little to justify any talk about a revival of religion. What we see, specifically, is that Jewish religious institutions are, in relation to the other institutions in American Jewish life, far stronger today than they were in the 20's and 30's; and that Jews no longer take it for granted—as so many did then—that a natural concomitant of Americanization is the abandonment of their religious practices. Indeed, in some families we see the reversal of a process once assumed to be irreversible, with the children seemingly ready to accept more of traditional Judaism than their parents ever were.

It is thus by contrast with the 20's and 30's that the present situation of religion among American Jews strikes one as surprising, and by that contrast alone. Measured against the great ages of faith, what we have today must be called a secular society in which the influence of religion is minor, among non-Jews as well as Jews.

In the 20's and 30's the synagogue and religion offered but one center of life and interest among many on the American Jewish scene. Other specifically Jewish centers of activity, of equal or greater importance, were constituted by philanthropic work, by Jewish politics, and by Jewish culture. The leading figures in these fields were often indifferent when not actually hostile to religion. And so one had a split between what one may call Judaism, the historic religion, and Jewishness—namely, all the activities which Jews came together to carry on without the auspices of religion.

None of the three denominational branches into which American Judaism had become divided showed any great vitality in that period. The strength of Orthodoxy lay in the "ghettos" of the big city. But the prosperity of the 20's brought a mass exodus from these areas, and in many cities they disappeared entirely during the 30's. In the places with the largest Jewish population, however, New York and Brooklyn,

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THIS is the first of two essays on American Jewry's present religious revival, based on a series of lectures delivered by the author this past spring at the University of Chicago under the auspices of the Walgreen Foundation. NATHAN GLAZER is a former associate editor of this magazine who, as a sociologist, has paid special attention to politics and Jewish life. Mr. Glazer collaborated with David Riesman and Reuel Denney in the writing of *The Lonely Crowd*. At present he is with the publishing house of Doubleday.

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the "ghetto" neighborhoods continued to hold many thousands of Jews; and just these were not only the poorer but also the more religious Jews. Religion, almost in its pristine East European form, continued to flourish in these shrunken "ghettos." Here one could still buy kosher food on any street, eat in kosher restaurants, and send children to religious schools conducted in the afternoon, or to all-day schools where half the curriculum was devoted to secular subjects taught in English. Here were Orthodox synagogues of every kind—Ashkenazic, Sephardic, Hasidic, Lithuanian, and Galician. Here, too, were published newspapers and magazines, and books, in Yiddish and in Hebrew. There were by now so many Jews in America that, regardless of over-all statistical trends, enough Orthodox Jews were left in New York and Brooklyn for religious life to flourish.

In the neighborhoods of "second settlement" in the big cities, the predominant type of synagogue was still the Orthodox, with here and there a synagogue calling itself "Conservative" (modified Orthodox, in effect) and now and then a Reform temple. In the smaller cities and towns, where social movements were somewhat abbreviated, the neighborhoods of second settlement contained both Conservative synagogues and Reform temples. In the area of "third settlement"—that is, the expensive residential neighborhoods of the bigger cities—and among the well-to-do of the smaller towns, Reform temples were predominant, but Conservative synagogues competed with them. Among well-to-do Jews, the Orthodox became a very small minority.

It was in the areas of second settlement—the Bronx and Brooklyn in New York, Lawndale in Chicago, etc., etc.—that the majority of American Jews lived before 1939. In general, the influence of religion and of religious institutions was very low in these neighborhoods. The synagogues had lost their Old World functions—that is, they were no longer houses of study and daily prayer—and their rabbis and supervisors had not yet developed skill in those functions on which churches of the New World based themselves in large measure—that is, they did not do social work, or serve as social centers; nor were they, for the most part, social institutions of the kind that conferred significant prestige on officers and members. Many of the children of the Jews in these neighborhoods went to college in the 30's, but, whether they went to college or not, in their majority they showed no interest in religion and its observances. Rarely in history, I think, has one come across a group as indifferent to traditional religion.

And yet the social life of these Jews, and of their offspring, in the areas of second settlement was confined almost exclusively to fellow Jews. Before the 1880's, there were simply not enough Jews in this country to form the dense concentrations that make an exclusively Jewish social life possible. The "Jewish neighborhood" was born with the arrival of the millions from East Europe.

The relation to Judaism of these almost totally Jewish residential districts was an ambiguous one. While they made it possible for every variant of Judaism to find a minimal number of adherents, they also made possible a varied Jewish social life that was utterly indifferent—in many cases even hostile—to Judaism. There were organizations that carried on some kind of Jewish activity, but were formally anti- or a-religious, like the Zionist and Yiddishist groups. There were organizations not formally Jewish, but actually almost completely Jewish in their membership, like the Socialists and other radical groups. There were purely social organizations which, whether or not formally Jewish, were altogether Jewish in membership. All this seemed to suggest to some people—notably Horace Kallen—that a specifically Jewish life could survive in the United States with only an incidental relation to religion. The idea was advanced that Jewishness—the complex of characteristics associated with the Jews as a historical group—could be maintained and taught as some kind of cultural whole, with Judaism—the historical religion—forming only a part of it.

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This point of view, of course, had meaning only in terms of a larger outlook, that of "cultural pluralism," which looked forward to an America in which the descendants of each immigrant group would retain some of their original cultural peculiarities. Certainly in the 20's and 30's the Jews seemed ideal candidates for a culturally plural America. The problem rather seemed to be whether any of the other immigrant groups was equally eligible.

But after 1945 there could be no doubt as to whether Jewishness or Judaism was to be the basis for Jewish life in America. Jewishness as a program for Jewish life in America—that is, the notion that Jews could survive as a distinctive group in America, their distinctiveness defined not primarily by religion but by secular culture and quasi-national feelings—was seen to be impossible. Indeed, the ground had begun to be cut away from under this "program" by the early 30's. And after the war, with Jewishness already in the decline, Judaism in all its branches began to flourish astonishingly. A few years had wrought an amazing change in American Jewish life.

To consider the institutional side of the matter alone: today the Conservative movement is in process of rapid growth—from about two hundred synagogues at the beginning of the 40's to about five hundred now. The Reform movement is also growing, if not as rapidly—from about three hundred synagogues at the beginning of the 40's to about five hundred now. The congregations have grown in proportion. Even Orthodoxy shows a new vigor that is particularly evident in its all-day schools. These schools, almost all of which are conducted under Orthodox auspices and impose Orthodox religious observances, now have thirty thousand students, about two-thirds of whom are to be found in New York. More of these schools are being started every year. The number of Jewish children getting every kind of Jewish religious education has likewise risen greatly—there were about two hundred thirty thousand Jewish children receiving some form of religious instruction (about half in Sunday schools) in 1946; about four hundred thousand (with the same proportion in Sunday schools) were receiving it in 1954. It is hardly likely that the Jewish population of school age rose by something like 73 per cent in these eight years.

But leaving aside the matter of figures, it seems to be a fact that the interest in Jewish religion is now greater than it ever was before in this country. People who would never have joined a synagogue fifteen years ago now find themselves (a little sheepishly) members of a congregation. Meantime there is much discussion as to "just what all this means."

THE two answers most often heard are: Hitler and Zionism. These explain something, but, to my mind, not much. Certainly the catastrophe in Europe and the crisis in Palestine drew many thousands of Jews into Jewish activities, and into giving vast sums of money for relief and for Israel. This activity was, however, conducted almost exclusively by secular organizations in which rabbis and religious groups played little part. In fact, the major Jewish fund-raising organizations have generally been indifferent to religion on principle—partly in order to avoid involvement in denominational conflicts, but even more because the leaders in philanthropic and Zionist work have often lacked any personal interest in religion. The temper of the times may well have been such as to bring many Jews back to the temple and synagogue, but I think that if we examine what has happened to the Jewish community in the fifteen years since the beginning of the war, we shall find more cogent explanations for this return.

During the war and after, many Jews in this country became more prosperous than ever before. As a group, they are not on fixed salaries—they do not tend to work for others, whether as manual workers, white-collar employees, or subordinate executives. They are inclined, rather, to be shopkeepers, independent businessmen, and professionals. Such people were in a better position

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to take advantage of the war and postwar boom than those on fixed salaries. Businessmen in particular greatly benefited from the tax situation. After the war, one reflection of this new prosperity was the migration of Jews, on a scale unprecedented in this country, out of their old areas of second (and even third) settlement.

It was, in part, the migration of just those Jews who in the past had been most indifferent to religion: the second and third generations of the East European immigrants. The areas of second settlement deserted by these newly prosperous Jews had been, as we said above, the strongholds of Jewish irreligion—and of secular Jewishness. It was in these almost totally Jewish neighborhoods that, paradoxically, Jews could live almost completely out of contact with religion, and that the proportion of synagogue members was always lowest. It was in these neighborhoods, too, that almost any idiosyncratic movement in Jewish life—one, say, combining attachment to Yiddish and socialism with the rejection of Zionism and the insistence on territorial concentration in some area other than Palestine—could be pretty sure to find some adherents. And it was in these neighborhoods, too, that one could live a completely Jewish social life yet have no connection with any Jewish institution, religious or otherwise. It was there, in other words, that one could have none but Jewish friends, eat nothing but Jewish food, unself-consciously act out Jewish mores and culture patterns—and yet have no self-consciousness about being a Jew.

As these neighborhoods broke up under the impact of prosperity, and new settlements of much lower density were created on the outskirts of the metropolitan centers, a number of social influences began to be felt which simultaneously strengthened Judaism and weakened Jewishness.

LET us assume that a typical Jewish family migrating from an area of second settlement to a new suburban development consists of relatively young parents born in this country, and with one or two children of pre-school, or very early school, age. Such a family now become conscious of their Gentile neighbors, and of what they think, in a new way. The few Gentiles (Catholic and Negro janitors and the like) in neighborhoods of dense Jewish settlement were generally of a social status lower than the Jews around them, and as Marshall Sklare points out in his *Conservative Judaism*, they were not "neighbors" of these Jews. New suburban areas that might be considered "largely Jewish" are generally 25 to 50 per cent Jewish rather than 75 to 90 per cent, as in areas of second settlement. Neighbors are now of the same or higher social status, and are Protestant rather than Catholic. Children go to school with Protestant children, and when Sunday comes it is embarrassing to have them playing outside while the Protestant children go off to Sunday school and church. The second generation's carelessness about religion—because it lived as it were to itself, away from the scrutiny and heedless of the opinion of the outside (Gentile) world, and under circumstances in which religion was associated with Orthodox narrowness, immigrant foreignness, and poverty—does not sit so easily under the new conditions. The emancipated American Jew now has to reckon with the social consequences of his unself-conscious agnosticism: does he mean it that much?

His children now play with Gentile ones on a level of middle-class respectability that does not generally countenance the simple name-calling and fist-fighting of the old slum and the neighborhoods of second settlement, and the children now need *answers* to such questions as "Why am I a Jew?" It is harder to supply such answers in a middle-class suburb where everyone looks alike than in an urban neighborhood where ethnic groups are marked off externally as so many distinct species. The parents are at loss for answers, either because they have had no Jewish education, or because it consisted solely of the inculcation of a few traditional observances and some Hebrew and Biblical lore. None of this supplies the needed answers. A new form of Jewish education

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becomes necessary, and the modern Sunday school, with modern texts designed to "adjust" children to the fact that they are Jewish is gratefully accepted—relieving parents as it does of a task they cannot perform.

The problems of the third-generation children thus form a major factor in inducing second-generation American Jewish parents to ask for religious schools. This might have offered the advocates of Jewishness without Judaism a chance to strengthen their position. If the problem faced by the Jewish parents in the suburbs were simply one of getting their children to attend a school on Sunday morning, and there learn some kind of answer to why they are Jews, there would be no reason for the school's being a religious one—it could just as well be secular. Certainly many parents must have considered this a possibility; we know of one case (there are others) in which effort was made to set up a school for the children of suburban Jews where explanations would be offered of what it meant to be a Jew without the inculcation of religious observances. (See Herbert Gans's "Park Forest: Birth of a Jewish Community," in COMMENTARY, April 1951.)

This proved unfeasible for two reasons. The first was the institutional vigor itself of Jewish religious institutions. Central bodies for each of the major Jewish denominational groups already existed with educational departments, prepared curricula, traveling field advisors, and rosters of qualified teachers. And it proved much easier to resort to such an existing body for help in starting a school than to try to start one oneself, with or without the help of the much smaller groups still maintaining non-religious schools.

Then, too, in each of these communities there tended to be at least a few Jewish families who had belonged to synagogues and who wanted to start one, in any case, in the new community. Those faced with the problem of the Jewish education of their children, but reluctant to allow it to be a religious education, would be confronted, on the one hand, with an existing congregation—or one about to exist—and its established school, and, on the other hand, with what amounted to a relatively weak and institutionally unsupported feeling in favor of secular Jewish education. In this conflict, there was no question as to which would win out. Moreover, parents who began by sending their children to religious schools would very soon be drawn in themselves, if only by institutional pull. The children of non-members could be barred from the school, or the tuition for non-members' children could be made equal to the regular family membership dues that included children's education.

WE BEGAN with the children in our attempt to explain how it was that Judaism has developed with such unexpected vigor among second- and third-generation American Jews. The children are not the whole story, but they are indeed a very important part of it. To use Herbert Gans's phrase, the Jewishness of the new suburban areas is "child-centered." The problem of raising children, educating them, and living where they will have the right playmates, takes up a good part of middle-class conversation in this country, and particularly so in the suburbs. Among Jews, the concern with such questions is probably higher than average because they seem more familiocentric than any other element of the population. A higher proportion of Jews marry, a lower proportion get divorced.

We have not yet told the whole story of the role of the children in the revival of Judaism because we are trying to separate those factors which we might call "sociological" from those we might call "religious." We conceive the latter as some kind of inner need independent of social surroundings that would lead one to act, if need be, against what one's milieu expects and encourages. The revival of Judaism, as manifested in the increased concern for Jewish education for children, has such aspects too, but we leave them for our second article.

Certainly the great role played by the children is not the whole story. In urban

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Jewish neighborhoods, as we have said, one was a Jew without thinking about it, and without having to do anything about it. In the new, middle-class suburban communities to which hundreds of thousands of Jews have moved, it was discovered that, subtly but certainly, American social life moved to a large extent along denominational lines. (See Will Herberg's article, "The 'Triple Melting Pot'" in COMMENTARY, August 1955.) Gentiles expect the Jew to have a social community of his own, clearly marked off from the Catholic and Protestant ones. This enforced social compartmentalization has had the effect of making the secular Jew a "captive audience" and client of religious, or at least institutional, Jewry.

In urban Jewish neighborhoods, the Jew could choose his social milieu, and in many cases none of his friends or associates would have religious or institutional affiliations. In small towns the Jews had all along been more "exposed" to each other simply because of the smallness of their numbers, and in such circumstances every well-established Jewish institution has won out in the past. In a town like Nashville, Tennessee, for example, with less than 3,000 Jews and three synagogues, half the families are members of more than one synagogue, and many of all three; even people not particularly attached to the Orthodox synagogue will sometimes give it money. Where Jews are so few that most of them are personally acquainted, it is hard to resist the pressure of those actively engaged in Jewish institutional affairs.

We may take another example from Akron, Ohio, which, because of the working-class origins of most of its Jews, still has two institutions carrying the word "workers" or "workman" in their titles: the Workmen's Circle, which is Socialist, and the Jewish National Workers Alliance, which is Socialist-Zionist. Many an Akron Jewish businessman who is a "capitalist" in the fullest sense of the word will belong to a workers' organization and the B'nai B'rith, a local synagogue, and half a dozen other organizations as well. He simply won't let a Jewish organization die. Of course, this "captive audience," which exists where there is a relatively small Jewish community in which each Jew perforce lives his life among other Jews, is only part of the story in the smaller cities and the small towns. Some bond of feeling must exist in order to enable the minority of institutionally involved Jews in such communities to play on the sense of obligation (or guilt) of the others. Without this bond of feeling the "captive audience" cannot come into being; it then becomes too easy for one to endure or disregard the disapproval of his fellow Jews. (Of this special feeling of responsibility that Jews have for one another, I hope to say more in my next article.)

IN SMALL towns, and now in the new suburbs, the majority of the Jewish community tends to surrender to the pressure of its most energetic, aggressive members. Just who are these? They are the "Judaists," the upholders of Jewish religion, or at least of Jewish religious institutions. There is no question but that since the war the Socialist or Socialist-Zionist or Yiddish-cultural Jews, who were all strenuously anti-religious, have lost heart. The day of their causes is, clearly, over. Their simple rationalism, to speak of nothing else, is no longer satisfying. I do not wish to go into all the causes of what the embattled naturalists have called "the new failure of nerve." Certainly the European catastrophe has had something to do with it. In the middle 40's, a fascinating and moving development took place among those Yiddish writers who for generations had been the apostles of simple rationalism. These men, many of them middle-aged and older, returned to religion. It was not rational Reform to which they turned. In typical Jewish style, they underwent no conversions. They did not have visions, or mystical experiences. They decided simply to be "good Jews." One should not exaggerate the scale of this movement. Indeed, to a sociologist it is invisible, for the few Jewish scholars and journalists who returned to traditional religion cause no bulge in any

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conceivable statistics. Still, what they did was significant in its context.

There was also the general change in the climate of opinion. Almost all recent forms of secular Jewishness have had some kind of Socialist orientation. These tendencies suffered along with the general decline of socialism in America. They were all anti-clerical and even determinedly atheistic; the general fading of militant irreligion in this country, and the growing acceptance of religion as an integral part of Americanism, have made them seem irrelevant. Then, too, the Jewish community, once largely working class, was now almost entirely middle class. How could such a community maintain an attachment to rather exotic and quite foreign-looking secular Socialist movements? And if all these modes of being a Jew were no longer possible, what was left but religion?

And so in the new Jewish communities burgeoning after the war, the naturalist, rationalist, and anti-clericalist were likely to fall silent, or at least become far more reticent than fifteen years before; at the same time the religious Jew, even if his religion was merely nominal, felt distinctly stronger and tended to become more assertive.

Finally, the religious institutions themselves have responded to the needs of the "returning" Jews. In the new synagogue buildings built since the war, the schools and community-center facilities often loom larger than the house of worship itself. The schools are not, as in the city synagogue, housed in a basement. They are fine modern edifices designed by outstanding architects. There are also such installations as nursery schools, clubrooms for teen-agers, meeting places for young married couples, and card rooms for the older people. Following the advice of Mordecai Kaplan consciously or unconsciously, the synagogues have become "synagogue centers." In many cases, the synagogue itself is the last thing a family comes to. The children almost certainly go to the school, the teen-agers very likely go to the dances, the women probably join the sisterhoods, the men possibly join the brotherhoods. Last—and the rabbi often asks himself, does this mean least?—are the services, poorly attended by a core of old-timers and the merest scattering of young people.

In effect, Mordecai Kaplan's view of the future of Judaism, as expressed in the middle 30's in *Judaism as a Civilization*, has triumphed. Not that Rabbi Kaplan is himself happy about the result. It was the social needs of the individual Jew and the communal needs of the entire community that the new synagogue met, and as an institution it has flourished in consequence. People asked: Is the new synagogue meeting the religious needs of Jews? Much less seldom did they ask *what* these needs were. Actually, one could have reason to believe that the Jewish religious institutions have won such wide support lately precisely, and merely, because they enable Jews, in the guise of a denomination, to survive as a separate group in America. That this be institutional Judaism's main function was quite directly proposed by one writer, and certainly felt by many other people. C. B. Sherman, a Zionist and a sociologist, pointed out that in America ethnic groups as such do not survive, and considering the make-up of American society there is no reason why they should. Cultural pluralism, which assumed some kind of minority cultural identity, remains unrealized. What, then, of those of us who want to see American Jews survive in their Jewish identity? The answer, said Mr. Sherman, is that we may survive as a religion. For the United States does recognize and grant place to a variety of religions. From a somewhat different point of view, this is what Mordecai Kaplan was saying twenty years before.

Is this the whole story? Does the synagogue survive because it satisfies the social and communal needs of Jews, and, in particular, because it enables them to maintain a somewhat separate identity in a guise appropriate to the American environment? Or does it satisfy real religious needs? Or is the survival of the Jewish people itself a "religious" need? These difficult questions I propose to take up in the following article.

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THE KASTNER CASE

Aftermath of the Catastrophe

W. Z. LAQUEUR

BY AUGUST 1944 the Third Reich was defeated and most everybody knew it—even Hitler, Himmler, and the Supreme Command of the Wehrmacht. One question alone remained unanswered—when the war would actually end.

The war went on. The Allies could wait—whether the German surrender came in six months, in a year or in two, could no longer influence the outcome. But there was one people in Europe that could not wait. For them each day was of the most vital importance. Even though the Germans were in retreat everywhere, smoke still rose from the chimneys of Auschwitz, Maidanek, and the other death camps. For their operation, Hitler still had men, time, and money to spare. Though all his other aims might go unrealized, one, he was determined, would not: a Europe without Jews. The German, Austrian, Polish, Czech Jews, those in the occupied parts of Russia—almost all had been exterminated. But "work" remained to be done at Auschwitz, where 12,000 Hungarian Jews were arriving daily. To "cope" with this new influx, a new extermination camp, Birkenau, had been opened near it, and was working at full speed.

A TRAIN with about a thousand Hungarian Jews left the Bergen-Belsen camp in Western Germany, and after various detours necessitated by Allied air raids, arrived at the Swiss border, which was crossed on August 21, 1944. In December a second such train halted at the border and its passengers likewise crossed over into Switzerland. Thus the lives of a total of 1,685 Hungarian Jews were saved. It is unlikely that Hitler knew anything about it; on the "Jewish question" he remained uncompromising to the end. Himmler, for his part, pretended ignorance of the event. The 1,685 owed their lives to a local agreement between a representative of the Hungarian Jews, Dr. Rudolf Kastner of Cluj (Klausenburg), and a few middle-ranking SS leaders named Eichmann, Becher, and Wisliczeni, who later achieved deserved notoriety at Nuremberg.

Reju Kastner (as he was known to his friends) was then just thirty years old. After studying law in his home town and at the German University in Prague, he had practiced law in Cluj. In 1940, when Transylvania was ceded to Hungary, he became vice president of the Zionist Organization in Budapest and moved there with his family. He was of medium height, wore black horn-rimmed glasses, and his graying hair was brushed back. He was very skillful in dealing with people: one or two generations back he would undoubtedly have become a *Hofrat* under the Austro-Hungarian monarchy. In France he might have become a minister, in Germany perhaps counsel for a big corporation with strong political interests. Kastner had unbounded political ambitions, the number of friends who swore by him was large, but through the years he had also acquired many bitter enemies. He

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THE Kastner case had all Israel aroused some months back, but relatively few people in this country are acquainted with the facts or the anguishing issues it brought to the fore. WALTER ZE'EV LAQUEUR, who presents the whole story here, has appeared in COMMENTARY previously, with "Israel's Great Foreign Policy Debate" in August 1955. Until lately he was political commentator for Israel's radio station. Born in Breslau, Germany, in 1921, he came to Palestine in 1938. A book by him, *Nationalism and Communism in the Middle East,* is soon to be published in this country.

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was clever, but not clever enough. To put it precisely—he did not possess that strength of character, that unswerving purposefulness which ultimately distinguish the great from the average politician. In the Budapest of 1943 Kastner became neither a *Hofrat* nor a corporation lawyer, but chairman of the Rescue Committee of the Jewish Agency for Palestine, which had just been set up. This job did not hold out any promise of honors, medals, or speedy promotion, but it was of outstanding importance for Hungarian Jewry; it meant power—insofar as one could speak of power at all under such conditions.

On March 19, 1944, German troops entered Hungary. Admiral Horthy was placed in a kind of honorary custody, and the Hungarian Nazis, the Arrow Cross party, took over. The Hungarian Jews had already suffered persecution, but Horthy and his ministers had refused to countenance any "final solution." Jews had been driven from their homes and left to starve, many had been arrested, but none had yet been sent to extermination camps.

On March 23, Dr. Kastner was summoned to *Hauptsturmfuehrer* Dieter Wisliczeni at German headquarters on the Schwabenberg. Wisliczeni locked his office door behind Kastner and, after a great display of joviality, finally drew a letter from his pocket. It was short, written in Hebrew, and came from Rabbi Weissmandl of Pressburg (Bratislava), stating that Wisliczeni was a man who could be worked with. "Have you read and understood it?" "Yes," Kastner replied. Wisliczeni threw the letter into the fire. Kastner then said: "I am at your disposal. What do you want?" "We want money for every Jew who is to be saved," answered Wisliczeni. "Excuse me—does that mean *we* or *me*?" asked Kastner. That was none of Kastner's business, replied the *Hauptsturmfuehrer* brusquely. "You will hear from me," Kastner said.

Kastner conferred with his colleagues on the Rescue Committee: all were in favor of continuing negotiations if only to gain time. They did not try to figure out the motives of the SS—the Third Reich was breaking up, some Nazi leaders wanted to keep a back door open, others wanted to get rich quick. And why should the SS be less corrupt than any other Nazi "elite"? Something had to be done, but how could one get hold of the necessary money? Telegrams were sent to the representatives of the various Jewish organizations in Istanbul, Zurich, and Lisbon. Meanwhile the negotiations with Wisliczeni continued, but without any tangible result.

Six weeks later, early in May of 1944, Joel Brand, another member of the Rescue Committee, was summoned to the Schwabenberg by *Obersturmbannfuehrer* Adolf Eichmann, head of the "Jew Commando" and Wisliczeni's boss. He was the Nazis' specialist on Jewish affairs, knew Yiddish and Hebrew, and was said to have been born in the German Templar settlement of Sarona in Palestine. Eichmann dispensed with introductory niceties. "You know who I am. I'm the man who liquidated the Jews of Poland, Slovakia, and Austria, and now I have been appointed head of the Liquidation Commando in Hungary. I'm willing to do business with you: human lives for merchandise." Eichmann smiled diabolically, which came naturally to him, and went on: "What do you want—women who can bear children? Men who can make them? Children? Old people? What's left of the biological potential of your people? Speak up!" But for the moment he did not really expect an answer, for now came the second part of his offer: "For the million Jews left I want ten thousand automobiles. In addition, one thousand tons of coffee or tea and one thousand tons of soap." As a first installment, Eichmann wanted a 10 per cent delivery of this amount of goods as quickly as possible, and in return was willing to let one hundred thousand Jews go to Spain or anywhere else —except to Palestine, for he had solemnly promised his friend the Grand Mufti, Haj Amin el Husseini, not to permit that. Brand was dismayed by the offer and did not know what to say.

Four days later, on May 15, he was again

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sent for by Eichmann. "You can go to Constantinople right away and talk to your people about getting hold of the money. In the meantime the deportations will begin. Twelve thousand Jews a day will be fed into my meat-grinder. Tell your people that!" With these words Eichmann smilingly dismissed Joel Brand, who flew to Turkey on May 19, leaving his family behind as hostages.

That same day the deportations began. Kastner visited Eichmann three times within two weeks. The mood of the chief of the Liquidation Commando changed with every report from the front: first he threatened to send Kastner to Auschwitz on the next train; then on June 3 he said that to show his good will he was ready to release a few hundred Hungarian Jews. On June 15 he even said that he wanted to send fifteen thousand Jews to Austria instead of to Auschwitz and put them in "cold storage" there, as he expressed it. In return he wanted five million Swiss francs. Nobody knew whom he intended to share this sum with, or whether he intended to share it at all. In any case, the Budapest Rescue Committee did not have the money: so it decided to sell one hundred and fifty places on the train to Austria (which went to Switzerland in the end) in order to collect the ransom price for the total number.

Of the 1,685 Jews on the two trains that reached the Swiss frontier in August and December 1944, 388 came from Cluj, Dr. Kastner's home town. How had these passengers been selected? The final decision had, of course, lain with the SS. But Eichmann had used the list compiled by the Rescue Committee.

On June 30 the train left Budapest. Hundreds of thousands of Hungarian Jews remained behind. By way of Bergen-Belsen the train finally reached Bregenz on Lake Constance. After a few hours of breathless waiting, the passengers were taken across the Swiss border to Lustenau, where a lighted train was waiting. They were saved.

Kastner accompanied the train, but did not remain in Switzerland. On orders of the Jewish rescue organization, he stayed in contact with the Nazi leaders and continued his efforts to buy back the lives of the Jews of Hungary. Now he dealt chiefly with Kurt Becher, an SS *Standartenfuehrer*, who shortly before the fall of the Third Reich became special commissioner for concentration camps. Becher took him to Vienna and to visit Bergen-Belsen and Theresienstadt. Considerable sums of money were paid Becher in return for his efforts. In March 1945 Kastner came to Berlin to meet with Himmler; he was afraid of a final massacre before the entry of the victors. Panic reigned among the Nazi leaders, but the meeting with Himmler never took place. On April 20, 1945, Kastner crossed the Swiss frontier. At the camp where the passengers of the 1944 transport were living, a great banquet was held in his honor at which he was hailed as a savior and presented with a beautifully framed picture.

Thus did the curtain fall on the first act of this tragedy in which horror went hand in hand with confusion.

THE Jerusalem District Court is located on Russian Square, and is flanked by the police headquarters, a first-aid station, the government Information Office, and the Russian-Palestinian Society after which the square is named. Founded in Czarist times for purposes of cultural propaganda, the society has recently been revived by the Soviet Union. All these buildings are old and unsightly, in Arab style, with thick walls and dark passages exuding a faint smell of carbolic acid.

In this court the trial of one Malkiel Greenwald began on January 1, 1954. Greenwald was accused of having violated Article 201, Section 1 of the Criminal Code of 1936 (libel). The trial attracted little notice. Only a few reporters were in the courtroom and neither they nor their editors felt like giving more than a few lines to the case. The prosecutor had already presented his case in May 1953, and all the facts were known. That morning, the proceedings took only a few minutes. The indictment was

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read, Greenwald pleaded not guilty and asked for an adjournment in order to retain counsel; this was granted by the judge, Dr. Benjamin Halevi.

Greenwald was a small man of over seventy, bald, with a screwed-up face and unsteady glance. He had been born in Shofron, Hungary, and as a young man had for some time been employed in the Austro-Hungarian consular service. He had graduated from the University of Budapest, been publisher of a weekly, and in 1938 had come to Palestine where he had joined Mizrachi, the Orthodox religious middle-class party. But his real sympathies were of a more radical nature: in word and deed he—and his children—supported the terrorist Irgun Zvai Leumi. After the founding of the State of Israel he began putting out a mimeographed newsletter, *Letters to the Members of Mizrachi,* that specialized in rumors about prominent political personalities; these were reported in Greenwald's own peculiar Hebrew. "How could X afford to buy a house in Y?" "How can Z manage to spend every Christmas with his parents-in-law in England?" and so on. In the course of his campaign for Israel's moral regeneration, Greenwald one day started the Kastner case on its way. This particular newsletter, Number 17, began as follows:

> Beloved friends! I smell rotting carrion! What a first-rate burial we're going to have! This Dr. Rudolf Kastner has to be finished off! For three years I have been waiting for the moment to unmask this careerist who grew fat on Hitler's plunder and murders. Because of his criminal machinations and his collaboration with the Nazis I consider him implicated in the murder of our beloved brothers, etc., etc.

So far nobody had taken Greenwald's sheet seriously, and he knew that under the criminal code the kind of innuendo he dealt in was at worst punishable by a small fine, and that he would at least get publicity in return. What they surely would not do was throw an old man like him into jail.

Up to that point, then, nobody had taken Greenwald seriously—nobody except Dr. Dov Joseph, a Canadian by birth, a prominent lawyer, and at that time Israel's Minister of Commerce and Industry. Kastner was the public-relations voice of his ministry, and Dr. Joseph demanded that he be cleared once and for all of accusations like Greenwald's that had been made against him from time to time.

Kastner had come to Israel in 1946 and become very active in public life. He was chairman of the World Committee of Hungarian Jews, head of the Hungarian section of the radio station of the Jewish Agency, and co-publisher of a Hungarian-language paper, *Uj Kelet.* He had joined Mapai, and at Knesset elections that party honored him by making him one of its candidates, though he was never elected. Just as back in Cluj and Budapest, Kastner was very ambitious and had friends ready to stick by him through thick and thin, but also many bitter enemies. Accusations against him had been investigated several times by courts of honor of the Zionist movement and by his own party, but had in every case been rejected as without substance or unproven.

ONCE again Greenwald appeared in the District Court, on January 17, this time accompanied by a young lawyer, Shmuel Tamir. Tamir was the best known and undoubtedly most skillful lawyer of the younger generation in Israel. A right-wing radical, he had been the Jerusalem commander of the Irgun, and had won his reputation the year before as the successful defense counsel for a group of young terrorists who had been accused, among other things, of throwing a bomb into the Soviet embassy in Tel Aviv at the time of the Moscow doctors' case. On that occasion he had tried to show that the real responsibility for the bombing rested with Ben Gurion and his speeches. Tamir was an extremely keen dialectician and a master of cross-examination, but also seemed without scruples. Yet he appeared really to believe in his mission: he was no actor but a fanatic. On January 17 he appeared for the first time before the court, requesting a further adjournment in order to brief himself for the trial. The judge

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granted the request but sentenced Greenwald at the same time to a small fine for negligence in preparing his defense.

Another month elapsed before the trial began in earnest. Kastner was the first on the witness stand: "I was born in Cluj in Transylvania. By profession I am a lawyer and journalist. . . ." He spent three days on the stand, reporting in detail about his activities as a member of the Budapest Rescue Committee, quoting documents, statistics, and other persons' accounts of his activities. But it was not made quite clear why the prosecution had produced Kastner at all. In the opinion of most lawyers a conviction could have resulted only from evidence that Greenwald had in fact violated the provisions of the Criminal Code. But the public prosecutor apparently wanted to do more than just win the case; he wanted to clear Kastner once and for all of such charges.

At that point Tamir, too, was completely unaware of the possibilities the case offered him. Three days after the opening of the trial Judge Halevi asked whether the defendant was prepared to retract his accusations and apologize. And lo, Greenwald and Tamir were willing to meet him more than halfway. But the public prosecutor demanded a completely unequivocal apology, which Greenwald was not willing to give. So the trial continued.

For another twelve days Kastner underwent cross-examination by Tamir. It all began very innocently with requests for further information on this or that point. Then Tamir asked suddenly: "And how did it happen that Kurt Becher, the high-ranking SS leader and war criminal, was acquitted at Nuremberg as a result of your intervention and testimony?" Kastner cried: "That's a lie! I never testified for him!" With that, he had fallen into Tamir's trap. This first inconsistency led to a second, third, and tenth, until there was no way out for him. For Kastner *had* testified at Nuremberg, on August 4, 1947, asking that Becher's services be accorded the "fullest possible consideration," and Tamir had had no trouble in obtaining a transcript. But worse was to follow. At Nuremberg Kastner had stated that the Jewish Agency and the World Jewish Congress had authorized him to give his testimony in Becher's behalf; this turned out not to have been so. Moreover, a year later, in a letter to Israel's first Minister of Finance, the late Eliezer Kaplan, Kastner had expressly stated that Becher was acquitted on the strength of his, Kastner's, testimony.

Tamir tightened the screws mercilessly. Had Becher been a good Nazi? No. Had he taken money and valuables wherever and whenever he could? Yes. Wasn't it a national crime to testify on behalf of an SS officer and recommend his acquittal? Yes.

THAT was the beginning of the end. From there on it was easy for Tamir to show that a Jew willing to testify for a high-ranking SS officer was capable of any infamy. And if Kastner had intervened on Becher's behalf, it meant that there must have been good reason for it—that Kastner had been in cahoots with Becher! How could one believe a man like Kastner who had already proved himself a liar? Weren't all his other statements lies too?

Kastner's answers came ever more haltingly; little was left of his original self-assurance. Meanwhile Tamir's aim became more and more apparent. He was trying to show that Kastner had been a common collaborator, a war criminal, "the greatest Nazi agent in Europe." Why else should the SS men have been so willing to negotiate with a young lawyer from Cluj? He tried to prove that Kastner had systematically obstructed every attempt to create an underground organization among the Hungarian Jews. That he had lulled them into a false sense of security when deportations had already begun. That he had tried to stop definite news about the extermination camps from reaching the outside world. That he had divided up with Becher the millions the latter had received in ransom money. That the 1,685 Hungarian Jews who reached Switzerland had been nothing more than a sop to his conscience in return for sending hundreds of thousands of others to their deaths. That

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he had persuaded the Jewish parachutists who arrived in Budapest from Palestine in 1944 to give themselves up to the Gestapo voluntarily—again only in order to foil all resistance by the Hungarian Jews. That among the 1,685 saved, 388 had come from Cluj, Kastner's home town, and among them had been almost all his own and his wife's close relatives.

All this and several other things Tamir tried to prove, and his tactics brought him increasing success. From counsel for the defense he had turned into prosecutor. Kastner and his legal advisors lost their heads and began committing one blunder after another. The trial had long since become a major political affair, and Judge Halevi had to transfer the hearings to a larger courtroom.

His demagogy notwithstanding, Tamir had on his side the millions of Jews whom Kastner and the Jewish Agency had been unable to save. Just as the Nazis under the Weimar Republic had used the legend of the "stab in the back," and as McCarthy and others in the United States had talked about the "betrayal of China," so Tamir tried to unload the blame for the catastrophe on the *mossdot ha'leumiim*, the Jewish national organizations. And because the destruction of one-third of their number was a heavier burden for Jews to bear than the loss of a world war was for Germany, or the Sovietization of China for the United States, Tamir did not find it hard to gain willing ears for his own new "stab in the back" legend. If not for men like Kastner, he argued, everything would have been different. The Kastners were at fault, they were the real war criminals. It was to Tamir's advantage that the catastrophe itself had been so utterly incredible that many Jews were ready to accept incredible explanations for it.

EIGHTEEN witnesses appeared for the prosecution and thirty-six for the defense. The trial was assuming mammoth proportions. Meanwhile Judge Halevi hardly interfered. Among the witnesses called by the prosecution, Ehud Avriel and Menachem Bader attracted particular attention. Avriel was a member of Mapai, a former Israeli minister to Prague, and a right-hand man of Ben Gurion. Bader was a member of the oppositionist, pro-Soviet Mapam. Both had been in Istanbul during the war and served on the commission of the Jewish Agency whose task it was to maintain contact with Jews in the occupied countries and to help in their rescue. Tamir wanted to prove that Avriel and Bader were liars and traitors, too, and had sabotaged the rescue attempts. All this had little to do with the Kastner-Greenwald case, but was aimed at discrediting the majority parties in Israel. Judge Halevi barely interfered. Shortly before the opening of the trial he had resigned from the bench because he had been passed over when a new appointment was made to the Supreme Court of Israel; perhaps a member of a government party had been given the preference over him? A few weeks later Halevi was to withdraw his resignation.

Then Joel Brand's activities were brought up. As mentioned above, Brand had carried Eichmann's offer to the Jewish representatives in Istanbul in May 1944. While there he had conferred with Avriel and Bader. Tamir now attempted to prove that Avriel had persuaded Brand to go to Palestine, although well aware that the British would arrest him at the Syrian border. Avriel and the heads of the Jewish Agency had allegedly been interested in having Brand arrested because they had not wanted the truth about the mass murders to become known in Palestine and the rest of the world. Brand had been arrested by the British at the Syrian border as an "enemy alien" and taken to Cairo. There he had met Moshe Sharett and Lord Moyne, the British Minister for Middle Eastern Affairs, as well as some top-level British counter-intelligence officers. Eichmann's offer was transmitted to London. Winston Churchill would have liked to do something for the Jews but did not know what; besides, at the time he was concerned mainly with the conduct of the war and final victory rather than with political details. Lord Moyne had asked: "What

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would I do with one million Jews?" Foreign Minister Eden had said nothing, but probably had thought the same.

After a few months Brand was released and reached Palestine. No answer concerning Eichmann's offer was forthcoming. Why should one give any credence to the word of a mass murderer? Besides, the Allies could not enter into such transactions without making themselves and their war effort look ridiculous. These and similar objections were to be heard in London, Moscow, and Washington. Perhaps they were valid. But it was also true that 12,000 Hungarian Jews were being killed every day.

THEN followed the examination of Joel Palgi. Palgi was a major in the Israeli army and one of the directors of the Israeli air line El Al. Of Hungarian origin, he had known Kastner in the Zionist youth movement and had been one of the parachutists sent to Yugoslavia in 1944 and from there to Hungary. He had written a widely read book about his experiences. In the middle of April 1944 a British transport plane had taken him and a friend of his from Brindisi to Yugoslavia. In two weeks Palgi was in Budapest, only to surrender to the Gestapo a few days later. Hanna Senesch, another parachutist, who had got to Budapest in March 1944, was at that time already in a Hungarian prison. Tamir now tried to show that Palgi had voluntarily given himself up to the Gestapo and had divulged important information without being forced to do so; in other words, that he was a traitor and not at all a national hero, and that his book was full of lies. It did turn out that Palgi's book had not always reported the complete truth, and on a few points even the opposite of the truth. Again and again Tamir was to return to this: Do you admit that on this point you did not tell the truth? Would you not consider that description in your book a lie?

Palgi testified that in April 1944 no Jewish resistance could have been organized in Budapest, and that Kastner, whom he had sought out, had told him that Hungarian counter-espionage was already on the lookout for Palestinian parachutists. This did not sound implausible, since Hanna Senesch and a few others had already been caught. Kastner had told him furthermore that his presence, far from being a help, was likely to interfere with Kastner's negotiations with the Nazi leaders and thereby threaten the only rescue attempts possible at the time. Thereupon Palgi and Perez Goldstein, his friend and companion, had decided to surrender to the Gestapo. Under the circumstances this had certainly required a good deal of courage. Tamir, however, was not of that opinion and considered their conduct treasonable. It was not easy to prove this, because it was psychologically rather unlikely that Goldstein and Palgi had made their way from Palestine to Budapest only in order to surrender to the Gestapo.

At this juncture a Frenchman suddenly appeared in court, one Antoine Tissondier, who had traveled from Yugoslavia to Budapest together with Palgi and Goldstein and had been arrested with them in Hungary. Tissondier reported how Palgi and Goldstein had been tortured by the Gestapo and that whatever statements had been wrung from them had by no means been made voluntarily. Against this witness, Tamir was powerless, not because the Frenchman was mentally superior to the defense counsel—Tissondier was no intellectual and the entire proceedings, conducted as they were in an unintelligible language, were noticeably foreign to him—but because he as a Gentile stood outside Israeli political squabbles. It was completely immaterial to him whether his testimony benefited or harmed Mapai or Irgun. He wanted only to tell the truth as he remembered it.

Nevertheless, Tamir had won another success. It did look as though Kastner had handed the parachutists over to the Nazi executioner (Hanna Senesch, Goldstein, and most of the others had been executed). At the same time Tamir tried to show that these parachutists—all of them "leftists"—had not been national heroes at all; and that it followed that the real fighters for the

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liberation of Israel had to be looked for in the ranks of Tamir's friends, Irgun Zvai Leumi.

Jerusalem in midsummer is not the pleasantest place in the world, particularly not in the forenoon when the dry, cutting hamsin is blowing from the east. But the trial went on without interruption. Among Tamir's thirty-six witnesses for the defense were some strange characters. One of them was Adalbert Lewinger, a very forceful young man who introduced himself as the pre-war leader of an Orthodox youth organization in Transylvania. He stated that after the war there had been a great deal of bitterness in Cluj against Kastner and his helpers and that the authorities had instituted proceedings against some of the members of the *Judenrat* that had functioned under the Nazis. At this point, however, the prosecutor suddenly leaped to his feet: "Mr. Lewinger, is it true that before your immigration to Israel you took a special course with the CDE?" The CDE was the Jewish Communist organization in Rumania, bitter foe of Zionism and of Israel. Lewinger's "no" to this question came after a good deal of hesitation. "Is it not true that on the boat coming here you were beaten up and would have been thrown overboard if the crew had not interfered?" Apparently, Lewinger had been smuggled into Israel as a Communist agent; the Kastner trial put an abrupt end to this phase of his career.

One of the principal witnesses against Kastner was Moshe Krauss, former head of the Palestine Office in Budapest. He, too, had been in Hungary during the war and had been in contact with the Red Cross, the Swiss consul, and other neutral diplomats. Displaying a thorough knowledge of the facts, he severely criticized Kastner's dictatorial methods, but did not deny that he had always been an opponent—not to say a personal enemy—of Kastner's.

All this created far less of a stir than the appearance of the "official witnesses," Dobkin, a member of the Executive Board of of the Jewish Agency, and Gideon Rafael and Shmuel Ben Zur, leading officials of the Israeli Foreign Office. They testified unwillingly; their memories often had to be refreshed, and on Tamir's motion the judge termed one of them a "hostile witness." And if a man was reluctant to testify, he obviously had something to hide! The belief gained ground that Tamir might have been right in insinuating the existence of an Israeli government clique whose members favored and protected one another.

The truth, however, was somewhat more complicated. We must not forget how important the political background of the trial had become. The "official witnesses" were being constantly provoked by Tamir; in fact, his mere presence offered a provocation to them. The old conflict between the Haganah and Irgun was being re-enacted. What had once been the Haganah was now the Israeli army, whereas Irgun, or the National Military Organization, had disappeared, or rather had been transformed into a diehard party of the far right, the Herut. In 1944 people like Palgi, Bader, and Avriel had been trying their hardest to save Jewish lives, often at the risk of their own. Palgi had made his way to Budapest in 1944, at a time when Tamir's friends were busy robbing banks in Palestine and engaging in similar acts of sabotage; these acts were accompanied by danger, too, but contributed little to the rescue of the Jews of Europe.

One can imagine what effect Tamir's annoying and frequently sarcastic questions had on these individuals. Psychologically, their anger was understandable, but it led them into blunders. Instead of conceding that here and there mistakes, and serious ones, had been made in their efforts on behalf of European Jewry, they refused to admit having made any. Tamir and his friends could claim the same, and with more warrant, but only for the simple reason that they had tried to do hardly anything for the Jews of Europe.

In Israel no one had so far attempted to get to the bottom of these things. Not a single serious book on the Third Reich's policy towards Jews had been published

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there. Hebrew translations of countless books in all languages had been published, but neither Gerald Reitlinger's *The Final Solution,* nor Léon Poliakov's *Harvest of Hate* was among them.* That Kastner had testified for Becher in 1947-48 was clearly on record in the transcript of the Nuremberg Trials, which was not kept secret but made fully available in book form. It was strange how things that should have been known in 1948 to anyone interested all of a sudden become sensational news in 1954. Kastner's conduct should have been investigated in 1946; eight years later, many things had been forgotten, many facts could no longer be checked, it was difficult if not impossible to recall the atmosphere of 1944.

After a brief adjournment the court resumed its sessions on August 9. A few witnesses were called back to the stand and Tamir made a trip to Switzerland to gather more material. Kastner had been the first witness, and he was the last one, too. But he had nothing of importance to add: "I very much regret that in this trial far too few details have been touched on concerning our work in Budapest during the war, such as our contact with the Jews in Poland and our efforts to help the Jews in other occupied countries. For us the question of negotiating with the Germans had always been one of tactics, never of principle. That was also the reason why in December 1944 I returned to Germany from Switzerland, although of course it was by then obvious who would win the war."

He concluded his statement with these words: "I only hope that one day we shall have the opportunity to evaluate this whole tragic epoch outside the confines of a courtroom. We merely wanted to do our duty—under conditions that were completely unprecedented. Neither I nor my comrades have anything to hide in this matter and need not regret that we followed the dictates of our conscience—in spite of all that has been said against us in this trial."

Next morning Chaim Cohen, counsel for the government, began his final statement for Kastner. Tamir had blamed Kastner for the extermination of hundreds of thousands of Hungarian Jews, for the dissemination of "tranquillizing" rumors after the deportations had started, and for the prevention of an armed rising by the Jews in Cluj and other towns in Hungary and Transylvania. Cohen showed that Kastner had been responsible neither for these rumors nor for the fact that the bulk of the Hungarian Jews—children, women, and old people—had been incapable of offering resistance to the Nazis. Kastner had been accused of not warning world opinion and of having obstructed the circulation of news about the deportations and the mass murders; but Cohen produced editorials and headlines in the Hebrew press for the spring of 1944 showing that these accusations were fantastic. He showed that Tamir himself could find no fault with the content of Kastner's Nuremberg testimony for Becher, apart from the fact that such testimony had been offered at all. Tamir had stressed again and again that Kastner had been "Becher's guest" when he went to Berlin to see Himmler in the winter of 1944-45—but with whom else could he have stayed?

Or did Tamir want to claim that nobody should have negotiated with Himmler as long as there was the faintest chance of saving Jewish lives? Kastner may have made mistakes but there was no reason at all to assume any criminal intent on his part. How could one condemn him for not knowing in April 1944 what would happen three months later? After seven hours, Cohen concluded his statement with the plea that Greenwald be found guilty.

The next morning Tamir began his final statement, which lasted thirty hours. It was a holy deed, he said at the outset, to have at long last lanced this festering wound. The Jewish people were not guilty, but its leaders, men like Kastner, were. Kastner had not started out as a traitor, but

*Both reviewed in COMMENTARY in January 1955 by Solomon F. Bloom. The original French edition of Mr. Poliakov's book was reviewed by Hannah Arendt in our March 1952 number.

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in his dealings with the Nazis he had become one: he had offered them his little finger but they had taken his whole hand. He had sabotaged the resistance movement, sacrificed the parachutists, obstructed every rescue attempt, and seen to it that the news of the exterminations did not spread abroad. Tamir went into detail, recalling the inconsistencies and contradictions in which Kastner and other witnesses had become entangled. His speech was a masterpiece of rhetoric. He knew the answers to all the questions that had been torturing every Jew since the catastrophe. Who was to blame? It was the present regime in Israel, the people who were protecting Kastner until the end, the defeatists who always and everywhere had opposed armed insurrection.

Tamir argued with seemingly invincible logic, but his whole argument rested on a single assumption: that no one would ask how much Kastner and his colleagues in Budapest had actually known in the summer of 1944 and how much they could possibly have done at that time. Tamir argued from the facts available in Jerusalem in October 1954, assuming that one should have acted in 1944 in the light of this knowledge. He concluded with two demands: that Greenwald be acquitted and that the accusations against Kastner and his associates be investigated by the court.

IT TOOK another nine months for Judge Halevi to write his opinion. In Israel and in the rest of the world a good deal had happened in the meantime, and the trial that had created such a sensation in the summer of 1954 was almost completely forgotten. At the end of July 1955 general elections were to take place in Israel and the election campaign was conducted with unprecedented bitterness. So far, however, no one had thought of using the Kastner case as election propaganda. Judge Halevi chose to pronounce his judgment at a moment that insured its reappearance in the headlines—but perhaps this is unfair, perhaps the trial meant more to him than the elections and their outcome. I don't know.

At any rate, four weeks before the voting, on the hottest day of the year, he began to read his verdict in the District Court on Russian Square. Sentence and opinion filled three hundred typewritten pages. It soon became clear that Kastner had lost his case. Halevi condemned his negotiations with the SS leaders, and particularly those resulting in the transfer of the 1,685 from Bergen-Belsen to Switzerland. "*Timeo Danaos et dona ferentes*—in accepting this gift he had sold his soul to the devil." From then on he was in effect a creature of the Nazis, helping them to deport and destroy the Jews of Hungary quickly and efficiently. Halevi found all Greenwald's charges proven with the exception of one—that Kastner had laid hands on any part of the so-called "Becher treasure," and Greenwald was sentenced to pay a token fine of one Israeli pound ($2.80). However, the court would defray part of his legal costs, Judge Halevi wanting to show thereby that the revelations made in the course of the trial had special importance in his eyes.

The following day the government decided to appeal Judge Halevi's decision to the Supreme Court of Israel. This step was not approved of by the second largest party of the country, the General Zionists; probably more motivated by their hopes in the coming elections than by anything else, they resigned from the government.

Public opinion was stirred up to an unprecedented degree by the verdict. Two weeks after the decision was handed down, two books about the trial had already appeared, and they became best-sellers. Once the Kastner case (Greenwald was quickly forgotten) had become *res judicata*, anything could be said and written about it, and the Israeli newspapers took full advantage of the opportunity. Herut and the Communists tried to exploit the disclosures of the trial in campaigning against Mapai. The Communists, though never directly involved in the trial, went even further than Herut and demanded that Kastner be prosecuted on the basis of the law against Nazi collaborators. This was a risky thing to do, for this same

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law exposed the Communist party's own top command to indictment; until June 22, 1941, it had called for "Peace with Hitler" and its leaders had been arrested by the British for "sabotage of the war effort." Most of the Israeli press took a critical view of the Communist proposal, and all of them doubted whether a court in Israel was competent to judge events that had taken place in Hungary in 1944. In their opinion only those were morally entitled to sit in judgment on Kastner who had been on the scene themselves. But even from a purely technical point of view, it was impossible to apply the criteria of another time to the conditions prevailing in Hungary in 1944: in every case of doubt the judge should have accepted the interpretation more favorable to Kastner. And the Kastner case was shot through with doubt from beginning to end.

Léon Blum once wrote that the Dreyfus case was unintelligible unless one remembered that it began less than eight years after General Boulanger's abortive *coup d'état*. Similarly, the storm over Kastner broke eight years after the founding of the State of Israel. The latter was admittedly anything but an abortive *coup d'état*, but for all the success that the Jews of Palestine had had in fulfilling their national aspirations, a variety of interests had remained unsatisfied. The initial enthusiasm of 1948 had gradually waned. People cannot live for years on end in a frenzy of national fervor and of tension. Between 1950 and 1955 the tension in Israel had abated. There was really nothing to be surprised at in the fact that those who had been, or felt, short-changed in 1948 should have meditated revenge. In many respects the "Kastner Case" was really a "Tamir Case"; Greenwald's defense counsel belonged to a party that had had no choice all these years but to stay in the opposition. The government had kept it at arm's length, allowing none of its leaders to occupy a prominent public office. Small wonder that under such conditions hatred of the "regime" grew apace.

It must be admitted that in the course of the trial some alarming disclosures were made—alarming for the government. The picture of a corrupt ruling clique painted by Tamir and his colleagues may have been a caricature, but the reticence of the government's witnesses and their desire to protect their old comrades-in-arms at any price could not always be explained by reasons of state. It became evident that the "regime" was in fact showing symptoms of fatigue, like any other party that had remained in sole charge of a government for many years.

As for the principal figure in the trial, Kastner: he had the bad luck to be the plaintiff technically, and not the defendant, and thus he had had no real opportunity to defend himself. He had had the further misfortune of facing a judge who was no doubt a decent and completely independent man, determined to administer justice, but who was also a narrow-minded man, devoid of historical perspective, and lacking in the capacity to put himself in another person's place—and these were most important requirements for delivering a verdict in this trial. Had he possessed these qualifications, he might have refused to be the sole judge of this, the most tragic epoch in Jewish history. That he, a lone individual, was ready to undertake to do so can be understood either as evidence of considerable personal courage or else of lack of imagination. It was probably a mixture of both.

Kastner had also had the bad luck to save the lives of 1,685 (or even more) people. This may sound paradoxical, but if that train had not reached Switzerland, no one could have stood up ten years later and asked: Why were my parents murdered while X's relatives survived? Was it because the latter were able to pay the ransom sum? Or were they relatives or friends of Dr. Kastner?

Judge Halevi may believe that he discovered the truth, which for him seems to have only one aspect. Others will not be able to agree because they see several truths on different levels. But one thing should be clear: that the story that Tamir advanced at the trial, and which the judge accepted, is not

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the true one. That everything would have happened differently if Kastner had not become involved with the SS leaders, and that the Jews of Hungary could then have been warned and many of them rescued, is a fantastic hypothesis that one can entertain only if one is completely ignorant of the conditions that prevailed in Europe at that time. It can be argued that the policy Kastner and his colleagues pursued was wrong and ended in failure, but they cannot be accused in retrospect for not having followed a "policy of strength" in Budapest in the summer of 1944. One might say that a man who, like Kastner, had been trapped in such a frightful dilemma ought never to hold public office again, but how can he be considered a criminal? Is it a crime to speak the truth even if it is about an SS leader?

Many of the facts discussed in the Kastner trial can no longer be established beyond the shadow of a doubt. The meetings of the Jewish groups in Budapest in the summer of 1944 were recorded neither on tape nor in shorthand. And even if all the missing details were known, the decisive question would still be: what was the motive, what was the intent? Had Kastner really been a Nazi accomplice in the way Tamir tried to show? Had he really seen his task as the deliverance of his fellow-Jews to slaughter and the sharing of loot with SS leader Becher? This is not inconceivable, but psychologically it is most unlikely. Why then should Kastner, at the end of 1944, when the victory of the Allies was already certain, have returned to Germany from Switzerland? And why did he emigrate in 1946 from Switzerland to Israel? If Tamir's theory were correct, the logical thing would have been to take his millions to South America. Why would he have gone to Israel of all places, where he could only live in modest circumstances and would be in constant danger of being denounced and arrested as a war criminal?

I know the answer neither to this nor to many another crucial question in the Kastner case. Nor do I believe that the trial has so far contributed much to the discovery of the truth—the whole truth. It may even be that it has helped obscure it. But how can the truth be discovered? Will three men or five, or Israel's Supreme Court, be any the better able to find it than a single man? Or would it be better to set up a Knesset committee of investigation? But in that case, again, most of the members of such a committee would be bound by party loyalties. And is anyone at this point still interested in a political party's interpretation of the truth?

Like an interrogative sentence in Spanish, the Kastner case began with a big question mark and ended with several more. These question marks will occupy Israel for a long time to come.

Postscript

PEOPLE will probably continue to debate for a long time as to whether the Kastner affair had any decisive influence on the Knesset elections of July 1955. The evidence is contradictory and inconclusive: Herut, which had suffered eclipse in the elections of 1951, made a come-back and doubled its representation. Mapai suffered a considerable loss, though still remaining the largest party by far. The Communists obviously did not profit at all. And the General Zionists, who had left the ruling coalition on the eve of the elections in order not to compromise themselves, suffered even heavier losses than Mapai. What can be said is that the Kastner case undoubtedly had some effect on the election, but certainly not a decisive one.

In the meantime, the case has been overshadowed by the renewed tension in the South, the clashes with Egypt, and the news about the Egyptian-Communist arms deal. If vital issues of national security should continue to preoccupy the Israelis in the coming months the Kastner case may well remain submerged—but hardly for very long, and certainly not forever.*

*On November 17, 1955, the Jerusalem *Post* reported that Kastner had begun a suit against Greenwald for I£50,000 for defamation of character. "In the case of the State v. Greenwald . . . Dr. Kastner was unable to call witnesses who might have testified in his favour because he did not prefer the charges, but was only a witness himself."

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TAKING STOCK AFTER GENEVA

THE two articles here published may do something to brace minds disappointed in the results of the Genevan conference of foreign ministers. The point they make, one concretely and the other more theoretically, is not that we should have known better all along, but that the East-West division of the world is deep and real and needs a more complex, energetic, and persistent statecraft than we are perhaps ever willing to admit, to keep it within bounds. G. F. HUDSON, a frequent contributor, is now director of the Center for Far Eastern Studies of St. Antony's College in Oxford, England. PAUL KECSKEMETI, also well known to our readers, is a philosopher and social scientist on the staff of the Rand research organization. He is the author of *Meaning, Communication, and Value* (1952).

What Is the Iron Curtain For?

G. F. HUDSON

IN OCTOBER of this year London was visited by the "Classic Theater of the People's Republic of China." Despite certain adaptations to the tastes of a Western audience, the company provided a fine representation of the traditional dramatic art of China in dance and mime, and won very favorable comments from the critics. To such a cultural exhibition the unwary British citizen could go in the reasonable expectation that here at any rate was something in which current politics were not involved—for the Chinese classic theater was surely something that had existed before Mao Tse-tung was ever heard of. But the innocent theatergoer was not destined to escape so easily. In the printed program he received an invitation to join the Britain-China Friendship Association—the Communist front organization in Britain devoted to the glorification of the Communist regime in China. The glamor of an ancient and exotic beauty was thus being employed to arouse interest in the country of its origin and direct this interest into certain political channels. Such are the uses of "culture" in international relations.

If, however, our imaginary British citizen in the theater is of a speculative turn of mind, it may occur to him to wonder whether there is any organization for spreading a knowledge of Britain in China to correspond with the activity of the Britain-China Friendship Association in his own country. Pondering this question after leaving the theater, he would soon afterwards notice one of the many posters which advertise to the British public the fortnightly periodical *News*, published in Moscow in the English language and putting across Soviet propaganda in an idiom which has led some people to suspect that it is edited by the missing British diplomats Burgess and Maclean. "Why rely on hearsay," asks the poster, "when you can read the Soviet view on world affairs in *News*?" Why indeed? The fair-minded British citizen is surely anxious to get an authoritative exposition of the Soviet point of view; it may be, he reflects, that he has not had sufficient understanding of it hitherto. But again, he cannot help wondering, what about explanations in the reverse direction? Is there a comparable magazine in the Soviet Union for putting the British point of view to the Russian people, and are posters advertising it in all the stations of the Moscow underground?

If the puzzled Briton is not well informed on these matters, he can at any rate gain some idea of the Soviet attitude on the ques-

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tion of reciprocity by buying an evening newspaper in which he will read of a protest to the British Broadcasting Corporation made through the Soviet embassy by the manager of a Russian football team visiting England. The Russian team had asked for a line to broadcast back to Russia from Britain a Russian commentary on a match—a concession which had been made to them on previous occasions—but this time the BBC had refused to make the line available unless Moscow undertook to cease jamming British commentaries in Russian on Russo-British matches. This outrageous action of the British radio authority in declining any longer to allow the Soviet Union to hold a monopoly of unjammed broadcasting to Russia from British soil was the cause of the diplomatic protest mentioned above.

WHEREVER one turns in the field of what are now commonly known as "East-West contacts," the picture is the same. Communist states exploit to the utmost all the opportunities of advertisement and propaganda provided by the freedom for publicity in the Western democracies, but there are no open channels of communication the other way. The Soviet or Chinese Communist "point of view" and claims of achievement can be presented to the Western public either by the information agencies of the Communist governments themselves or by Communists and fellow-travelers within each Western country, but the West is permitted no means of correcting the hostile versions of its policies and acts propagated by the states of the Soviet bloc among their own peoples. Outside a narrow range of military and diplomatic secrets, representatives of the Communist world are free to gather as much political, economic, and sociological information as they please in Western countries, but virtually insuperable obstacles are placed in the way of Western observers trying to obtain similar knowledge of countries under Communist rule.

The conception of an equal reciprocity of exchange of ideas, news, and information between the peoples of the two "camps" is indeed entirely alien to the Communist way of thinking, and it should not have surprised anyone that the talks on East-West contacts which formed part of the proceedings of the foreign ministers at Geneva in accordance with the directive from the "summit" failed, in the words of a Western spokesman, to "agree on a single thing of any consequence whatsoever." All proposals from the Western side for relaxation of censorship, cessation of jamming of foreign broadcasts, or greater freedom of unescorted travel were met with the contention that these were internal matters that could not be subjects for international negotiation. It was made clear that in spite of all the talk about the Geneva spirit and the "new course" of Soviet policy, the Soviet attitude remained no less uncompromising over the maintenance of the Iron Curtain than over refusal to allow free elections in Germany, and that the existing system of insulation of the Communist world was to be continued without any significant modification.

For two reasons, however, the present time appears to be a suitable occasion for stock-taking with regard to the over-all situation in "East-West contacts." In the first place, now that the free world is being deluged by a propaganda of unprecedented pervasiveness for "relaxation of international tension" and other question-begging objectives, it is more than ever necessary to call the attention of the public in Western countries to the working of the Iron Curtain system and the dangerous illusions which it can create. Secondly, there is a need to consider in the light of recent experience the methods by which, in spite of all the difficulties involved, it is possible to some extent for the West to speak to the peoples behind the Curtain.

The Iron Curtain system has two interrelated purposes: to keep the peoples under Communist rule from contamination by any influence from the free world and to conceal from foreign observers any facts which it is thought undesirable for them to know. The former consideration is the more important of the two. The political order of Communism requires a thoroughgoing control over

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the minds of those who are subjected to it, and in order that the party-state's monopoly of education, information, and news may be fully effective, all dissenting criticism or comment must be eliminated; to this end it is essential that the people be sealed off as far as possible from contacts with foreigners, for it would be of little use to suppress all internal opposition if unauthorized thoughts could obtain entry from abroad.

There are plenty of historical precedents for such an attempt on the part of a government to maintain an orthodox ideology and preserve an established authoritarian order by restricting a people's contacts with foreigners, or even excluding them altogether from the national territory, and it is not entirely accidental that two of the outstanding precedents—those of Russia before Peter the Great and China before the Nanking Treaty of 1842—are provided by the two countries which are now the main constituents of the Communist world. In both cases fear of the propagation of an alien religion was the main factor in the policy of keeping foreigners out of the country and hedging them in with all kinds of restrictions in any places which by way of exception they were allowed to visit.

The seclusion which in those days protected the Russian and Chinese peoples from being led astray by pernicious influences from Western Europe also served to prevent foreigners from knowing too much about the respective countries, and so was thought to give them additional security against attack. But on one all-important point these examples of old-fashioned national seclusion provide no parallel to the contemporary Iron Curtain system. Russia in the 17th century, China and Japan in the 18th, Tibet in the 19th sought to keep to themselves, to avoid international intercourse, and to reduce to a minimum the influx of commodities, persons, or ideas across their frontiers. But they did not at the same time try to spread their own ideological and political influence over the rest of the world. What differentiates the Communist regimes of our time is that they endeavor simultaneously to seclude their own peoples and to penetrate with subversive intent the political entities of nations that are beyond their borders.

If the Communists would only stay behind their Iron Curtain and refrain from interfering in the affairs of the free world, the West might disapprove of such unsociability, but would be content to accept it as a genuine form of "peaceful co-existence." But the Marxist-Leninists, prophets of a universal militant faith and promoters of a worldwide historical process supposed to be predetermined by inexorable fate, cannot confine themselves to the lands they already govern; their concern is with all mankind, and their resolve to play a part in all the affairs of our planet from the North Pole to the South is no less keen than their determination to seal off the peoples under their rule from communication with the realms of the heretic and the infidel.

THE desire of the Communist states to exert influence beyond the territorial boundaries of their bloc does indeed to some extent conflict with the ideal of a perfect seclusion which could in theory best be obtained by refraining from intercourse of any kind with the outside world. An active policy towards non-Communist nations involves learning foreign languages, making studies of foreign countries, sending representatives abroad, and developing certain kinds of foreign contacts. In practice, however, these contacts do very little to modify the general isolation of Communist-governed peoples from the outer world. Persons assigned to missions abroad are very carefully selected from the most indoctrinated and politically tested cadres of the party, and if they do not belong to this category—as with scholars and scientists sent to attend international conferences—they travel in teams under careful supervision so that private conversation with foreigners is almost impossible for them. Nobody can travel abroad on his own initiative and nobody who is sent abroad can publish anything about his experience without official approval, or even talk freely about it to his

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friends without risk of denunciation and arrest. Thus, even if a sojourn abroad has decomposing effects on individuals—and it has, of course, produced defections such as those of Kravchenko, Gouzenko, and Petrov—it has little chance of conveying to the general home public any impressions which might serve to modify those that stem from official school-teaching and propaganda about the West.

The foreign visitor to Communist countries offers a more serious problem to the authorities. Foreigners behind the Iron Curtain may be divided into three categories: first, the permanent or semi-permanent residents—diplomats, newspaper correspondents, and business representatives; secondly, conducted parties and delegations; and thirdly, solitary travelers. It is the visitors in the second category who are to be encouraged; all their contacts are collective and can easily be supervised and they do not stay in the country long enough to be dangerous, either as centers of ideological infection or as gatherers of information. Persons in the first category are potentially the most dangerous, but their numbers can be kept low and the longer they remain in the country the more the secret police can take the measure of their characters and activities.

The transient visitor who declines to be conducted is perhaps the greatest nuisance to the authorities, as it is difficult to know whether he is worth watching or not. The simplest method of coping with inquisitive foreigners is to forbid them access to large areas of the country and prohibit any journey without special permission; at one time such restrictions were applied in the Soviet Union even to diplomats, who had to have a permit to go more than twenty miles from Moscow. Recently there has been a relaxation of the extreme rigor of former practice, but various kinds of obstructions to residence or travel remain—above all, the artificial exchange rate of the rouble which makes unconducted touring in the Soviet Union a pastime only for the very rich or liberally subsidized.

Even so, the greatest difficulty for the foreigner in making contacts with the inhabitants of a Communist-ruled country lies not in any direct administrative restrictions on his entry into, or movement within, the country but in the attitude of a people whose habits of discourse have been formed by years of totalitarian police control. Refugees from Russia have testified that any man who talks freely on public affairs in the presence of strangers is regarded as a fool who is likely soon to meet with the fate he deserves, much as in the West people regard a man who habitually tries to walk across streets through fast traffic without looking where he is going.

It is not, indeed, only in Communist countries that the citizen becomes wary of political talk; in Germany under Hitler there used to be a proverbial prayer, "O God, make me dumb and keep me out of Dachau!" But nearly four decades of Cheka, GPU, NKVD, and MVD have made this attitude more instinctive in Russia than it has perhaps ever been under any other regime in history, and the new Communist countries are not far behind in their discipline of speech. To any question asked by a stranger which might have even the most remote bearing on public affairs, the prudent citizen of a Communist state answers either by saying that he knows nothing about it, or by echoing the most recent official pronouncement on the subject, or—if he is greatly daring—by an invention which he thinks would do no harm if recorded at police headquarters.

It is a mistake to suppose that such caution is habitual only with fellow citizens; it is required just as much with a foreigner, for if he speaks the language, he may be an *agent provocateur* and if he talks through an interpreter, the latter is probably a police informer. In any case the meeting is likely to have been observed and anything that is printed later may be traced to its source.

IT MAY seem superfluous to emphasize this consequence of totalitarian power, yet anyone who is familiar with the output of books, articles, and newspaper interviews by journalists and travelers returning from

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Russia or China cannot fail to be struck by the frequency with which they repeat uncritically what they have been told, especially if they have ever talked to anyone who was not a high official.

A newspaper correspondent who has spent a fortnight in China, and is by no means favorably impressed by everything he saw, nevertheless asserts that the population is solidly behind the regime; at least he did not meet anyone who said he was not. A member of a trade union delegation to Russia solemnly denies that there are any forced-labor camps there; he knows because he asked a man at random in the street, and the citizen thus questioned merely laughed and said he had never heard of anything of the kind. An experienced journalist who is regarded as one of the leading authorities on Russia quotes a favorable opinion about Khrushchev, introducing it with, "I asked a Russian who knows about such things."

It is hard to overestimate the psychological effect of unanimity in lulling the critical faculty and laying a hypnotic spell on a mind even of the highest intelligence. A totalitarian government which has once accustomed its subjects to orthodoxy in speech can use its entire population to reinforce its propaganda, however widespread may be the subterranean discontent.

On balance, therefore, contacts of foreign visitors with peoples behind the Iron Curtain under conditions created by secret police control tend to operate as a one-way traffic to the disadvantage of the free world; there is hardly any opportunity for the foreigner to exert influence, but he often becomes unconsciously a vehicle for Communist propaganda, which acquires for him the status of fact because it seems to be everywhere corroborated and there is nobody who dares to contradict it. It is quite easy for originally rational Western observers to be "brainwashed" in Russia or China without ever being put behind prison bars.

It must be recognized, therefore, that in a contest of propaganda the Communist states have a double advantage, for they can not only use the freedoms of the Western democracies to operate in various ways on Western opinion, but they can also use the unreal unanimity which they produce in their own countries to baffle and mislead those representatives of the West who pass through the Iron Curtain and are assumed to acquire a knowledge of the Communist world which cannot be obtained at a distance. What then is there to set on the other side of the balance sheet? Virtually nothing except radio broadcasts and leaflet balloons. But, however meager are these means of communication in comparison with the facilities for propaganda enjoyed by the enemies of the free world, they are nevertheless not to be despised, for the very success of the Communists in isolating the peoples under their control makes each word that breaks the hypnotic unanimity many times more effective than it could ever be in an environment of free speech. The importance which the Communists themselves attach to Western broadcasts is shown by the immense trouble they have taken in jamming them, and it is known that the leaflet balloons have been a cause of endless headaches to the Czech security police.

INDEED, it can be argued that one of the main reasons for the Soviet gestures of conciliation earlier this year—which have now been shown to have been empty of any intention to compromise on any objectives of policy—was the alarm felt at the growing energy of Western political warfare and the desire to weaken the Western will to carry it on. The "Geneva spirit" period has certainly had this effect; the planning of political counter-attacks on the Soviet bloc has been half-paralyzed by the argument that "we must say nothing that might spoil the chances of agreement." Nor has even the latest Molotov performance at the conference of foreign ministers convinced the earnest hopers that the time has come to stop pulling punches in the cold war; a headline in the British press consoles the public for failure at Geneva in 1955 with "Hopes of Geneva Talks in 1956" and the *Daily Worker* tells us confidently that the

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Republican administration in Washington dare not now take a strong line in international policy because of its fear of getting on the wrong side of the American electorate in next year's Presidential election.

The danger now is that the Western powers will allow matters to drift and try to avoid any heightening of tension, while the Russians steadily undermine the West German will to resist by dangling in front of German eyes the prospect of national reunification on Communist terms. That the Soviet government expects the Western powers and the German Federal Republic ultimately to capitulate to the demand for negotiation with the Pankow puppets was made clear in Molotov's speech at Geneva on his return from Moscow—perhaps the most arrogant he has ever made in his whole career as foreign minister. He obviously thinks that time is on the Soviet side in Germany, and so it is if the West remains passive and undecided.

But the tables can be turned if the West is determined to make full use of its political opportunities. By rejecting the principle of German self-determination through free elections and insisting that their *protégés* should be accorded a position of privilege that they could never gain from a popular vote, Soviet diplomacy has at once offered a direct challenge to the German nation and placed in the hands of the West a most powerful weapon of political warfare. In the months ahead everything will depend on the use that is made of this weapon. The next phase of the cold war will be above all a struggle for the heart and mind of Germany, including East Germany, and it will be essential for Bonn and the whole free world to speak across the boundary to the inhabitants of Grotewohl's prison. This will be a test case.

In the negotiations at Geneva, Russia has made it clear beyond the shadow of doubt that the system of Communist monopoly of information and opinion is to be maintained in the countries of the Soviet bloc, and that "East-West contacts" are intended on the Soviet side to be, as before, a one-way traffic of the mind. But the West cannot and should not acquiesce. It cannot renounce the right to speak in any way it can to the peoples behind the Iron Curtain, to plead its cause with them against the ceaseless campaign of slander and incitement by which the Communists have divided mankind.

This task should be regarded by Western statesmen as one of the highest importance for which no supplies of money or brains should be stinted; the objective must be to break through the Iron Curtain by whatever technical means are available short of military action. The free world must assert the right to be heard in its own defense by the peoples who have been isolated by their rulers from the rest of mankind, and it must find ways of making itself heard.

"Reducing International Tension"

PAUL KECSKEMETI

IT IS interesting to notice how the language of politics changes. When people nowadays talk about "international tension" and the need for "reducing" it, they use these words in a sense different from that current before the First World War. At that time, the word "tension" usually referred to a state of acute and dangerous irritation over some specific issue. When a state of tension was noted, it meant, more often than not, that the question of war or peace was raised in acute form. For example, one power made moves to establish itself in an area where another had vested interests. As the former was pushing its plans, the latter threatened to hinder them by force if necessary. The question was then whether the controversy could be settled by compromise before either power did something that made war inevitable.

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Tension of this sort, when it became acute, called for immediate action and regularly touched off intense diplomatic activity. There were feverish consultations behind closed doors, and at the same time threatening gestures, naval demonstrations, and clamor in the streets. It was a race against time, for war could not be avoided once the prestige of any power was irrevocably committed. Such acute tension could not last long. Either it was speedily resolved, or it erupted into war.

It is clear that the "tension" being discussed in our own day is not of this acute sort. It is *chronic* tension, but of great intensity, so great, in fact, that it is called "cold war." How does such chronic tension compare with the violent, dangerous, and transitory periods of acute tensions before 1914?

For one thing, chronic tension of the cold war type expresses a deeper, more total antagonism than the older type of acute tension ever did. In acute tension, one power objected to what another was doing or was about to do in some disputed area—as when France pushed into the Sudan in 1898, or prepared to set up a protectorate in Morocco in 1905, or when the Austro-Hungarian monarchy insisted upon punitive measures against Serbia in 1914. Acute controversies of this sort may usually have been symptoms of some deep-seated chronic antagonism, but never of total mutual rejection. This, however, is what characterizes our present chronic tension. The opposing powers not only have conflicting interests; they stand for antithetical basic principles. One power objects not only to what the other *does* but also to what it *is*. The existence of the one is viewed as offering a total challenge to the other.

One might assume, therefore, that chronic tension of the cold war type points to total war as its logical consummation, unlike acute tension which leaves room for compromise and threatens limited conflict at most. Paradoxically, however, the acute tension of 1914 did result in total war, while our present chronic tension has involved a kind of enduring equilibrium between the United States and the Soviet Union. Thus, while such tension is deeper and more fundamental than international tension used to be, it is less dynamic in its direct manifestations and can persist without explosive consequences.

In trying to explain this paradox, we have to remember that a power is readier to start a war when expecting it to remain limited than when sure beforehand that it will be total. Before 1914 the rules of international relations prescribed war under certain circumstances: once "irreparable" things had happened (e.g. once a power decreed general mobilization), all mediation was considered useless. Presumably, the rules of international conduct would have been different if people had then known how destructive modern war could be. But the point is that they did not know. Pre-1914 Europe, it seems, was betrayed into a kind of fatalistic light-heartedness about war because all European wars since Napoleon (the Crimean, Franco-Austrian, Austro-Prussian, and Franco-Prussian) had been short and far from ruinous for the participants, including the losers. In 1914, both government and public in all the European countries involved expected a short war: a long conflict was considered "unthinkable" because it unavoidably meant total ruin. As it turned out, however, war had a mechanism of its own. Once it got under way it could not be stopped short of the total exhaustion of one side or the other.

By 1918 most people had been thoroughly disabused of the idea that war under modern conditions could be a normal regulator of international affairs, an *ultima ratio* that could be resorted to without courting disaster. But the tragedy was that the democratic West drew wishful conclusions from this sobering thought: since war had turned out to be irrational, one could act as if it had become an impossibility. This set the stage for World War II. With the West disarmed, Hitler thought that a return to the old pre-1914 pattern of the short, relatively painless, and victorious war was possible. He started war over a local issue; it became a general

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conflict and, again, ran its course until one side—again the German—was totally prostrate.

With the advent of atomic weapons, the last excuse for such a wishful illusion as Hitler labored under when he attacked Poland has evaporated. It has become all too plain that a war between great powers must now be a totally destructive one. But at the same time political antagonisms have arisen between the great powers of the postwar world that are unprecedentedly radical in their nature. This has done away with the other illusion, namely, that the very irrationality of war would render it an impossibility.

But what are we left with after shedding both these illusions? Since unilateral disarmament is just as suicidal as resorting to arms, survival has become possible only in a state of tense, armed equilibrium. We face an opponent intent upon changing the face of the world; if he has his way, we are doomed. Nevertheless, it does not follow that we must fight him. It is enough to make sure that he *cannot* have his way. If we have enough ready military potential, he will be deterred from aggression. Our military potential is not meant for use, but for insurance.

This is the formula of chronic tension. Unlike acute tension, which represents a dangerous disturbance of the existing state of equilibrium, chronic tension serves to maintain equilibrium. It is a kind of adjustment to a totally threatening situation.

But the question is, how well can this kind of adjustment work in the long run? Can peace and security be preserved indefinitely on such a basis?

Theoretically, the mechanism of chronic tension works in the following way: one power seeks to upset the status quo and another is determined to prevent this. While they pursue diametrically opposed aims, each knows that overt conflict would be ruinous. Hence, as long as one power can convince the other that any attempt to change the status quo by force would be met by force, the status quo will be respected.

How well the status quo can be preserved on such terms depends on two crucial conditions: first, that the more aggressive power prefer the status quo to overt conflict; second, that no change be brought about without overt conflict. When the first condition no longer holds good, the equilibrium breaks down, tension becomes acute, and the less aggressive power must either yield or go to war. When the second condition goes unsatisfied, the more "dynamic" power will attack the status quo by means short of war or by purely local military action with which the defender of the status quo will not interfere.

Now the second rather than the first condition represents the weak point of the cold war arrangement, since it is much more difficult to satisfy than the first. With modern arms being what they are, it is not too difficult to deter an aggressive power from doing things which could only result in all-out war. But this category of offenses is limited. There are plenty of changes that a resolutely aggressive power can bring about by means short of war or by local, peripheral operations. In chronic tension, when all-out conflict is ruled out, the policies of the aggressive side will be increasingly concentrated upon gains that it can achieve without employing the bulk of its armed forces.

This puts the defending side in an increasingly uncomfortable and precarious position. Its prime political weapon is the threat of massive armed retaliation, but this threat cannot be effective where the conflict seems too circumscribed to justify its being carried out. In this way the status quo can be gradually undermined. It is essential for the defending side to halt the undermining, but this requires instruments other than the threat of massive retaliation.

Another difficulty the defender faces in a situation of chronic tension like the cold war is psychological. The attacker need not talk about war explicitly until he is good and ready for it; until then he can profess absolute and unconditional pacifism. The de-

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fender, however, must constantly maintain that he cannot, and will not, keep the peace if certain things happen. While many people understand that these conditional threats of war imply no actual intention of fighting —just as the aggressor's protestations of his hatred of war do not exclude such an intention on his part—it is all too easy to confuse explicit references to war as a *possibility* with a *really* warlike attitude. The formula intended for deterrent effect, which tries to exclude the *actuality* of war by asserting its *possibility*, is far too subtle for most people to grasp. As soon as they hear a reference to war as a possibility under certain circumstances, they jump to the conclusion that the speaker has actual war in mind, and they imagine atomic bombs being dropped everywhere.

Such reactions are fairly widespread, particularly among European intellectuals and opinion-makers. Instead of criticizing the *real* weaknesses inherent in the deterrent policy, they meet it with lofty moral condemnation. Including the possibility of war in one's political calculations, if only as something to avoid, is, according to them, the arch-crime, the first step towards perdition. Salvation can lie only in envisaging no alternative whatsoever to peace.

THE prevalence of such an attitude explains the success of the cry for "reducing tension." Instead of threatening each other with retribution in case of attack, it is said, let the opponents assure each other of their heartfelt desire to avoid conflict. This will clear the air and lead in time to the abatement of chronic tension itself. In fact, the *détente* is already with us today; the cold war is a thing of the past, consigned to limbo by the Spirit of Geneva. Admittedly, none of the political differences between East and West has been resolved, but is this really important? Now there is a school of thought, popular in the United States and indeed in the whole Western world, which holds that political issues are, after all, only secondary. Human feelings of friendliness and hostility are the things that really count, and such feelings can be shaped and manipulated by public-relations techniques. If we cultivate the Spirit of Geneva and multiply cordial get-togethers between representatives of East and West, politics will follow suit.

Now we may readily admit that the introduction of a more urbane tone and demeanor into international intercourse is a desirable thing. But it is courting catastrophe to believe that the underlying political tension itself is bound to be relaxed once it is made clear that neither side really wants to fight. After all, it was plain even at the height of the cold war that both we and the Russians were anxious not to go to war; the desire for peace is an essential feature of chronic tension as such. But to make this explicit does not change the situation. The issues that have been controversial remain controversial; the determination to handle these issues by methods short of war, however, is no dramatic new departure—it has existed all along. What is new is mainly that the side which refuses to yield gracefully can now be accused of sinning against the Spirit of Geneva. The *détente* has not put an end to the political tug-of-war between East and West. It has merely introduced a new technique of political warfare. "Reducing tension" has become a new counter in the game, and one that the Russians are using with considerable astuteness.

The Spirit of Geneva lends itself well to the promotion of the Russians' immediate objective, which is the dismantling of the Western defensive alliance. Why keep such an alliance in being if everybody agrees that no attack is to be feared? As long as the world remains divided into "hostile blocs" we shall have tension, strife, the danger of war. If we want to do away with tension, we must get rid of the blocs; the Spirit of Geneva cannot tolerate alliances explicitly directed against any one power, or group of powers, that is designated as a prospective aggressor.

It would be wonderful if tension could be eliminated by such simple means, but would the dismantling of the Western alliance really eliminate tension, or even significantly

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reduce it? Let us look at the probable consequences of such a move. It would, first and foremost, weaken those forces which tend to defend the status quo and strengthen those which favor the expansion of the Soviet bloc. In a world without "hostile blocs," acceptance of changes brought about by force rather than the cowing of would-be aggressors would become dominant.

The advent of such an era of uninhibited dynamism would certainly be welcome from the Communist point of view, but it would be disastrous for the West. And whether or not such unbridled "dynamism" would provoke a major war, one thing is certain: it would not reduce tension. Tension as such declines only if the situation becomes more acceptable to everybody concerned. If it becomes more satisfactory to one side and less satisfactory to the other, then it is their relative power position that changes, rather than the fact that tension prevails between them. In fact, such one-sided changes are likely to result either in increased tension and eventual conflict, or in the complete collapse of the power against whose interests they tend to harm.

If we dispense with conditional threats and absolutely exclude any alternative other than complete non-interference, we do not reduce tension; we merely enable our adversary to undermine our position to such an extent that in the end our only choice will be between a suicidal conflict and an equally suicidal surrender. This does not mean that our present policy of conditional threats is adequate. We must recognize that our position can be quite effectively undermined by action against which the conditional threats of nuclear devastation are of no avail. The problem this poses for us is far from being solved; it is not even sufficiently understood.

How to deal with this difficulty is, however, outside the scope of the present article. We are concerned here only with the problem of reducing international tension. So far we have pointed out only how chronic tension could not be reduced. We have seen that neither the protestation of peaceful intentions nor the abandonment of conditional threats and defensive preparations is a suitable means for eliminating or even substantially lessening tension. But what other means could one recommend then? Or is it best not to try to reduce chronic tension at all, and trust that it will continue to preserve stability without a conflict?

The answer is that chronic international tension can neither be maintained nor reduced by design. The extent and degree of such tension is not an independent datum that one can control by direct methods. It is what results when interests and wills are at odds. Tension may abate when interests and aims change, but this is not a matter of free choice. We have some choice as to the way in which we pursue our goals and interests, but not as to what these goals and interests are. And the existence and the degree of chronic tension are determined by ends rather than by means. If conflict of goals and interests leads to tension, it makes little difference whether we like the fact or not; we cannot make it vanish by incantation. It is not the desire to get rid of tension that causes it to be reduced.

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MY FATHER, AND HIS FATHER

Rabbi in Scotland

DAVID DAICHES

I ALWAYS found it next to impossible to imagine my father as a child. In his black frock coat, stiff shirtfront, and bow tie, and his rather precise 18th-century English, and in his role as the Rabbi of Edinburgh and official spokesman of the Jewish people to all Scotland—a role which he played superbly—he had a dignity and formality of manner and public presence infinitely removed from the world of childhood.

But also it was because I knew so little of the circumstances of his childhood that I found it impossible to visualize them. I am not even sure where he was born. It was in 1880, somewhere in Poland (then under Russian rule): at one time I thought Vilna was the place, and on other occasions my father would mention the village of Neustadt (Neistodt in Yiddish pronunciation) as if it was his birthplace. But he disliked talking about it, and I don't think he made more than half a dozen references to his childhood in Poland during all the years that I knew him.

I did know, of course, that he was the second son of a distinguished rabbi and scholar, and I knew, too, that he was scion of a long line of rabbis and scholars which stretched back to the early Middle Ages. From all I can gather, his infancy was spent in strenuous Jewish and Hebrew scholarship: I remember he once referred to his studying Talmud as a small boy by the light of rush candles stuck in the wall. This suggests poverty as well as precocity, yet I don't think the family were poor, for I believe my grandmother brought with her a reasonable dowry and for some time her father supported my grandfather while he lived a life of pure scholarship and meditation. My father once told a story of a "nurse" putting her head out of the window and shrieking that a pig had got into the courtyard, to which he (then a very small boy) impertinently replied that he had seen no pig before the nurse appeared at the window. A nurse and a courtyard suggest reasonable prosperity. However that may be, my grandfather sent his sons to high school across the German border, in Koenigsberg, where my father attended the *Gymnasium* and acquired a sound education in the classics. From there he went to Berlin University to study philosophy under Paulsen and at the same time to prosecute his rabbinical studies at the Hildesheimer Seminary, a Jewish theological college which had as its ideal the combination of strict Jewish Orthodoxy and sound training in traditional rabbinics with a knowledge and appreciation of secular Western culture. This Hildesheimer ideal burned brightly in my father all his life, being eventually transformed by him into his unique Scottish-Jewish synthesis. From Berlin he went to Leipzig, where he eventually graduated A.M., Ph.D., with a thesis (in German) on the relation of David Hume's philosophy to his history. The thesis won the special prize awarded to the best German prose stylist of the year.

My father's native language was Yiddish, but at school in Koenigsberg he appears to have rapidly learned to look down on that language as a kind of bastard German. In any case, he never again spoke it willingly nor did he encourage his children to learn it or to show any interest in it. For him the language of Jewish culture was Hebrew, not Yiddish, and I was brought

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SALIS was the first name of DAVID DAICHES's father, about whom he writes here so eloquently. Mr. Daiches is no stranger to our readers, having contributed many articles and reviews to these pages since 1948. Born in Sunderland, England, in 1912, he early won eminence as a literary critic, and has over the past years taught literature in both British and American universities. He now lectures at Cambridge University. Among the books he has written are *The Novel and the Modern World, Poetry and the Modern World,* and *A Study of Literature for Readers and Critics.* He has also published verse, in the *New Yorker* and elsewhere. His last appearance in COMMENTARY was in August 1954 with a study of Biblical translations into modern European languages, "The Hebrew Bible in Other Tongues."

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up with an anti-Yiddish bias, not as the result of any conscious depreciation of Yiddish on my father's part but as the result of the silence and implied scorn with which he treated it. The Polish and the Yiddish part of his life he put resolutely behind him, and I know virtually nothing of it.

My father, however, did talk of his student days in Germany at the beginning of the century, and I have a clear picture of him then as a studious and dedicated young man, avoiding the nonsense of German student ritual, but enjoying his glass of beer and his cigar, moving quietly and determinedly in the lively and colorful Berlin of the 1900's. He was a fine figure of a man, not tall, but well built, with abundant black hair swept back from his high forehead, a carefully shaped mustache waxed at the ends (he had dropped that habit long before I was born), and a neat Van Dyke beard. I sometimes wonder whether during his student days he ever had any doubts about his ability to reconcile Orthodox Judaism with modern secular culture, whether his philosophical studies ever momentarily shook his faith in the truth or efficacy of the rabbinical view of life. There is just the faintest suggestion of the dandy in the few early photographs of my father, which sorts oddly with his idealism and sense of dedication. Perhaps he had a struggle; perhaps a period of doubt and hesitation lay between his Jewish childhood and his adult ambitions as a rabbi. But this is mere speculation; what is definite is that he emerged from his student days in Germany a passionately serious and dedicated young man.

WHAT was his relation to *his* father? My grandfather, a famous Talmudic scholar of the first eminence, migrated to England while my father was still a student, to become rabbi of an Orthodox Jewish congregation—the Beth Hamedresh Hagadol—in Leeds, and from that time on my father regarded Britain as his true home. My father already knew English, and after a few years in England spoke it perfectly, while my grandfather never mastered more than the merest rudiments of the language. He and my grandmother represented for me a picturesque old world in which I was not really at home. My father mediated between their world and my own, translating my grandfather's Yiddish (my grandmother could speak English) and trying to interpret the behavior of an Edinburgh schoolboy to the old man; yet I had the feeling that my father, for all his tremendous sense of family pride and loyalty and for all the great affection between him and my grandfather, was not altogether happy in seeing us in the old world atmosphere of my grandfather. He looked forward to a Judaism no less Orthodox but less involved with memories of the ghetto. We went rarely to see our grandfather. I may be wrong, but I have a suspicion that my father preferred to keep us apart.

The house in Leeds where my grandfather lived was one of a row of small early 19th-century brick dwellings, all exactly alike, in which a number of *nouveau* middle-class hangers-on of the Industrial Revolution had once proclaimed their precarious gentility. The street had a run-down look when I knew it, and it was inhabited either by very small businessmen or by miscellaneous oddities of firm respectability but moderate means. It was the kind of street one can see today in any British industrial town, shabby and tired-looking, but determinedly decent. Behind the front door of any one of its houses one expected to hear thick Yorkshire accents proclaiming phrases out of J. B. Priestley or Eric Knight.

But Number 6 was different. The brass plate on the gate read, in letters almost too worn to be legible, "Rabbi J. H. Daiches"—the "J" should have been "I," as it stood for "Israel," but my grandfather considered the letters interchangeable—and if you pushed open the gate and went up the tiny garden path to the front door you were aware of approaching the entrance to a very different world from that of industrial Yorkshire. It was, one might say, an emanation, which seemed to ooze through the closed door, a smell perhaps, a feeling, an atmosphere. And if you opened the door and went through the dark bead curtain in the small entrance hall and smelled the mingled odor of cigar smoke and Jewish cooking, you had left Yorkshire very far behind.

My grandfather as I knew him was a benevolently patriarchal figure with twinkling eyes and a white beard. Only recently an old man who had known him in his prime told me that in his younger days in Poland he had been known as a dandy who had oiled his beard and worn patent leather boots, and that he had given scandal to the Orthodox by sending his children (my father and my uncle) to secular non-Jewish schools and universities. Between afternoon and evening service at the synagogue

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he would go for a walk with a certain Christian civic official with whom he would converse in Russian—a habit which caused much shaking of heads among the older people. This new light on my grandfather came as an astonishing revelation to me, who had always considered him as belonging to a ghetto world of Jewish piety and Jewish isolation. But evidently he too was a pioneer and even a rebel in his day, and tried to reconcile tradition with progress.

I saw no sign of that as a child, however. I had to watch my every movement in my grandfather's house, in case I should unwittingly offend against his sense of what was proper Jewish behavior. I could never leave my head uncovered for a moment, for example. At home we always covered our heads to pray, and to say grace before and after meals, but we were never expected to keep our heads covered continually. My father wore a black skullcap when receiving members of his congregation in his study, but as the years went by he developed the habit of keeping it in his pocket throughout much of the day and diving hastily for it when the bell rang. In his father's presence he wore it continually. I remember once, seeing the two of them together in my grandfather's house, thinking how young and *modern* my father looked beside the white-bearded older rabbi. Yet at home in Edinburgh I had so often thought my father old-fashioned in manner and dress, with his black frock coat and formal English of the past century.

In the house at Leeds the slightest daily activity seemed to partake of ritual. The great stone kitchen in the basement, where my grandmother presided amid rows of shining copper vessels, was like something out of Grimms' fairy tales, and even the dining room, with its long narrow table running up the length of the room and its black horsehair sofa on one side (how the horsehair used to scratch my bare legs!) seemed more than a dining room to me. My grandfather used to shuffle in in his carpet slippers before dinner and take his place at the head of the table, where there was laid out for him a special little cloth on which were a bottle of cognac, a plate of sliced pickled herring, and a loaf of dark rye bread. He would fill himself a tot of brandy and drink it off at a gulp; then he would cut a slice of bread and eat it with the herring; and then his special cloth with everything on it would be removed and the meal proper could start. I would watch this ritual from the depths of the horsehair sofa with pure admiration and at the same time with a sense of the mystical strangeness of it all. Once, when I was almost grown up, I ventured to remark that I, too, liked pickled herring. My grandfather expressed the utmost astonishment, and passed me the plate, and would not take anything himself until I had eaten rather more than I really wanted.

When I was a child I knew no Yiddish at all, and only learned the language later (and never well) after I had learned German, with the result that such Yiddish as I spoke was more German than Yiddish. When I conversed with my grandfather, which was not often, we used elementary Hebrew until I was in my teens, when he spoke his native Yiddish and I replied in my Germanized form of the language. What used to puzzle me was that his conversation with me consisted almost entirely of low jokes. I knew that he was recognized as the world's leading authority on the Jerusalem Talmud, of which he had produced a noble edition with a large Hebrew commentary surrounding a tiny island of original text, and I kept expecting words of profound wisdom to fall from his venerable lips. Instead, he would inquire whether I went to the bathroom in order to secretly drink brandy and smoke cigars, or he would suggest that the sixty-five-year-old charwoman was pining for me to take her to the pictures.

I would come into his study and find him stroking his beard and poring over a huge Hebrew tome, looking the very quintessence of rabbinic grandeur. I was prepared for him to throw a question at me concerning my own Hebrew knowledge and had even got up one side of a long dialogue in that language on which I was prepared to embark if only he would give me an opportunity. But when I appeared he would close his book, ask me to bring him a cigar from the cupboard (like my father, he would smoke nothing but the choicest Havanas, which he got as presents from members of his congregation), and proceed to make joking or teasing remarks about kilts and bagpipes, or about girls, or clothes, or some other unrabbinical subject. Yet as soon as I left the room he was back at his book again, and I could see him through the window from the back garden, with his hand on his beard and his head nodding gently, reading and meditating.

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He lived in what seemed to me an almost feudal fashion. His salary must have been negligible, and in any case when I knew him he had virtually retired, but he had retainers who would come and see him and bring him cigars or a bottle of brandy or an occasional duck or chicken. He had absolutely no money sense. My grandmother managed the financial affairs of the household, and when she died he was at the mercy of an elderly broken-down couple who came to live with him and look after things. Every time I visited him he would want to present me with a large check, and had to be restrained by my father or some other watchful grown-up. Indeed, he was quite capable of giving me a check for much more than he had in the bank, for I don't think he ever knew how much he had in the bank—or indeed exactly what a bank was supposed to do. Much of his income was paid in kind, and he had little occasion to handle money.

He visited us in Edinburgh only once, on the occasion of my brother Lionel's Bar Mitzvah in March 1924. My father placed his study at my grandfather's disposal, and he would sit there most of the day with one of my father's Hebrew books. I was eleven and a half at the time, and in the midst of a wave of enthusiasm for things Hebrew and rabbinic. How disconcerted I was when my father sent me in to recite my Hebrew verbs to my grandfather, and he interrupted me before I was fairly started and turned the whole thing into a joke! I think now that he did not want me to feel an obligation to be serious and show off my Hebrew knowledge when I was with him; he wanted to try and get to know his grandchildren and not to be simply a symbol of piety and scholarship for them. But we never really got to know each other; my father's optimistic faith in the importance and the viability of British Jewish Orthodoxy, his resolute repudiation of Yiddish and its ghetto associations, stood between my grandfather and his grandchildren.

In my grandfather's last years he led a retired and lonely life, never leaving his house—indeed, scarcely stirring from the big table in his study where he sat and read and dozed all day. He became too feeble to walk to the synagogue, and on Friday nights and Saturdays a dozen or so cronies would come and conduct services in his study. It was my grandmother's death that finally confirmed him in his retirement: though he lived some twelve years longer I don't think he left the house once after her funeral. When I was a student at Oxford I used to visit him on my way back to Edinburgh, and I had the feeling that the modern world, towards which he had once made such important gestures of friendship, had finally become too much for him and he had given up the attempt to keep up with it. Yet he, to me for so long the very essence of rigid old-fashioned Jewish piety, had started out as something of a rebel; by his decision on how to educate his children he had shaped the pattern both of my father's life and of my own.

THE modern world caught up with both of them, my grandfather and my father. If my grandfather retreated from it in his old age, my father, with his optimistic belief in the progressive waning of anti-Semitism and the emergence of Judaism as a proud and respected part of a European pluralistic culture, was equally baffled when the rise of Hitler put the clock back in Europe. He watched with horror and incredulity the disappearanec of *his* Germany—the Germany of Goethe and Kant and Beethoven—and could never understand what had really happened. True, the events of the 1930's would have confirmed him in his devotion to Britain if any such confirmation had been required, and it did intensify his feeling for Scotland, one of the few countries in Europe, he would so often declare, where the Jews had never been persecuted (though he knew that this was due at least partly to the fact that the Jews reached Scotland relatively late in European history and in small numbers). But there were rumblings of fascist agitation even in Scotland; they didn't, it is true, amount to much and they represented a negligible minority of the people, but they disturbed and angered my father. He would keep an eagle eye open for letters or articles in the Scottish press which showed any trace of sympathy with the Hitlerite position, and he would reply to each one with a forceful and eloquent letter to the editor.

This anti-fascist activity was but an extension of his normal vigilance on behalf of the good name of the Jews in Scotland. His letters to the *Scotsman,* putting the Jewish position wherever it required to be put and always assuming the closest natural sympathy between Scottish Presbyterians and Jews, had been a feature of that newspaper since 1919. He had developed the art of Jewish apologetics to a fine point; his letters combined the shrewdness

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of a lawyer trained on Talmudic disquisitions with the ringing eloquence of a preacher and the moral passion of a prophet. His letters to the *Scotsman* on such subjects as Zionism, the activities of Christian missions among Jews, the position of the Jews in Europe and in Scotland in particular, Jewish ritual slaughter, anti-Semitism, and on any topical subject with reference to which the Jewish position required explanation, became perhaps my father's best-known claim to fame: they were read and admired throughout Scotland, and they did an immense amount to create a pro-Jewish public opinion in the country. The other day a railway official at Waverley Station, Edinburgh, was checking my reservation on a train out of the city and his eye was caught by the name. "Any relation of the late rabbi?" he asked. "I always used to read his letters to the *Scotsman*."

My father enjoyed his role as a public figure. In his letters to the press his voice rang with the authority and the dignity proper to an official spokesman of his people, and similarly at public meetings in Edinburgh and throughout Scotland—at Masonic Lodges, the Dunfermline Business Men's Club, the League of Nations Union, Burns Clubs—he would present with eloquence and passion the Jewish view of the subject under discussion. To be invited to speak at a Burns dinner (of course, with a special kosher meal provided for the rabbi) seemed to him a proper recognition of the fact that, as the leader of the Jewish community in the capital of Scotland, he had something to say about Burns, as about every subject in which Scotsmen were interested, that was both unique and important. He had not been long in Edinburgh before he became known as one of the city's most distinguished public speakers, who could be counted on to make a forceful oratorical contribution to any humanitarian or liberal cause. Of course he spoke too at Zionist meetings and at Jewish fund-raising occasions of all kinds, and looking back I seem to see an endless round of such occasions, but I think it was the speeches he made as a representative Jewish spokesman before non-Jewish and mixed audiences that gave him most satisfaction. For that, in his view, was one of the prime duties of the modern Orthodox Jewish rabbi—to speak up for his people with dignity and equality before his fellow citizens. He was gratified, but not surprised, when he began receiving invitations to the royal garden party held annually when the King and Queen were in residence at Holyrood Palace. He was even more gratified when, towards the end of his life, he was asked, as an eminent and popular figure in Edinburgh public life, to lay the foundation stone of a new city-housing estate.

If this side of my father's activity took him considerably beyond the path of duty trod by my grandfather in the performance of the more traditional activities of a Jewish rabbi, it must not be thought for a moment that my father in any way neglected those traditional activities. He would receive almost daily visits from older members of his congregation in search of guidance on some intricate matter of Jewish law: whether a chicken could be considered kosher if a pin had been found stuck in its gizzard at a certain angle or what was the correct procedure on the part of a bachelor who wanted to get out of marrying his deceased brother's widow. These matters he dealt with scrupulously and conscientiously, becoming on such occasions the old-fashioned administrator of rabbinical law in all its logical nicety. His very appearance seemed to change when he gave an audience of this kind: he allowed his shoulders to hunch forward a little and spoke, reluctantly and in his Germanized fashion, the Yiddish which was the speech of his visitor; and of course his skullcap was always on his head. This side of him was always uppermost when he spoke to the older, foreign-born members of his congregation; with the native-born generation he was brisker and altogether more modern; the singsong tones of Talmudic exposition gave way to a more resounding rhetorical note or to the reasonable "let's-argue-this-out-together" tone of 20th-century inquiry.

My father seemed to take for granted that his own vast knowledge of Hebrew and rabbinics and Jewish religious philosophy would somehow filter down to his children without too much active effort on his part. His own strenuous youth, in which he absorbed two different streams of education with a completeness that has always astonished me, was part of a world he had put behind him: he did not seem to expect us to emulate his extraordinary feats of academic endurance. We belonged to the modern Western world which he had trained himself to cope with and to which he had so thoroughly adjusted his own religious position without giving up anything material in Jewish Orthodoxy. Our Jewish knowledge and traditions we would get as a

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matter of course, because we were Daicheses and his sons; our secular education we must work for. He thus took great interest in our schooling and would talk to us about our progress in Latin and Greek and mathematics, throwing Greek quotations from the *Odyssey* at us to see if we could translate them or asking what proposition in Euclid we were working at. True, he gave us Hebrew lessons, and as far as I can remember I was able to read Hebrew before I could read English: I cannot recollect a time when the reading of Hebrew did not come automatically to me. But his lessons were unsystematic and sporadic, and were often interrupted by urgent telephone calls or unexpected visitors. Every Friday night we sang, in the traditional intonation, the following Saturday's portion of the Law and the Prophets, and so learned the synagogue cantillation by a gradual process of familiarization—we never deliberately sat down to memorize anything. From a very early age I was able to sing any passage at sight. And I picked up Biblical Hebrew by translating hundreds of passages in no sort of order and with no sort of system; I just found myself eventually able to read with understanding almost any part of the Hebrew Bible. Every now and again my father would decide we did not know enough systematic Hebrew grammar and would bring in from his study a dusty copy of Gesenius's Hebrew grammar and ask us to memorize the paradigms of verbs. But he never stayed long on this sort of thing. In the same sporadic way he would decide suddenly that it was time my brother and I learned some Talmud, and he would appear with one of the huge volumes and take us at a galloping speed through *Baba Metzia,* "the Middle Gate." Or he would have a spell at medieval Hebrew poetry, or the Biblical commentators such as Rashi; and once he thrust on me a Hebrew translation of Eugene Sue's *Mysteries of Paris.* He always professed himself surprised that we did not know more than we did, forgetting that, as he was our teacher, the responsibility was his. Once he suddenly said to me at dinner: "If you were hiking in Palestine and wanted to find a place to spend the night, how would you explain yourself in Hebrew to a passer-by?" and he laughed good-naturedly at the awkwardness of my modern Hebrew conversation.

BEFORE my father came to Edinburgh there were two Jewish congregations in the city, one consisting entirely of older, foreign-born members whose native language was Yiddish, and the other, though also Orthodox, having a high proportion of Scottish-born members who did not believe that to practice Judaism meant to duplicate exactly the kind of life their fathers had led in the East European ghetto. My father made it a condition of accepting his "call" to Edinburgh that it should come jointly from both congregations, and when he arrived in the city his first task was to weld the two into a unity. For some years they continued to worship in different synagogues, that of the foreign-born group being an old and draughty hall in what was pretty much a slum area of the city. The other synagogue, a converted chapel in Graham Street, clearly represented the wave of the future, and its congregation grew while the other's declined. My father would worship and preach on Saturdays at the Graham Street *shul,* though he would visit the other (known as the Central Shul) at regular intervals and preach there in Yiddish. After a few years the Central Shul closed down and Graham Street accommodated both congregations. My father's real ambition was to build a splendid new synagogue in a pleasant part of the city, a synagogue which could easily accommodate all the Jews in Edinburgh and would in addition have an attached *bes hamedresh* where the older and more traditional members could pray three times daily and conduct their Talmudic study circle.

This ambition was finally realized after immense effort, and the new synagogue in Salisbury Road was opened with full civic honors in 1932. Its opening was a high point in my father's career, for here was represented the union of the old and the new in a common Jewish Orthodoxy; the building took its place worthily amid the architecture of Edinburgh and signified that Edinburgh Jews played their part with integrity and dignity and with the respect of their neighbors in the life of their city. The shadows cast by Hitler's Germany were soon to obscure the Jewish horizon completely; after 1934 there was little cause for optimism even among men as naturally optimistic as my father. Nineteen thirty-four, too, was the year when he and my mother celebrated their silver wedding, the year when we moved into a new house, the first my father had ever owned, and the year when I graduated with first-class honors at Edinburgh University, to my father's immense satisfaction.

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So altogether the years 1932 to 1934 represented the watershed, as it were, of my father's career. After that the world he had counted on began to disappear beneath his feet; anti-Semitism, which I had been brought up to believe was a phenomenon of the bad old days that would never recur, would rise to unprecedented heights in Germany and I myself began for the first time to doubt profoundly the whole basis of the creed in which I had been brought up. My father's world was never the same after 1934.

IT HAD been a hard climb to the summit represented by the opening of the new synagogue. The position which my father had won for himself, and through himself for his people, in Scotland was achieved by the continual expenditure of energy, writing, speaking, debating, counseling, planning, being diplomatic here and righteously indignant there, moving continuously between platform, pulpit, study, and meeting room. Our house was in some respects like a public institution; callers were likely to arrive at any time and had often to be given a meal at a moment's notice. My father had to keep up a style of living which his modest salary made extremely difficult. The Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation was small—about four hundred families, two thousand souls—and not wealthy, and could not afford to pay its spiritual leader much of a stipend. My father, by virtue of his personality and abilities, had made himself the virtual spiritual leader of all Jews in Scotland; but in sober fact he was but the rabbi of a small congregation. The result of this was that while the outside world regarded him as the Jewish equivalent of the Archbishop of Canterbury or at least of the Moderator of the Church of Scotland, and expected him to live accordingly, my father had to get by somehow on his small income. We had to live in a large and thoroughly genteel house in a residential part of the city, we had to dress well, we had to subscribe decently to public charities. My father was thus always harassed by financial worries, always haunted by unpaid bills. And though somehow the bills always got paid eventually and no visible sign of financial stringency was ever open to the public eye, the continuous strain must have worn down both my parents.

There was another kind of strain, more wearing than financial worry. My father, in the course of his successful attempts to make himself a real leader of his people and to build up a public conception of the Jew in Scotland as the respected member of an important element in a pluralistic culture, aroused some bitter jealousies and made some implacable enemies. A number of petty busybodies who had made a profession of exploiting disputes among different sections of the community were taken aback at my father's policy of uniting all the Jews of Edinburgh into one congregation (it was, indeed, a unique policy and the Edinburgh Hebrew Congregation remains a unique Jewish congregation in Britain) and deliberately set out to make trouble for him. On one occasion a couple of them attacked my father's silk hat as it hung in a cloakroom while he was at a meeting, and ripped it to pieces. This was one of the more dramatic episodes, but it was in fact less serious than the continual attempts to undermine my father's position, to discredit him in the eyes of Jew and Christian alike, that this small group kept making for some years. My father, who conducted his side of the business with a fine dignity, won in the end, as he was bound to, though for some years a small group of malcontents worshipped separately in a hired room (known among the other Edinburgh Jews as "the Bolshie *shul*") in a mood of spiteful piety.

All this, of course, was worrying, but most worrying of all was one affair that became known as "the Levinson case." One day in the 1920's a gentleman calling himself Rabbi Levinson turned up at Edinburgh and made contact with the members of the "Bolshie *shul*." He began to make large claims about his rabbinical distinction and jurisdiction, and eventually my father, after making some investigations into the man's character and history, denounced him as a trouble-making impostor and wrote a letter to the London *Jewish Chronicle* saying that "Rabbi" Levinson was no rabbi and warning British Jews against him. Levinson then proceeded to bring an action for libel against both my father and the *Jewish Chronicle*, claiming a huge sum of money by way of damages. This was an immense shock to my father. He knew perfectly well that Levinson was a rogue and an impostor, but knew also that this would not be easy to prove in a court of law. And of course my father had no money to fight a legal action. But the action had to be fought, and my father engaged the best legal representatives available trusting that he would win and be awarded expenses. As the case proceeded Levin-

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son's counsel submitted as evidence of his being a genuine rabbi a large number of documents, some of them signed by rabbinical authorities of international reputation. All these were testimonials to the scholarship, piety, and rabbinic distinction of Levinson. When my father's counsel saw these documents, he thought the case was over: what answer could there be to such evidence? My father, however, persuaded his counsel to ask leave to borrow the documents for a week (they had been deposited in court), and leave was granted. He read them over very carefully, and as he read he noticed a number of things. One of the most impressive documents was signed by Rabbi Kuk, the late Chief Rabbi of Palestine. Now my father knew Rabbi Kuk, and corresponded with him; in fact, he had a letter from him on his desk at that time. He compared the signature of his own letter and its seal with that on the document brought by Levinson, and found that they were quite different. With this clue in his possession, my father went carefully through the other documents. Many of them were clearly genuine; but then these did not prove anything except that the writer thought Levinson a nice man. But every one of the documents purporting to come from a rabbinical authority was suspect. One purported to come from a town in Poland which my father was sure did not exist. Another came from the head of a Continental yeshiva (rabbinical college) that he had never heard of. One purported to come from a rabbi in Australia.

My father informed his counsel that in his view all the important Levinson documents which seemed to prove that he was in fact a genuine rabbi were forged. The eminent lawyer flatly refused to believe this. No man, he protested, could be guilty of such criminal folly. But my father insisted, and urged that before the documents were returned to court they should be photostated for further study. This was done, under protest from his legal advisers. Soon afterwards, Levinson applied for leave to take the documents temporarily out of court, as he was applying for a position with a Jewish congregation in Wales and needed these testimonials. He was given leave to withdraw them for a short period. When they were put back, as they were a week or so later, my father asked his counsel to borrow them again, briefly. Legal opinion was again reluctant, but my father pressed the point, and the documents were soon again in his hands. He noticed at once that the bundle felt lighter. He examined them carefully: every one of the forged documents had gone! When my father rang up his lawyer to tell him this, the good man was flatly incredulous, but seeing was believing.

Well might my father have said, in Biblical and Cromwellian phrase, "The Lord has delivered him into my hand." For that was the beginning of the end of Levinson, who had no idea that my father had retained photostats of all the original documents. When the judge sharply asked Levinson for an explanation of the missing documents, he said that they had been accidentally destroyed by his landlady when she was clearing up his room. It was not long before Levinson was completely exposed and the case was concluded. Judgment, with costs, was awarded to my father, and Levinson's lawyer was reprimanded from the bench for dubious practices.

However, Levinson skipped the country (it was thought that he went to America) and avoided paying a penny, so that eventually my father's solicitors had to come back to him to settle their bill. Fortunately, the *Jewish Chronicle*, who had been joint defendant with my father, recognized what they owed to him and assumed his legal expenses.

Throughout the long months during which the Levinson case dragged on, my father continued to fulfill all his normal duties, preaching, lecturing, writing, advising. We children had no idea at the time of the great weight of anxiety that must have been pressing upon him: we knew all about the case, but we thought of it as something thrilling and amusing. Even at the end, with the enormous relief of the judgment, my father remained calm and went on with his arduous daily duties. To him, his victory was another proof of the rightness of his way of life, of his kind of synthesis. As for me, I never doubted that my father would win—I took it as a matter of course—and when I heard of the judgment there came into my head the sentence I had read in history books, spoken by loyal subjects after the execution of a traitor: "So perish all the King's enemies."

LIFE for my father had its duties and its courtesies, which he observed with what I can only call a scrupulous innocence. The subtleties of personal intercourse were left unspoken. It was the same with his attitude to

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religion. We all had our duties, which we were expected to fulfill. We had to learn our Hebrew, attend *shul* regularly, wash our hands before eating and say grace afterwards, and (it went without saying) refrain from any of the activities offensive to an enlightened Jewish Orthodoxy. Lionel and I would argue with our father about the reason for this or that Jewish observance, or even question its value or utility, but theology, or the mysteries of religion, or the nature of piety we never discussed with him. There was nothing of the mystic in my father, and his defense of Judaism (given often in addresses to literary societies or in articles in the non-Jewish press) was on the lines of a humanist utilitarianism: the good and useful and satisfying life was one led in accordance with laws and customs which safeguarded morality, preserved society, and decently canalized human instincts. The divine origin of such laws was a fact both manifested by Jewish history and required by human nature (for how could moral laws be absolute if they were not grounded in divine commands?).

Yet his pulpit eloquence could reach great emotional heights, and his magnificent sermons on Yom Kippur, the Day of Atonement, were full of deep religious feeling and a moving awareness of the ritual solemnity of communal repentance. I can see him now, rapt and prophetic in his white *kittel,* weak at the end of the day's fasting yet strong in voice and powerful in presence, leaning from the pulpit as he gives his final Yom Kippur sermon, his voice ringing out as he quotes and translates the Hebrew hymn beseeching forgiveness as the night falls and the day of penitence is coming to an end: "Open unto us the gate, at the time of the closing of the gate, for the day fadeth." I remember the *frisson* that used to go down my spine as I heard those words.

Yet he would never take that tone in private conversation. It would have been unthinkable for him to talk to his family about sin or forgiveness or divine mercy. He would discuss with us the history of some law or custom, or the true meaning of some Biblical text, or the short-sightedness of the "Liberal" Jews in abandoning some traditional part of the liturgy or belittling the rabbinic tradition, but the ultimate truth of religion and the nature of religious experience were not for him proper topics of personal discussion. After a day of religious exaltation and powerful preaching, he would return home on Yom Kippur night tired and relaxed to chat about the number of people in *shul,* decorum among the congregation, and the odd mumbling way in which old Mr. Sklovsky had read *maftir Yonah.*

In his innocence he took much for granted. Most of all, he took for granted that the deep, unmentioned roots of his own faith would spread automatically down the generations. He, as an Orthodox Jewish rabbi and a student of David Hume, had solved once and for all the relation between Judaism and modern secular culture: there was nothing for Lionel and myself to do but follow in his footsteps. Not that he ever thought of us as becoming rabbis—indeed, during one brief period of my adolescence, when I had that ambition, I was actively discouraged—but I don't think that it once crossed his mind that we would ever seriously question his synthesis. And throughout our childhood the pattern of family loyalties and family affection was woven so closely and strongly that any such questioning was unthinkable. Even when as a child I wondered about the existence of God, it never occurred to me to wonder about my father's British-Jewish way of life. And I was troubled about the existence of God. For some time in my earlier childhood the only concrete proof I could find was that people did not have children until they were married: this, I argued, showed clearly that God really did preside over human affairs and took care to send children to couples after marriage. But when I discovered that birth was a biological process that was possible without marriage, I realized at once that the only tangible proof of God's intervention in human affairs had been removed. Night after night, on going to bed, I used to plead with God to send me that night some sign to prove His existence—some dream, some token, however slight, that would indicate that He was there and had heard me. None ever came. This was not the kind of thing I could discuss with my father.

As I grew older, and became interested in Jewish history and the whole fascinating process of the development of Jewish tradition, I accepted Jewish Orthodoxy and my father's synthesis out of pride in the Jewish cultural heritage, rather than out of the simpler religious belief of my childhood. I came to see theological questions (which bothered me in my early teens) as subordinate to the more practical questions of the basis of a culture.

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There was a period in my teens when, passionately devoted to the Zionist cause, I saw myself in a Messianic role leading the Jewish people back to their ancient homeland. And I remember during my first year at Edinburgh University thinking that the summit of my academic ambitions would be to become professor of English at the newly founded Hebrew University in Jerusalem. It is perhaps a sad and certainly an ironic comment on human affairs that when I was offered that position at the end of the war I declined it.

At school I had done my work and gone home, taking no part in sports or other extra-curricular activities, which were mostly on Friday night or Saturday. But the University was different. There was a great variety of social and intellectual life outside the lecture room, and I found myself joining societies, writing for the student magazine, making friends among my non-Jewish fellow students. I discovered, to my delighted astonishment, that my fluency in speech and facility in turning verses, which had helped to amuse the family at home, made me a popular and sought-after figure at the University, and Lionel too found that his oratorical gifts (which he inherited from our father) and genius as a *raconteur* gave him an important place in student life. The sense of liberation was enormous. I had not realized until then how narrow and indeed lonely my life had previously been. There was, of course, the family circle with its loyalties and affections; but in my last years at school, when my literary interests were growing and I was going through a phase of romantic introspection, I had no one to discuss these things with, and got into the habit of going for long walks alone. I even grew for a while apart from Lionel, with whom I had grown up in closest association, for as we became older our interests came to differ. And I had no real friends at school—at least none of whom I saw anything outside school hours. But now I was free of a newer and richer world, and not only free of it but sought after by it.

At first this had no effect on my Jewish feeling. I was, in fact, aggressively Jewish, taking every opportunity of pointing out my background and, I am afraid, rather snobbishly insisting on its superiority. When, in my first year at the University, I fell wildly and romantically in love with a fellow student (it was an extraordinary calf-love affair: I had hardly spoken to a girl except my sister before that) we exchanged passionate avowals and then decided to part forever because my being Jewish made any further relationship impossible. (The decision, I should add, was mine, not hers. It never occurred to *her* that there was a barrier.) I had a broken heart for a year after that. I also did some serious thinking. To my father, it was inconceivable that I should even take a non-Jewish girl out to tea. Indeed, it was inconceivable to him that Lionel or I should take *any* girl, even one of deep Jewish Orthodoxy, out to tea or anywhere else. The Daiches boys didn't do that. We were the rabbi's sons, and known, and we were not to be seen going about with a girl. When the time came, we would be introduced to beautiful, intelligent, and perhaps also wealthy Jewish girls from cities which had larger Jewish populations than Edinburgh, and we would then, doubtless, fall in love and get married. Or if we did not fall in love with the first one provided, there would be others. Here again, my father's innocence was shattering. He was bitterly angry as well as puzzled when he once met Lionel walking with an extremely respectable Jewish girl in an Edinburgh street. This was when I was having my first romantic love affair with the non-Jewish student, and it occurred to me that if my father felt this way when Lionel went for a walk with a Jewish girl from an Orthodox family, what would he have said had he known that every day I had been walking my girl home from the University?

Deceit was forced on me by degrees. My father knew that I was a member of several University societies attended by both sexes. He knew that girls attended the University lectures. Presumably it was all right if I got into conversation with a girl after a lecture or after a society meeting. Was it all right to walk a few steps while talking with her? If so, how many? The position was, in fact, ludicrous. I began to ask myself whether this "so far and no farther" attitude between Jews and non-Jews was healthy or desirable or even, over any length of time, possible. And when I found that I made friends at the University to whom I could talk more freely and satisfyingly than to any Jewish friends or relations, the problem became more acute still. I did not realize then, though I came to do so later, that this very aura of danger that hung around my relations with non-Jewish girls tended to spark off romantic calf-love. I was very inexperienced and emo-

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tionally callow, ready in any case to fall in love with the first pretty girl who showed an interest in me. I wasn't used to having pretty girls show an interest in me. The first time that I took a girl to a dance was at the end of my first year at the University when, secretly and with every kind of precaution against being found out at home, I took the fellow student I was in love with. (Let the psychologists say what they like about the sense of guilt, but the fact is I had a wonderful time.) The second time was some years later, when I had learned a great deal both intellectually and emotionally: I took then another fellow student, also not Jewish, who was to become my wife.

THUS it was that a policy of anguished reconsideration of the relation between my Jewish background and my non-Jewish environment was forced on me. It was a long, difficult, and painful process, which was not complete until the end of my years as a research student at Oxford. My deep affection and admiration for my father never altered, but I had a sense of living on the edge of a precipice. I would come home from a walk on the Pentlands with a group of my University friends (or with only one of them), to find, say, preparations for Passover in progress, and I would feel as though I was walking from one century into another. I remember particularly one winter evening coming from a gay meeting of a University society to a Friday night service at the synagogue. There were only a few older people present at the service, and as the melancholy strains of the concluding hymn, *"Yigdal,"* rose thinly up to the roof, I thought of the centuries during which this hymn had been sung, of long dead Jewish congregations in Provence, the Rhineland, and Poland who had held so steadfastly to their Jewish way of life and passed their heritage unchanged on to their children. I thought of my own ancestors, of my grandfather and of *his* father, Aryeh Zvi Daiches, whose picture I had seen on the wall of my grandfather's study, a noble-looking man in a fur-trimmed cap, one of the innumerable Jewish scholars and teachers from whom I was descended.

My affection for my father increased, if possible, as I realized how innocent and how vulnerable he was. At the same time, I read Jewish apologetics with an increasingly critical eye. I re-read my father's book, *Aspects of Judaism,* and noted in the margin arguments which I could not find convincing. I studied the Jewish prayer book, and noted the difference between the strains of noble piety and those of crude superstition. I came to see the Hebrew Bible as a fascinating record of the spiritual development of a people rather than as a book of conduct inspired by God. When I went to Oxford, and engaged in research on English translations of the Hebrew Bible, I pursued my Hebrew studies and read more and more about Biblical history and about the development of Judaism. I read much Zionist literature, as well as modern Hebrew poetry. I translated some of the poems of Judah Halevi into Scots. Unconsciously, I was preparing for a showdown with my father. Whatever happened, I was not to be accused of lack of knowledge of or affection for my ancestral heritage.

Showdowns between different generations are never really possible, and I learned that, too, eventually. True, my father was innocent and vulnerable; but he had his own dignity and his own sense of responsibility towards his congregation. There was a point at which argument failed, and he fell back on that dignity and responsibility. For all our clannishness and profound mutual affection and loyalty, we were not a demonstrative family. Only at the moment of bitterest difference between my father and myself did he bring himself to voice sentiments of tenderness and of love. Not long afterwards, when I was on my way to America with my wife, a radiogram was brought to me as I lay, slightly seasick, on my bunk. It was from my father and mother, and read: "Yom Kippur blessings." It was the Day of Atonement, 1937.

And yet, surprisingly, a happy ending. Less than two years later, in the summer of 1939, I was back in Scotland with my wife and small son. (We had had an Orthodox Jewish wedding in America, for my father's sake.) We took a cottage in Perthshire by the River Tay for the summer months, while I did some writing. My father and mother made inquiries and found a nearby farmhouse to let for August, so they spent August there, just across the river from us. Part of that time my wife's people were with us too. We would go over to the farmhouse on Friday night, for the traditional Sabbath eve dinner. Somehow an inclusive world had been established which took us all in. Arguments, I knew now, were futile and cruel. I remember a sunny afternoon

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in the garden of our cottage, with my parents leaning over their grandson in his pram. It was a week or so before the Second World War began.

THE last scene of all was in December, 1944. I was working at the British Embassy in Washington, and had been flown over to Britain to spend some time at the Ministry of Information. I managed to get a week's leave in Edinburgh. I had not seen my parents since the happy summer of reconciliation in 1939, a time that now seemed worlds away. As the taxi stopped outside the familiar house—shabbier than I remembered it, but otherwise startlingly the same—I found it hard to believe that this was me, returning, in 1944. The front door was open, and I went in, and found no one downstairs. I went upstairs, and there in the drawing room, huddled over a small electric heater, were my father and mother. It was a bitterly cold day, and coal was in short supply. My father had his arm in a plaster cast, and I learned that he was recovering from a nasty accident—he had been knocked down by a truck when waiting to board a tramcar. I sat between him and mother, and we talked.

My father's arm mended rapidly, and the following Saturday he insisted (against all advice) on going to *shul* and preaching. I went with him, holding his arm so that he would not slip on the icy pavement. He looked frail and worn as he stood in the pulpit to begin his sermon, but his voice was as strong as ever. His *talith* kept slipping off his shoulders, and, as he had only the use of one arm, he was unable to put it back: I had to go up and help him. He took as his text the account (from that day's portion of the Law) of Jacob sending young Joseph to seek his brothers in Shechem, and went on to discuss the whole question of youth going out beyond the ken of the older generation. Why should Jacob have allowed his beloved young son to go out into the dangers which he knew were awaiting him? Was this not being a bad father? No, Jacob was right. There is a point beyond which a parent cannot be protective towards his children. Jacob was right in sending his rather pampered young son into dangers away from home: Joseph would have to work out his own salvation. And the older generation can learn from the younger. I think he was speaking to me, offering full understanding and reconciliation. But, as always, he was more at home in public than in private utterance. A handful of regular attenders, a few American Jewish soldiers, a couple of R.A.F. boys on leave, heard my father's last testament: but he and I knew whom it was meant for.

I left Edinburgh the next day, and I never saw my father again. Though I did not know it at the time, he was in fact dying of a disease he had long concealed from everybody. If he had gone into hospital for appropriate treatment in time, he could have been cured easily. But he hated the idea of a deputy doing his work; this was *his* congregation, he had welded it together, and he would minister to it until the end. And he did. After his accident he continued to preach regularly, attend meetings, deliver public speeches, and carry on all his multifarious duties as rabbi, until, some five months later, he collapsed one evening after a day crowded with meetings and died shortly afterwards.

Was my father's life, in the end, a tragedy? Only, I think, if we read the story too literally. True, his synthesis, however brilliantly illustrated in his own life, proved incapable of transmission whole to his children. His ultimate recognition of this was perhaps rueful rather than tragic. But he went on with his ministry to the end, pursuing his chosen way of life with heroic dignity. Perhaps, in Talmudic phrase, his works exceeded his wisdom; his life is more memorable than his writings. And Rabbi Eleazer the son of Azaryah said that he whose wisdom exceeds his works is like a tree with many branches and few roots, easily overturned by the wind, while he whose works exceed his wisdom is like a tree with few branches and many roots, which cannot be overturned by all the winds that blow.

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THE ANGEL LEVINE

A Story

BERNARD MALAMUD

To the memory of Robert Warshow

MANISCHEWITZ, a tailor, in his fifty-first year suffered many reverses and indignities. Previously a man of comfortable means, he overnight lost all he had when his establishment caught fire, and, because a metal container of cleaning fluid exploded, burned to the ground. Although Manischewitz was insured, damage suits against him by two customers who had been seriously hurt in the flames deprived him of every penny he had collected. At almost the same time, his son, of much promise, was killed in the war, and his daughter, without a word of warning, married a worthless lout and disappeared with him, as if off the face of the earth. Thereafter Manischewitz became the victim of incessant excruciating backaches that knifed him over in pain, and he found himself unable to work even as a presser—the only job available to him—for more than an hour or two daily, because after that the pain from standing became maddening. His Leah, a good wife and mother, who had taken in washing, began before his eyes to waste away. Suffering marked shortness of breath, she at last became seriously ill and took to her bed. The doctor, a former customer of Manischewitz, who out of pity treated them, at first had difficulty diagnosing her ailment but later put it down as hardening of the arteries, at an advanced stage. He took Manischewitz aside, prescribed complete rest for her, and in whispers gave him to know there was little hope.

Throughout his trials Manischewitz had remained somewhat stoic, almost unbelieving that all this had descended upon his head, as if it were happening, let us say, to an acquaintance, or to some distant relative; it was in sheer quantity of woe incomprehensible. It was also ridiculous, unjust, and because he had always been a religious man —an affront to God. This, Manischewitz fanatically believed amid all his suffering. When, however, his burden had grown too crushingly heavy to be borne alone, he eased himself into a chair and with shut hollow eyes prayed: "My dear God, my soul, sweetheart, did I deserve this to happen to me?" But recognizing the worthlessness of this thought, he compelled himself to put complaint aside and prayed humbly for assistance: "Give to Leah back her health, and give to me, for myself, that I should not feel pain in every step I make. Help now, or tomorrow we are dead. This I don't have to tell you." And Manischewitz, aching all over and grief-stricken, wept.

MANISCHEWITZ'S flat, which he had moved into after the disastrous fire, was a meager one, furnished with a few sticks of chairs, a table, and bed, in one of the poorer sections of the city. There were three rooms: a living room, small, poorly papered; an apology for a kitchen, with a wooden icebox; and the comparatively large bedroom where Leah lay in a secondhand bed, panting for breath. The bedroom was the warmest room of the house and it was here, after his outburst to God, that

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IT IS several years since we have printed a short story by BERNARD MALAMUD; his last previous one was "The Loan," in our July 1952 number. Meantime, in 1953, he published his first novel, *The Natural,* which attracted favorable attention. Mr. Malamud is now teaching at the Oregon State College in Corvallis. His fiction and reviews have also appeared in *Partisan Review, Harper's Bazaar,* and *Atlantic Monthly.*

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Manischewitz, by the light of two small bulbs overhead, sat reading his Jewish newspaper. He was not truly reading, because his thoughts were everywhere but on the print. However the print offered a convenient resting place for his eyes; and a word or two, when he permitted himself to comprehend them, indeed had the effect of aiding him momentarily to forget his troubles. After a while he discovered, to his surprise, that he was actively scanning the news, searching for an item of great interest to him. Exactly what its contents would be he could not say—until he realized with astonishment that he was expecting to discover something regarding himself. At that moment he gazed up with the distinct impression that someone had entered the apartment, though he could not remember having heard the sound of the door. Manischewitz looked around: the room was still, Leah sleeping peacefully. Half-frightened, he observed her until he became convinced she was not dead; then, still disturbed by the thought of an unannounced visitor, he stumbled into the living room, and there had the shock of his life, for at the table sat a burly Negro reading a newspaper he had folded up to fit into one hand.

"What do you want here?" Manischewitz cried out in fright.

The Negro put down the paper and glanced up with a gentle smile. "Good evening." He seemed not to be sure of himself, as if he had happened into the wrong house. He was a large man, bonily built, with a heavy head covered by a hard derby hat, which he made no attempt to remove. His eyes seemed sad, but his lips, above which he wore a slight mustache, were on the verge of laughter; he was not otherwise prepossessing. The cuffs of his sleeves, Manishewitz noted, were frayed to the lining, and the dark suit was badly fitted. He had very large feet. Recovering from his fright, Manischewitz guessed he was being visited by a case worker from the Welfare Department—some came at night—for he had recently applied for relief. Therefore he lowered himself into a chair opposite the Negro, returning, as well as he was able, the man's somewhat troubled although pleasant smile. The former tailor sat stiffly but patiently at the table, waiting for the investigator to take out his pad and pencil and begin asking questions; but before long he became convinced the man intended to do nothing of the sort.

"Who are you?" Manischewitz asked uneasily.

"If I may, insofar as one is able to, identify myself, I bear the name of Alexander Levine."

Despite himself, a trace of smile appeared on Manischewitz's bitter lips.

"You said Levine?" he politely inquired.

The Negro nodded. "That is exactly right."

Carrying the jest a bit farther, Manischewitz asked, "You are maybe Jewish?"

"All my life I was, most willingly."

Manischewitz hesitated. He had heard of black Jews, but had never met one. It gave an unusual sensation.

Recognizing in afterthought something strange about the tense of Levine's remark, he said doubtfully, "You ain't Jewish any more?"

Levine, at this point, removed his hat, but immediately replaced it. He said quietly, "I have recently been discarnated into an angel. As such I offer you my humble assistance, if to offer is within my province and ability—in the best sense." He lowered his eyes in apology. "Which calls for added explanation: I am what I am granted to be, and at present the completion is in the future."

"What kind angel is this?" Manischewitz gravely asked.

"A bona fide angel of God, within prescribed limitations," answered Levine, "not to be confused with the members of any sect, order, or organization here on earth operating under a similar name."

MANISCHEWITZ was thoroughly disturbed. He had been expecting something but not quite this. What sort of mockery was it—provided Levine was an angel—of a faithful

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servant who had from childhood lived in the synagogues and houses of study, concerned with His word?

To test Levine he asked, "Then where are your wings?"

The Negro blushed as well as he was able. Manischewitz understood this from his expression. "Under certain circumstances we lose privileges and prerogatives upon returning to earth, no matter for what purpose, or endeavoring to assist whosoever."

"So tell me," Manischewitz said triumphantly, "how did you get here?"

"I was transmitted."

Still troubled, the tailor said, "If you are a Jew, say the blessing for bread."

Levine recited it in sonorous Hebrew.

Although moved by the familiar words, Manischewitz still could not believe he was dealing with an angel.

Somewhat angrily he demanded, "If you are an angel, show me the proof."

Levine wet his lips. "Frankly, I cannot perform either miracles or near miracles, due to the fact that I am in a condition of probation. How long that will persist or even consist, I admit, depends on the outcome."

Manischewitz racked his brains for some means of causing Levine positively to reveal his true identity, when the Negro spoke again:

"It was given me to understand that both you and your wife require assistance of a salubrious nature?"

The tailor could not rid himself of the feeling that he was the butt of some jokester. Is this what a Jewish angel looks like? he thought. This I am not convinced.

But he asked one last question. "So if God sends to me an angel, why a black? Why not a white that there are so many of them?"

"It was my turn to go next," Levine explained.

Manischewitz could not be convinced. "I think you are a faker."

Levine slowly rose. His eyes showed disappointment and worry. "Mr. Manischewitz," he said tonelessly, "if you should desire me to be of assistance to you any time in the near future, or possibly before, I can be found"—he cast a quick glance at his fingernails—"in Harlem."

He was by then gone.

THE next day Manischewitz felt some relief from his backache and was able to work four hours at pressing. The day after, he put in six; and the third day four again. Leah sat up a little and asked for some halvah to suck. But on the fourth day the stabbing, breaking ache returned to his back, and Leah once again lay supine, breathing with blue-lipped difficulty.

Manischewitz was miserably disappointed at the return of his active pain, and suffering. He had hoped for a longer interval of easement, long enough to have some thought other than of himself and his troubles. Day by day, hour by hour, minute after minute, he lived in pain, with pain as his only memory, and questioned the necessity of it, inveighed against it, and occasionally, though with affection, against God. Why so *much*, *Gottenyu*? If He wanted to teach His servant a lesson for some reason, some cause—the nature of His nature—to teach him, say, for reasons of his weakness, his neglect of God during his years of prosperity—give him a little lesson, why then, any one of the tragedies that had happened to him, any *one* would have sufficed to chasten him. But *all together*—the loss of his means of livelihood, of both his children, the health of Leah and himself—that was too much to ask one frail-boned man to endure. Who, after all, was Manischewitz that he had been given so much to suffer? A tailor. Certainly not a man of talent. Upon him suffering was largely wasted. It went nowhere, into nothing: into more pain. His pain did not earn him bread, nor fill the cracks in the wall, nor lift, in the middle of the night, the kitchen table; only lay upon him, sleepless, so sharply oppressively that he could many times have shrieked yet not heard himself through all the misery.

In this mood he gave no thought to Mr. Alexander Levine, but at moments when the pain wavered, momentarily slightly dimin-

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ishing, he sometimes wondered if he had been mistaken to dismiss him. A black Jew and angel to boot—hard to believe, but suppose he *had* been sent to succor him, and he, Manischewitz, was in his blindness too blind to comprehend? It was this thought that set him on the knifepoint of agony.

Therefore the tailor, after much self-questioning and doubt, decided he would seek the self-styled angel in Harlem. Of course he had great difficulty, because he had not asked for specific directions, and all movement was tedious to him. The subway took him to 116th Street, and from there he wandered in a dark world. It was vast and its lights lit nothing. Everywhere were shadows, often moving. Manischewitz hobbled along painfully, with the aid of a cane; and not knowing where to seek in the blackened tenement buildings, looked fruitlessly into store windows. In the stores he saw people and *everybody* was black. It was an amazing thing to observe. When he was too tired, too unhappy to go farther, Manischewitz stopped in front of a tailor's store. Out of familiarity with the appearance of it, and with some heartbreak, he entered. The tailor, an old skinny Negro with a mop of woolly gray hair, was sitting cross-legged on his workbench, sewing a pair of full-dress pants that had a razor rent all the way down the seat.

"You'll excuse me, please, gentleman," said Manischewitz, admiring the tailor's deft, thimbled fingerwork, "but you know maybe somebody by the name Alexander Levine?"

The tailor, who, Manischewitz thought, seemed somewhat antagonistic to him, scratched his scalp.

"Cain't say I ever heered dat name."

"Alex-ander Lev-ine," Manischewitz pronounced slowly.

"Cain't say I heered."

Discouraged, Manischewitz was about to depart when he remembered to say: "He is an angel, maybe."

"Oh *him*," said the tailor, clucking. "He hang out in dat honky-tonk down a ways." He pointed with a skinny finger and returned to the slit pants.

Manischewitz crossed the street against a red light and was almost killed by a taxi. On the block after the next, the fourth store from the corner was a cabaret, and the name in sparkling lights was Bella's. Ashamed to go in, Manischewitz gazed through the neon-lighted window, and when the dancing couples parted and drifted away, he discerned, at a table towards the rear, Levine.

He was sitting by himself, a cigarette butt dangling from the corner of his mouth, playing solitaire with a dirty pack of cards, and Manischewitz felt a touch of pity for him, for Levine had deteriorated in appearance. His derby hat was dented and had a white smudge across the top. His ill-fitting suit had grown shabbier, as if he had been sleeping in it. His shoes and the bottoms of his trousers were caked with mud, and his face covered by an impenetrable stubble the color of licorice. Manischewitz, though dreadfully disappointed, was about to enter anyway, when a fat-breasted Negress in a purple evening gown appeared before Levine's table, and with much laughter through many white teeth, broke into a vigorous sinuous shimmy. Levine looked straight at Manischewitz with a haunted expression, but the tailor was too paralyzed to move or acknowledge it. As Bella's heavy gyrations continued, Levine rose, his eyes lit in excitement. She embraced him with vigor, both his hands going around her big restless buttocks, and they tangoed together across the floor, loudly applauded by the other customers. She seemed to have lifted Levine off his feet and his large shoes hung lifeless as they danced. They slid past the window where Manischewitz, white-faced, stood staring in. Levine winked slyly and the tailor fled home.

LEAH lay at death's door. Through shrunken lips she muttered concerning her girlhood, the sorrows of the marriage bed, the loss of her babies, yet wept to live. Manischewitz tried not to listen, but even without ears he would have heard her thoughts. It was not a gift. The doctor panted up the stairs, a broad but bland, unshaven man (it was Sunday) and shook his head. A day at

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most, or two. He left at once, not without mercy, to spare himself Manischewitz's multiplied despair; the man who never stopped hurting. He would someday get him into a public home.

Manischewitz visited a synagogue and there spoke to God, but God was strangely absent. The tailor searched his heart and found no hope. When she died he would live dead. He considered taking his life although he knew he never would. Yet it was something to consider. Considering, you existed in dregs. He railed against God—shouted his name without love. Can you love a rock, a broom, an emptiness? Baring his breast, he smote the naked bones, cursing himself for having believed.

That afternoon, asleep in a chair, he dreamed of Levine. He was standing before a faded mirror, preening small, decaying opalescent wings. "This means," mumbled Manischewitz, as he broke out of sleep, "that it is possible he could be an angel." Begging a neighbor lady to look in on Leah, occasionally wet her lips with a drop of water, he drew on his thin coat, gripped his walking stick, exchanged some pennies for a subway token, and rode to Harlem. He recognized this act as the last desperate one of woe: to go without belief, seeking a black magician to restore his wife to invalidism. Yet if there was no choice, he did at last what was chosen.

He hobbled to Bella's but the place had changed hands. It was now, as he breathed, a synagogue in a store. In the front, towards him, were several rows of empty wooden benches. In the rear stood the Ark, its portals of rough wood covered with many-colored sequins; under it a long table on which lay the sacred scroll unrolled, illuminated by the dim light of a bulb on a chain overhead. Around the table, as if frozen to it and the scroll, which they all touched with their fingers, sat four Negroes wearing black skullcaps. Now as they read the Holy Word, Manischewitz could, through the plate-glass window, hear the singsong chant of their voices. One of them was old, with a gray beard. One was bubble-eyed. One was humpbacked. The fourth was a boy, no older than thirteen. Their heads moved in rhythmic swaying. Touched by this sight from his childhood and youth, Manischewitz entered and stood silent in the rear.

"*Neshoma,*" said bubble eyes, pointing to a word with a stubby finger. "Now what dat?"

"That means soul," said the boy. He wore glasses.

"Let's git on wid de commentary," said the old man.

"Ain't necessary," said the humpback. "Souls is immaterial substance. That's all. The soul is derived in that manner. The immateriality is derived from the substance, and they both, causally and otherwise, derived from the soul. There can be no higher."

"That's the highest."

"Over de top."

"Way, way."

"Wait a minute," said bubble eyes. "I don't see what is dat immaterial substance. How come de one gits hitched to de odder? Speak up, man." He addressed the humpback.

"Ask me something hard. Because it is substanceless immateriality. It couldn't be closer together, like the organs of the body under one skin."

"Hear now," said the old man.

"All you done is switched de words."

"It is the *primum mobile,* the substanceless substance from which comes all things that were incepted in the idea—you, me, and everything and body else."

"Now how dat happen? Make it sound simple."

"It de speerit," said the old man. "On de face of de water moved de speerit. An' dat was good. It say so in de Book. From de speerit ariz de man."

"But now listen here. How come it become substance, if it all de time a spirit?"

"God alone done dat."

"Holy! Holy! Praise His Name."

"But has dis spirit got some kind of a shade or color?" asked bubble eyes, deadpan.

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"Man, of course not. It colorless."

"Then how come we is colored" he said, with a triumphant glare.

"Ain't got nought to do wid dat."

"I still like to know."

"God put the spirit in all things," answered the boy. "He put it in the green leaves an' the red flowers. He put it in little gold fishes in the water an' in the big blue sky. That's how come it came to us."

"Amen."

"Praise Lawd and utter loud His speechless name."

"Blow de bugle till it break de sky."

They fell silent, intent upon the next word. Manischewitz approached.

"You'll excuse me," he said. "I am looking for Alexander Levine. You know him maybe?"

"That's the angel," said the boy.

"Oh, *him*," snuffed bubble eyes.

"You'll find him at Bella's. It's the establishment right across the street," the humpback said.

Manischewitz explained that he could not stay, thanked them all, and limped across the street. It was already night. The city was dark and he could barely find his way.

But Bella's was bursting with strains of blues. Through the window Manischewitz recognized the dancing crowd and among them sought Levine. He was sitting loose-lipped at Bella's side table. They were tippling from an almost empty whiskey fifth. Levine had shed his old clothes, wore a shiny new checkered suit, pearl-gray derby, cigar, and big two-tone button shoes. To the tailor's dismay, a drunken gaze had settled upon Levine's formerly dignified face. He leaned toward Bella, tickled her ear lobe with his pinky, and whispered words that sent her into gales of raucous laughter. She fondled his knee.

Manischewitz, girding himself, pushed open the door and was not well received.

"This place reserved."

"Beat it, pale puss."

"Exit, Yankel, Semitic trash."

He gasped, but moved towards the table where Levine sat, the crowd breaking before him as he hobbled forward.

"Mr. Levine," he spoke in a trembly voice. "Is here Manischewitz."

Levine glared through bleary eyes.

"Speak yo' piece, son."

Manischewitz shivered. His back plagued him. Cold tremors tormented his crooked legs.

"You'll excuse me. I would like to talk to you in a private place." He looked around, but people were everywhere and all of them listening.

"Speak, Ah is a private pu'son."

Bella laughed piercingly. "Stop it, boy, you killin' me."

Manischewitz, no end disturbed, considered leaving, but Levine addressed him:

"What is the pu'pose of yo' communication with yo's truly?"

The tailor wet his cracked lips. "You are a Jew. This I am sure."

Levine rose, his nostrils flaring.

"Anythin' else yo' got to say?"

Manischewitz's tongue was in torment.

"Speak now, or fo'ever hold yo' peace."

Tears blinded the tailor's eyes. Was ever man so tried? Should he say he believed a half-drunken Negro to be an angel?

The silence turned to stone.

Manischewitz was recalling scenes of his youth, as a wheel in his mind whirred: believe, do not, yes, no, yes, no. The pointer pointed to yes, to between yes and no, to no, no it was yes. He sighed. One had still to make a choice.

"I believe you are also an angel—from God." He said it simply but in a broken voice. Yet he thought, If you said it it was said. If you believed it you must say it. If you believed, you believed.

The hush broke. Everybody talked but the music commenced and they went on dancing. Bella, grown bored, picked up the cards and dealt herself a hand.

Levine burst into tears.

"How you have humiliated me."

Manischewitz sincerely apologized.

"Wait'll I freshen up." Levine went to the men's room and returned in his old clothes.

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No one said goodbye as they left.

They rode to the flat via subway. As they walked up the stairs Manischewitz pointed with his cane to his door.

"That's all been taken care of," Levine said. "You best go in now."

Disappointed that it was all over, yet torn by curiosity, Manischewitz followed the angel up four flights of stairs to the roof. When he got there the door was padlocked.

Luckily he could see through a small broken window. He heard a strange noise, as though of a vibration of wings, and when he strained for a wider view, could have sworn he saw a dark figure borne aloft on strong-pinioned, magnificent black wings.

A feather drifted down. Manischewitz gasped as it turned white, but it was only snowing.

He rushed downstairs. In the flat, Leah wielded a dust mop under the bed and upon the cobwebs on the wall.

"A wonderful thing, Leyka," Manischewitz said. "There are Jews everywhere."

WHICH HAS SPEED

ELI SIEGEL

WHAT mornings to the west
Move as kitchens move,
With little Timothies about
And growing little girls.
How many dresses are possible for each little girl?
How many kinds of weather are to be for dear little Ann?
How many kitchen-situations for that sweet, dear, all in yellow now, Jane?
O, Timothy, suns are waiting for you.
Autos are, sun on them, and changes of mind in autos, sun on them, sun changing them all around the lot.
Timothy, Timothy, the world is not all 8:10 in a bright western morning.
Jane, Jane, the world is not all bright yellow dresses having in them cute, bright, sharply-talking Jane.
Nor is it sun, nor is it earth, nor is it just men in politics taking out their watches from silly, dark vests.
Nor is it just silly dark vests sometimes escaped from two or three suns.
It may be anything but it isn't daring Ed only.
It may be that but it isn't hand-claspings by four people low in the steerage.
Nor is it a wave that fails to meet another.
Nor is it a choice made with body feeling listless.
Anything's the world's but anything's not this world, nor this world alone, at least one way.
Put fat watches over dark cloth in dark cloth—you will be doing the universe's bidding, something how earthlikely allowable, but you're doing no more.
Contemplate small things dying in the west, but there's more and more.
However dull or sultrily red or shining the sun is, you've got other things to see and use your fingers on and put between many-paged books full of darkly-clothed evilly disposed ecclesiastical people.
Which is all well and timely and which has speed.

THIS is ELI SIEGEL'S third appearance in COMMENTARY. A collection of his poetry, *Hot Afternoons Have Been in Montana: Poems*, will appear in 1956.

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COST OF THE SECURITY PROGRAMS

The Record

MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM

A YEAR has passed since the McCarthy-Army dispute culminated in the Senate's censure of its junior member from Wisconsin. The change in the atmosphere of American politics in the period since the Senator collided with the Eisenhower administration head on—after first backing it into a corner—has been very great. In the spring of 1954, the Congressional investigations receiving the widest publicity were those conducted by three committees dealing with Communism. One of them—the Senate Government Operations Committee, which was once McCarthy's platform—has withdrawn from that field almost entirely for the time being. The Senate Internal Security Subcommittee and the House Un-American Activities Committee have now been overshadowed by two Senate Committees investigating violations of civil liberties in the operation of the Federal employee security program.

The changed situation has coincided with McCarthy's eclipse, but the former has not been entirely a product of the latter. The law of diminishing returns has also operated. There is a limit to the number of exposés of Harry Dexter White the average citizen is willing to read. Elizabeth Bentley and Whittaker Chambers have no new information to impart, which is not surprising in view of the many years now elapsed since their respective breaks with Communism. No comparable revelations have been made by more recent apostates from the Communist faith in this country. (Thus Louis Budenz's most significant disclosure is still his first, that of the part he himself played in preparing the assassination of Trotsky; the quality of the information he retailed on Communist affairs may perhaps best be judged by the fact that even after leaving the party he still believed in the truth of the Moscow trials.) The absence of any reference to the United States in the rather wide-ranging information supplied by such former Soviet agents as Petrov and Rastovorov may even suggest—although it certainly does not prove—that the Soviet espionage apparatus in the United States is not functioning too well at present. It may well be, of course, that there are still Soviet agents in high places whose activities will be exposed as belatedly as others have been in the past, but for the present there are no new villains of any real stature, and the lack cannot be supplied either by extracts from the "Morgenthau diaries" or by TV bit-players who achieve the first headlines of their careers by pleading the Fifth Amendment.

Certainly, too, the reconquest of Congress by the Democrats, convinced that the Communist issue has been used to smear them, has played a part in the changed atmosphere. Congressional committees make news, and the news they make affects public opinion; it seems unlikely that a Republican-controlled Congress would be investigating violations of civil liberties in security procedures. (But the Democratic electoral

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THE national security program today is without doubt the principal source of supply for what might be called the Chamber of Bureaucratic Horrors. MAURICE J. GOLDBLOOM attempts to assess that program with the measure provided by recent collections of materials: *Case Studies in Personnel Security*, by Adam Yarmolinsky (Bureau of National Affairs, 310 pp.), and *The Draftee and Internal Security*, by Roland Watts (Workers Defense League, 96 pp., 4 appendices). Mr. Goldbloom, a frequent contributor, is author of *American Security and Freedom* (1954), published by Beacon Press. He regularly surveys the field of civil liberties for the American Jewish Year Book.

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victory was in part a reflection of an already accomplished change of attitude; attempts to use the Communist issue in the 1954 campaign failed in a number of key states. Even his being Owen Lattimore's attorney did not prevent Joseph O'Mahoney from carrying Wyoming for the Democrats.) Again, the publicity given to such cases of flagrant injustice as Abraham Chasanow's and Wolf Ladejinsky's played a part in changing the public attitude to the security program. But, again, if public opinion had not already begun to change, Ladejinsky and Chasanow might have found it as hard to get a hearing as did numerous other victims of unwarranted charges.

However, a change of climate is one thing; the achievement of a proper balance between security and freedom is another. In recent years we have acquired a set of laws and administrative procedures which, politically motivated and carelessly drawn, have set back the cause of civil liberty much more certainly than they have advanced that of security. The laws remain on the books; indeed, hitherto inoperative provisions are currently being brought into play. The administrative procedures are not only essentially unchanged; there is substantial evidence that they are still being carried out largely by personnel completely unqualified for one of the most difficult tasks in government, and in a spirit too often unmoved by any considerations either of justice or mercy.

Two recent studies point up the unsatisfactory character of our present Federal security procedures. One, *Case Studies in Personnel Security*, was prepared by Adam Yarmolinsky for the Fund for the Republic; it is an account of fifty cases (a few involving sex deviation or drink, but most of them political) under various security programs instituted by the Federal government.

The cases in the Yarmolinsky study are a preliminary selection from between two hundred fifty and three hundred cases examined by selected lawyer-interviewers in twelve cities, and in particular from those cases, approximately half, in which the individuals concerned were willing to permit publication of the details. The information available was somewhat one-sided, since the government did not supply any of the material in its possession; in most cases, however, the transcript of hearings was available for examination, and in all cases the charges were available. Thus if the government's case was in any degree unavailable to Yarmolinsky, it was usually because it was in the same degree unavailable to the employee who had to defend himself against it. The fact that the charges are in some cases sketchy, and that the hearing transcripts frequently fail to show the nature of the evidence against the employee, is itself one of the weaknesses of the whole procedure.

Thirty-one cases (actually thirty-three, since two involve both a husband and a wife) relate to the Truman loyalty program (Executive Orders 9835 and 10241), the Truman security program (Public Law 733), and the Eisenhower loyalty-security program (Executive Order 10450), all dealing with Federal civilian employees. In a number of the cases reported, individuals were brought up on charges under two or more of these programs; cleared under one program, they were put through new hearings—and frequently suspended pending these hearings—when the government's standards changed.

The cases assembled by Yarmolinsky—as well as a number which have come to my personal attention over the last several years—make it clear that the charges are all too apt to be unbelievably petty and captious, and the procedure grossly at fault. A charge which appears repeatedly is that of reading Communist literature. Another is that of associating with Communists or members of Communist front groups; often, though not always, these cases turn out to involve "guilt by kinship." Other charges include using material from the Institute of Pacific Relations in writing a paper for a university course, fund-raising on behalf of Loyalist Spain, membership in the Book Find Club, membership in Communist-controlled or influenced trade unions, stating that "public power projects are designed for the benefit

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of politicians," and buying books at a store which was "a possible successor to the Washington Book Shop." (It wasn't.)

In one case the employee, a Negro, was charged with using the phrase "second-class citizen"; it turned out that he had said he would rather be a second-class citizen in Mississippi than a first-class citizen in the Soviet Union. In some cases charges not included in the original statement were introduced in the course of hearings; in others, hearing boards recommended that employees be cleared, but they were nevertheless dismissed. The contrary has also taken place; in some departments the top echelons seem to have made a conscientious if not always successful effort to be fair. Other departments—notably the Post Office, where proof of active and effective anti-Communism was not enough to prevent dismissal—seem to have a policy of dismissing anyone against whom any charges have been brought.

ROUGHLY a third of the cases in this study concern people whose positions could not by any stretch of the imagination be called sensitive; the work of another third might be considered sensitive by stretching a point, though the opportunities for espionage and sabotage that their jobs offered were probably no greater than those available to the average American in the course of daily life. The remaining cases concern employees having some sort of access to classified information—but that is a questionable criterion of sensitivity, since bureaucratic timidity rather than any substantial grounds for apprehension is responsible for the classification of a huge number of documents. The group of cases selected by Yarmolinsky is in this respect more or less representative; indeed, it would appear that the percentage of non-sensitive or barely sensitive positions involved in all security cases is somewhat higher than in the sample studied here. (In the case of Kendrick M. Cole, a former food and drug inspector, the Supreme Court has now agreed to rule on the legality of extending the security program to non-sensitive positions. The government concedes Cole's loyalty; his associations and not his affiliations are at issue.)

While most of the cases included in the sample come from the period before McCarthy's downfall, such recent instances as those of Joseph Summers and Mrs. Sanford Waxer indicate that the situation has not changed significantly. But it would be surprising if it had—the security officers in the various agencies have not changed, the terms of the order under which they operate have been modified only slightly, the courts have so far refused to interfere, and it is only in the last few months that Congress has begun to intervene.

The fifteen industrial security cases in the Yarmolinsky study are fairly similar to the government worker cases, both as to the charges and the character of the proceedings. They can scarcely be said to present any pattern except one of extreme arbitrariness and unpredictability. Some hint of this may have reached Congress, which has so far given no sign of moving to pass the "Defense Facilities Bill"—requested by the armed services and introduced by Senator John Marshall Butler—which would extend the industrial security program from defense work to anything designated as a defense facility. (It should be noted, however, that the McCarran Act makes provision for barring members of organizations registered under it from access to a wide variety of "defense facilities.")

IN BOTH the government employee and industrial security programs, much of the existing inequity is the result of biting off more than we can chew. The security officer with any real political understanding is the exception rather than the rule. It would be next to impossible to get together a staff of properly qualified security officers large enough to check the backgrounds of several million government employees and defense workers even with the best methods of recruitment. In fact, however, the method of recruitment is such that it tends to eliminate rather than select the qualified. There has been no attempt to set up a civil service

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standard of political information for security officers. Some of them, like Scott McLeod of the State Department, have had experience in the FBI—an organization that has repeatedly disclaimed any role in *evaluating* security information, which is the function of the security officer. Others have risen through the government administrative service; thus one agency security officer was a chauffeur and uniformed guard before coming up in the world. The security officer of the United States embassy in a crucial country—whose regime saw numerous grave injustices done to foreign employees of the embassy, who lack even the slight protection afforded to American employees under the present program—started his career as an elevator operator in the State Department.

Recently a Congressional investigation focused attention on George McDavitt, a close associate of the notorious Allen Zoll, who had become security officer of the Small Business Administration. (It has been charged by Representative Wright Patman, and not denied, that this agency extended its security investigations from its employees to small businessmen applying for loans.) McDavitt secured his post after being fired for malfeasance as an investigator for the refugee program in Germany—a job for which his principal qualification appears to have been that he had unsuccessfully run for Congress on an anti-immigration platform. Subordinates testified that McDavitt had instructed them to include *only* derogatory information in their reports. McDavitt himself appears to have been a security risk under more than one of the headings of Executive Order 10450, but when the Small Business Administration got around to firing him, it was only for issuing unauthorized statements.

Even a conscientious and intelligent security officer is to a considerable extent dependent on the information supplied him by government investigative agencies. The burden of investigating personnel under the loyalty and security programs has fallen primarily on the FBI. But FBI agents have never been selected mainly with an eye to their political understanding; some of them are certainly politically sophisticated, but the load of security cases has been such that many agents skilled only in accountancy or ordinary criminal investigation have had to be detailed to security work. Moreover, the FBI has been swamped by its new duties, and has lacked the staff—even including inadequately trained personnel—to meet the demands made on it. In desperation it has subcontracted much of its security work to private detective and credit investigation agencies!

THE two cases from the armed services, one from the Port Security program and one from the International Organizations Employees Loyalty Program, that appear in the Yarmolinsky book are obviously too few to afford much basis for judgment. The Port Security program is administered by the Coast Guard, which, while in peacetime not technically a part of the armed forces, has similar traditions. The one case described is from the West Coast; on the East Coast, it is reliably reported that some Coast Guard hearing boards have helped to prevent injustices to individuals falsely accused of being risks by union political opponents.

Both the International Organizations security program and the Armed Services program raise special problems. In the case of the former, there are serious theoretical and practical objections to the existence of any program at all. Employees of most international organizations have no access to secret information; all the information possessed by such organizations is available as a matter of right to all the member nations. In the higher echelons, it is true, they may deal with important questions of international policy. But an international organization's employees are supposed to carry out *its* policies, rather than those of the member nations from which they happen to come; when a country tries to exercise political supervision over its nationals employed by an international body, this obviously becomes more difficult. There was something more than a little anomalous about summoning an Assistant Secretary General of the

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UN before a United States loyalty board, even though the board was of high caliber and its procedure and decision eminently fair. Moreover, the precedent set by the United States can be cited by countries in the Soviet sphere; there are, for instance, a number of anti-Communist Czech and Polish emigrés employed by international agencies to which those nations belong.

Certain special problems are undoubtedly posed by the position of the United States as the host country to the United Nations and a number of other international bodies, and by the fact that an undue proportion of American Communists appear to have obtained positions with some of these agencies in the immediate postwar period. Yet the UN regulations barring political activity by staff members and providing for the dismissal of any engaging in subversive activity (which could not in the nature of things have any *direct* connection with their employment) would seem adequate. Certainly our insistence on investigating the loyalty of American employees of international organizations has repeatedly brought us into conflict with our friends without in any way contributing to our own security. It has also been self-defeating, since the long delay required for a security check before an American can be appointed has made international agencies turn increasingly to other countries in filling posts.

WHILE the Yarmolinsky study barely touches on the security program of the armed forces, this is described in detail by Rowland Watts of the Workers Defense League, an organization with a distinguished record of defending civil liberties and also combating Communism, in his two-volume mimeographed *The Draftee and Internal Security*. The Watts study deals with the policies of the army rather than those of the other services, because until recent months it was the only branch of the armed forces using draftees. This study was also assisted by a grant from the Fund for the Republic. It contains forty-nine case histories, an account of the criteria and procedures used, and a discussion of the implications of the program. All the individuals concerned were charged with activities *prior to induction*, and on this basis many of them were kept in limited service without possibility of promotion while in the army, and separated from it either with "Undesirable" or "General" discharges. (The "Undesirable" discharge deprives its recipient of all veteran's benefits; the "General" discharge, originally intended for the mentally deficient, is an effective barrier to government employment and many private positions.)

The charges made against the military personnel were of much the same type as in the cases under the government employment security program, with this important difference: since most persons entering the armed forces are still very young, a high percentage of the charges relate to activities during adolescence or involve "guilt by kinship." (While "guilt by kinship" cases that receive enough publicity are generally straightened out at the top level of the various armed services, this does not so far appear to have persuaded the lower levels to abandon this criterion as witness the Landy, Gaston, Branzovich, and other recent cases.)

The draftee brought up on charges receives procedural protections considerably less adequate than even those accorded to civilian government employees. Only a bare summary is furnished him of the information on which the hearing board is acting, and its decision is not communicated to him; he is therefore deprived of any power to appeal personally from that decision to the Army Review Board which examines all cases. Actually, it appears that the Field Board's decision is purely advisory, and the Review Board—before which the draftee never appears—is the real court. After receiving an undesirable or general discharge, a draftee may appeal to the Army Discharge Review Board, which has the power to change his discharge on what is essentially a compassionate basis; it does not hear evidence or review the facts. It should be noted, too, that a soldier who has received an honorable separation at the completion of his

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active service may still be brought up on charges and given a "General" or "Undesirable" discharge at any time during the period in which, under the law, he is nominally assigned to the reserve. There is a danger that the army may use this power to exert control on the political activities, and even the personal associations, of former soldiers during their time in the reserve.

Paradoxically, injustices under the military security program appear to have increased sharply in precisely the period in which the climate of opinion in civilian life was improving. Senator McCarthy's battle with the army over the Peress case gave him a real, if Pyrrhic, victory. As a result of that case, the army abandoned its traditional policy of giving a discharge based on the character of service rendered. It now gives an "Undesirable" discharge to those persons whom it considers subversive, and a "General" discharge to those it considers security risks but not subversive, regardless of the character of their military service.

There is no basis either in law or in any Presidential order for the army's present policy in this matter. Executive Order 10450, setting up the Eisenhower loyalty-security program, did not apply to the armed forces. The army adopted its present policy without specific warrant and by analogy. But the analogy was a bad one.

The Federal loyalty-security program finds its legal basis in the fact that government employment is a privilege and not a right. But service in the armed forces as a draftee is neither a right nor a privilege; it is a legally imposed duty. To compel a man to join the army, and then to punish him under military regulations for actions previous to his military service, and over which the army had no jurisdiction, appears to violate not only the Constitutional rights of the individual but the Constitutional boundaries between the civil and military functions—not to mention elementary fairness. In short, as long as the army's present security policy continues, Senator McCarthy will have a fitting memorial.

THE army's procedure is now being challenged in a number of court cases. In a preliminary opinion in one of these, U.S. District Court Judge David N. Edelstein has just held that the army has no power to deny an honorable discharge to a soldier on the basis of his activities before being inducted. Under pressure of publicity and court action, the army has announced a revised policy, under which a security investigation will be conducted *before* induction and a draftee who is accepted will not be penalized for information revealed in that investigation. But what this means is not clear; pre-induction investigation and a discharge based solely on military record were always required in theory, whatever the army's practice. Moreover, the security investigation is to be undertaken before induction only where its need is indicated—presumably by answers to the army's questionnaire as to membership in groups on the Attorney General's list. However, there are qualifications and reservations in the new policy statement which would seem to leave the possibility that soldiers could still be penalized for affiliation with suspect groups not on the list, or for associations—or the activities of relatives—which were discovered after induction. Nevertheless, whatever the army's policy, the courts may soon assure the draftee a protection he now lacks.

It is also not unlikely that some modifications in the present government employee and industrial security programs will be forced by court action. In recent months the courts have for the first time compelled the State Department's passport division, hitherto an almost autonomous fourth branch of the government, to submit to the requirements of due process; they may now be ready to apply the same criterion in other fields. If they do, it may not only eliminate many of the present injustices, but pave the way for a general reconsideration of the security program, leading to the restriction of its operations to sensitive positions alone.

Such a limitation is urgently necessary, in the interests not only of liberty but of security as well. The present program, by

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trying to do too much, does nothing well; at the same time its excesses discredit the whole concept of security and make it increasingly probable that the swing of the pendulum will again cause disregard of the problem of Communist infiltration. A program confined to those relatively few positions which are *really* sensitive can be both efficient and just; the present program is and can be neither. Along with a reduction in the scope of the program, new procedural safeguards should be established and civil-service standards appropriate to security officers set up. The industrial security program, so far as it is retained—and to some degree it is probably advisable to keep it—should be removed from the jurisdiction of the armed forces, whose interference in any aspect of civilian life has always been contrary to the spirit of Anglo-American law. Indeed, the security screening of draftees might well be transferred from the armed forces to the Selective Service system. The army should not be used as a prison for persons who have committed no crime; if the government does not want to use a man's services, it should not draft him.

THE GLARING deficiencies of our security program, and the excesses of such legislation as the McCarran Internal Security Act, the McCarran-Walter Immigration Act, and the Dies-Humphrey Act seeking to outlaw the Communist party, can only to a small extent be blamed on demagogy and ill-will. These acts and programs are, rather, an ill-considered response to a real, suddenly recognized danger. They reflect a failure to recognize even now the nature of that danger; espionage, sabotage, and conspiracy are not best fought by restricting open propaganda or by confounding prevention with punishment. The confusion on this issue is shared by both defenders and critics of the present security system.

Thus John Lord O'Brian, a distinguished Republican lawyer, is quite properly critical of what he calls "a fatuous policy which in effect is aiming to guide and constrain citizens as well as aliens in the exercise of liberties guaranteed to them by . . . the Bill of Rights." But his little book* is almost entirely devoted to a rhetorical attack on the abuses which have developed. He starts by recognizing that the Communist conspiracy creates dangers and "that the nation must protect itself . . . by some kind of security program," but he nowhere discusses the problem of reconciling such a program with the requirements of civil liberty. Perhaps this is because he is never clear in his own mind as to what the Communist danger consists in; repeatedly, he will talk in one breath of espionage or sabotage, and in the next of propaganda, almost as if these were interchangeable. And he makes the astonishing statement that "it is obvious that none of the programs or regulations would have prevented the treachery of Fuchs, the Rosenbergs, or real Communists of that ilk."

Even a good security program would probably not have caught up with Alger Hiss until too late, but Klaus Fuchs and Julius Rosenberg were sitting ducks for any sort of security screening. The British knew that Fuchs was a Communist when they hired him; he had told them! Julius Rosenberg was also a known Communist; security screening would have kept him out of Fort Monmouth, though it would not have prevented his extra-governmental espionage.

An emphasis on the dangers of Communist propaganda rather than of Communist conspiracy has led many well-meaning people to support unnecessary and perilous restrictions on freedom of speech, press, and association. It leads Mr. O'Brian, who rightly believes that there is little danger that Americans will be significantly influenced by Communist propaganda to any significant extent, to neglect the need for defenses on the conspiratorial side. The twin dangers in our present situation arise from this confusion; we may sacrifice freedom because we fear conspiracy, or we may open the door to conspiracy because we fear tyranny. But we *need* do neither.

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SYNAGOGUE ART TODAY: I

Something of a Renaissance

WILLIAM SCHACK

IN THE last half-dozen years a tremendous number of new Jewish centers, synagogues, and combinations of the two—synagogue-centers—have been built in this country. While the architecture of the centers has, for various reasons, not turned out to be particularly noteworthy, that of the new synagogues is making history. Synagogues and temples are being designed for the first time in a contemporary style. If that were not remarkable enough, they are, also for the first time, beginning to make full use of the related plastic arts for both interior and exterior decoration. Such a collaboration marked architecture's highest development in earlier historic periods.

From the synagogue unearthed at Dura-Europos in Syria, we now know that murals were used as synagogue decoration at least as far back as the 3rd century C.E. (These murals were crowded with human figures, whereas neither human nor animal forms appeared in the ornamental motifs of the earlier synagogue on the same site. In the more recently discovered necropolis at Beth Shearim in Lower Galilee dating from about the same period as both these synagogues, human and animal figures were incised on the stone walls or worked in low relief.) In the wooden synagogues of 17th-century Poland, some of which had an original turn of design without benefit of an architect, wall paintings again appeared, showing real and imaginary animal forms, musical instruments, and signs of the Zodiac. If by then it had become accepted that Scripture banned the representation of the human form, vivid decoration was still considered desirable in a house of worship. Even some extremely simple synagogues, "indistinguishable from the barn-like frame houses which hem [them] in," in Bechofen, Kirchheim, and other German villages, had walls gayly painted in the 18th-century idiom by a Bohemian Jewish painter Eliezer ben Schelomo, called Sussman.

Afterwards, in the 19th and early 20th century, even the elaborate temples of Europe and America made only limited use of decorative art, and then largely in ritual accessories. Now, in recent American temples and synagogues we find painted, ceramic, and mosaic murals, sculptured panels, doors, and figures, and stained-glass windows (as well as accessories) that have been designed by some of our foremost artists as integral parts of the buildings, in cooperation with their architects. It is hardly too much to say that such architectural decoration has been advanced here over the last years to a higher point than ever elsewhere.

THIS development has taken place—and perhaps only could take place—as architecture became true to its own time, as American temples and community centers came increasingly to be built in the styles native to the 20th century. In secular community buildings, the blunt, functional idiom of the early modern factory still reigns, though somewhat softened for social uses in leisure time. But in the temples—paradoxically enough, if it is assumed that all things associated with religion must be conservative—the richer idiom which portends the truly *new* style of a period has at last come to expression. A man from Mars might ask: since the 20th century has devised materials and building processes of its own, and social conditions peculiar to itself, why is it remarkable that architecture should express them?

In reply, a man from Brooklyn or Chicago or Los Angeles can only say: it wasn't much

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THE much discussed postwar religious revival in the American Jewish community has been accompanied by a spate of synagogue and community center building unique, for several reasons, in the history of the Diaspora. WILLIAM SCHACK here reports on the aesthetic results achieved, in the first of two articles. Mr. Schack's last previous appearance in these pages was in October 1955 with "Art Worth Celebrating."

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further back than yesterday that the "style" of a new synagogue had to be, usually, Moorish or Byzantine. One might forego the incrustation of stone with precious jewels in favor of highly polished colored marble, or one might limit the number of capitals gone on an arabesque spree; but almost always there was the ovoid-conical dome, the horseshoe or round arches, the interlacing reliefs in colored stucco. Occasionally, a synagogue appeared in equally anachronistic Georgian, Renaissance, or even Gothic dress.

Meanwhile, the American skyscraper had shown the way to a contemporary architecture in commercial buildings; Frank Lloyd Wright was designing less declamatory but equally contemporary homes; and architects in Holland, Germany, and the Scandinavian countries were creating churches for their own time. Drastically different from the styles (largely Gothic) which had become traditional, they were as dramatic as the first Gothic spire. A generation passed before American church architects took courage from these pioneers, but at a conference held in 1953 they agreed that the Gothic and Colonial styles—the Christian equivalent of Jewish Moorish and Byzantine—were "artistically archaic." A New York *Times* correspondent, making a spot check of the designs shown at the conference, reported that "one out of every four new churches now under construction was modern in design rather than conventional." All the prize awards were given to designs which "reflect a search for new structural forms that at the same time enhanced underlying religious motifs."

That same search is being made by the architects of the new synagogues. Witness, to name only a sampling of temples and architects, Sinai Temple, Chicago, designed by Friedman, Alschuler, and Sincere, and Ernest A. Grunsfeld, Jr.; the Park Synagogue of the Cleveland Jewish Center by the late Eric Mendelsohn (whose "Einstein Tower" in Potsdam and power house in Haifa were landmarks in modern architecture); Beth Israel Synagogue, in Omaha, by Kivett and Myers; B'nai Amoona Synagogue, in St. Louis, by Mendelsohn, Dinwiddie, and Hill; the Synagogue of Congregation B'nai Israel, in Millburn, N. J., and that of Congregation Beth-El, in Springfield, Mass., by Percival Goodman. There are many other synagogues and temples of stylistic distinction (which is not a matter of price: the charming temple designed by George L. Dahl for Mt. Sinai Congregation, in Texarkana, Texas, was built for only $75,000).

The style of these new synagogues cannot be defined yet as precisely as that of the ancient Greek temple: it is still too fluid—though imitators are already trying to freeze it. What these new synagogues have in common is not so much identity as a freedom of form based on a broad interpretation of functionalism. The size of the active congregation determines the size of the chapel; the anticipated attendance on the High Holidays dictates the design of the adjacent area; the nature of the social and educational activities carried on under the synagogue's auspices determines the number and kind of rooms required and their disposition; and so forth. Use is made of all types of materials, new and old, from wood and stone to steel and plastics. Although the flat roof has generally taken over, the dome is not entirely banished; the Park Synagogue, Cleveland, has a very large hemispherical one of light, shell-like construction. But generally, where the dome is still employed, it is kept small and shallow.

One striking feature of the temples built where land costs are not too high is that they divide into units for diversification of ground-plan instead of heaping up into a single mass. Thus, a group of classrooms may form one wing, an auditorium or small chapel another, and these, strung out on a single level, are grouped harmoniously with respect to each other and to the main unit that contains the sanctuary. Some of the larger synagogues, making as much provision for every social activity as the most ambitious community center, suggest the layouts of sports stadiums and airports: and indeed these edifices are the scene of constant arrivals and departures. At its best, however, this spaciousness of plan, this elastic use of site, this openness to the scene conveys a sense of repose and a sense of the freedom of Jewish worship in this country.

When the layman looks at these new temples he knows that they are "modern"—and apparently he likes them. If a little strange at first, they soon grow attractive. And they seem, moreover, to belong to the rest of his architectural world: they are congruous with the skyscraper and the all-glass

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bank that has superseded the imitation Greek temple. When he shifts his eyes from the modern synagogue to the contemporary bank or office building, he feels—not necessarily consciously—their aesthetic kinship. And when he turns from these modern edifices to one of the older Jewish "Moorish" temples, he cannot help feeling how alien it is. These older temples can be justified only on the assumption that daily life and religious life are cut off from each other, and that religion calls always for an exotic setting—an assumption at variance with the all-in-one Jewish concept of religion.

Such a drastic change in architecture as we are now witnessing could hardly have got started if the leaders of the synagogue had not favored it; and the fact seems to be that both rabbis and lay leaders are solidly behind the new trends. The Commission on Synagogue Activities of the Union of American Hebrew Congregations (Reform) has even established a panel of architect consultants. In a letter sent out in 1952 offering prospective temple-builders this Commission's services, Rabbi Eugene J. Lipman, its director, wrote: "We are proud of the influence the Union has exerted during the last five years in promoting modern, functional synagogue architecture." Crediting Rabbi Jacob Schwarz with having obtained the voluntary services of the architect Harry Prince after World War II, the letter said that Mr. Prince, in his visits to congregations with building problems, "spread the idea that temples in 20th-century America should be 20th-century buildings embodying the latest and best in architectural skill and knowledge."

Rabbi Lipman's letter drew a stream of inquiries from congregations planning to buy, build, or remodel. "The response to our consultation service on both synagogue architecture and art continues to be almost frighteningly large," Rabbi Lipman informed me only recently. "Several new congregations write in each week about some phase of the service. . . . The volume of interest in building and art has certainly maintained at least the 1953 level and may be a bit higher."

There are now forty architectural firms on the panel, and they operate in various ways. On request, they will visit the community desiring their services; or they will receive in their own offices local architects and building committees; or they may, and frequently do, review plans and problems by correspondence. The congregation pays the architect's expenses and makes a one-time gift of $50 to the Union, which devotes this money to a library of synagogue architecture. Under its auspices a comprehensive book, *An American Synagogue for Today and Tomorrow*, edited by Peter Blake, was published in 1954 (reviewed in COMMENTARY, August 1954).

IN MARKED contrast to the new temples, the new community centers have lagged far behind in their architectural aspiration and in their decoration. While few of them can be called ugly, most of them, it is not unfair to say, are no better than passably plain. They have the negative virtues of not imitating the styles of other periods (though the Nashville center, for one, has a suggestion of the porticoes of the Colonial South) and of avoiding meaningless surface ornament. In Mamaroneck, N. Y., the Westchester Jewish Center has a modern decorative touch in an arrangement of toy-like domes. Such series of small blister-like domes finished in stucco, plaster, or cement are not uncommon on large structures in the Near East, but those of the center are of one piece, formed from the same transparent plastic as aircraft canopies ("noses," "bubbles," "blisters") and of course derived from them. These clear domes let the soft blue sky into the nursery schoolroom and elsewhere as the pleasure dome of Kubla Khan never could. (Unfortunately, they also transmit the heat-bearing infra-red rays of the sun.) But the centers' decorative treatment is usually confined to the main entrance and, more cheaply and fittingly, to the arrangement of the windows. Sometimes monumentality is sought; less frequently, adaptation to a special terrain (as in the small, unpretentious center in Englewood, N. J.). But in general the center is simply a shelter, like a small apartment house or modern factory: its façade and structure give no indication of the enormous variety of activities housed in it.

It is not for lack of opportunity that the centers have brought forth so few inspiriting designs. In the five-year period 1948-52, according to the Building Bureau of the Jewish Welfare Board, $45,000,000 was budget-

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ed for the construction of 135 new units in this country and Canada. There were twenty-one projects in the metropolitan area of New York alone, and twenty-four in New England cities. No fewer than twelve of the new buildings will have cost a million dollars or more each: namely, those in New Haven, Syracuse, Louisville, Atlanta, Milwaukee, Los Angeles, and four in the New York City area. (These are budgetary figures; final cost of the Milwaukee center, budgeted at $1,200,000, was $1,750,000.)

If so little care has been expended in giving these centers architectural character, it was only to be expected that they would have next to nothing to show in the way of supplementary art. I do not pretend to cover all the work that has been commissioned, but if one doubles or triples the number of centers mentioned below, the sum total of money they spent on decoration, would still be hardly enough to stock a small-town museum.

In Cleveland, the Bureau of Jewish Education has made use of terra cotta panels in which Hebrew letters supply the decorative motif. The center in Toledo has a carved limestone panel representing the Tree of Life over the main entrance. In the Jewish Educational Center of Elizabeth, N. J., there is a stone menorah in relief over the entrance, as well as sculpture in the interior by R. P. Chambellan. In Buffalo there is an ambitious mural some twenty-two feet long and eleven feet high by Lewis Rubenstein, professor of painting at Vassar College. The central theme is a round dance, a *hora* probably, drawing perhaps on Matisse's "La Ronde," but it does not repress the individual character of the dancers enough to impart the almost fierce sense of motion on which Matisse concentrated. Several of Mr. Rubenstein's motifs are based on Jewish symbolism; and there are suggestions of the Buffalo locale in grain elevators, steel mill, and harbor. Judging only from a black and white photograph of the mural, I cannot say more than that it seems to be competent and modern in spirit.

At a time somewhat earlier than the period under review, Bertram Winters painted a series of murals in the Young Men's Hebrew Association of Bergen County, in Hackensack, N. J. There is also—though I am not sure it belongs here—the stained-glass window Adolph Gottlieb designed for the Milton Steinberg House of the Park Avenue Synagogue in New York (my doubt is due to the fact that this memorial building is really an adjunct of the synagogue rather than a center complete in itself). In Los Angeles, two bronze sculptures were long under consideration for the exterior of the new Central Jewish Community Center, but the final decision was to drop them—for lack of funds.

THE prosiness of the run of the new Jewish community centers, their strictly utilitarian approach, in contrast to that adopted for the new synagogues, represents the conscious intention of the Building Bureau of the Jewish Welfare Board, which has for some thirty years been a clearing house and guide for building committees. (Not all centers have come under its influence, however, any more than all temples have sought the help of the consultants of the Commission on Synagogue Activities.) Material and labor costs being as high as they are, the Bureau aims to provide the maximum amount of facilities that budgets will allow. What those facilities are in a large community is implicit in this typical statement of the Central Jewish Community Center of Los Angeles: "Its membership may approximate 8,000, including children, youth and adults, and many more thousands will utilize the facilities for meetings, mass events such as lectures, concerts, plays, forums, dinners, dances, and other public gatherings. Members' activities will include clubs, concerts, arts and crafts, Hebrew school, dramatics, classes, forums, Nursery school, dancing, swimming, home camps, playgroups, athletics, health activities, playground, meetings, conferences, and others." This center also has an art gallery, a solarium, and a library. This last is more of a novelty than the solarium, although some communities are beginning to show awareness of the fact that we are the "People of the Book." Nonetheless, the competition of other activities remains great, and the scant use made of some of these libraries has been disappointing.

The Bureau studies the particular needs of each community before drawing up its plans for the approval of the local building committees. It provides a design for the façade, but does not insist on its adoption if a community wishes to engage its own architect. In the interest of economy, the Bureau

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invariably specifies painted cinder blocks for the inner wall, and brick and stone trim for the exterior. A plaster wall is a luxury—too expensive to set up and too expensive to maintain. The example of Toledo, which lined its lobby with Israeli marble, has not been emulated elsewhere by building committees shuddering at the cost of transporting high-density beauty.

This careful husbandry of resources to satisfy the needs of the many social activities is no doubt sound. But is it sound to scant an equally primary, if often unconscious, aesthetic need? Does not good art make as strong a foundation for a community center as reinforced concrete? The exclusion of art is all the more paradoxical because so many of the centers conduct classes in the arts. The half-dozen institutions in Los Angeles all have painting and craft classes for children, youth, and adults. Several of them put on exhibitions periodically, and two of the older units as well as the new one mentioned before have special facilities for exhibitions. In the old New Haven center, students of the Yale Art School offer instruction in painting, ceramics, and other crafts to both children and grown-ups; and the program is to be expanded in the large new building under construction. At the Jewish Center of Columbus, Ohio, there are regularly scheduled classes in oil painting and ceramics, and three major art exhibitions are presented every year, including one-man and group shows of local artists as well as of nationally known ones. Sometimes as many as two hundred local artists exhibit in such shows.

If there is as much interest in the arts as these programs suggest, there is all the more reason for an environment in which art forms an integral part. Faced with blank walls where murals ought to be, with an empty niche that sculpture might fill, students may be inclined to think of art as an esoteric exercise—something to fool around with at the center, but to forget in the serious world outside. To be surrounded by fine works of art that are simply part of the décor and have no narrow didactic intention can do more good than any amount of classroom instruction.

WHY, then, is there so little art in the Jewish community centers? The policy of the Building Bureau, according to its head, Leon Spector, is to discourage, not the inclusion of art, but the inclusion of the bad art which people might be tempted to buy with the small amount of money available. Sometimes, he points out, a well-meaning building committee will ask the architect to provide for decorative work, only to find out later on that the cost of it is prohibitive. A case in point is the imposing center completed a few years ago in Hamilton, Ontario. For one façade of the auditorium, which forms a wing of its own, the architects Kaplan and Sprachman designed five stone plaques, to be carved with reliefs; but the plaques are still untouched and they now pass, in the words of the executive director, for "structural designs."

Yet Mr. Spector's explanation begs the question, which is *why* is there so little money in the budget for art? Blame it on the building committees, he says, but he admits that they sometimes do want decorative art in their plans. This is confirmed by Braverman & Halperin, who write me: "In general our experience has been that the building committees have been quite cooperative and in some cases even eager to retain artists." Though Rabbi Lipman asserts that "building committees never have enough money with which to work, and art is a 'luxury,' the first thing to be eliminated or postponed," he prefaces this with: "We have taken a strong stand in favor of good, serious art as an integral part of synagogue construction wherever possible. We urge congregations to contract early in the planning process with an artist as well as an architect, and to have the two work together for an integrated building. We don't succeed as often as we'd like, because of financial considerations." Nevertheless, in view of the fine things that have been done in the temples, it does seem as if a persistent architect, rabbi, or lay member of a building committee, or all together, could see to it that art was not scanted.

The assumption is often made by laymen that all good art is high-priced and by famous names and, conversely, that low-cost art must be inferior and by unknowns. However, there can be expensive mediocrity as well as underpriced merit. In the 1930's talented artists were only too glad to work for the Federal Art Project at $23 a week, and their brushes redeemed the bleak spaces

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of courtrooms, libraries, post offices, and schools all over the country.

I HAVE mentioned the murals in the Hackensack "Y," which were done about eight years ago. On the strength of his work while on the Federal Art Project, Bertram Winters was commissioned to paint three large walls and some related spaces in the Y's lobby. A facile painter, he turned out some pallid landscapes which filled out the specified walls with perfunctory competence; the panels below them and the flanking pilasters, which used to be plaster, he converted into luxuriantly striated marbles making for a certain unity; over the doorways he floated a pleasant sky bordered by anemic trees. The whole made a harmonious, resounding barber-shop chord. (There were figures in these landscapes, too, but local art teachers were asked to remove and replace them: the result was some heavy-handed items that are out of key with the background—but there is one graceful rendering, of two pairs of tennis-bound girls and boys in shorts, that does fit in with it.)

"Winters' murals in our Y did not measure up to any of his previous works," Irving Warshawsky, executive director, writes me. "As far as the public goes, they are divided in their opinion. Many would give anything to remove them, while others love them." This difference of opinion is all to the good, and deserves a more substantial work of art. But that is not the point of my story, which is the price of these murals as compared with the price of another series, not far away in the auditorium of the center in Elizabeth.

Here, the architect, William L. Finne, had allowed four arched spaces in the auditorium on a long wall opposite as many large windows; there were also two rectangular panels on the narrow end walls at each side of the stage. For some years, dances and other entertainment were held in the room without anyone seeming to be bothered by the sight of these dismally empty spaces. Finally, one person, not a child, but as candid, said: "But look, the walls are naked." It was an artist, A. Raymond Katz, who had spoken up, not altogether disinterestedly. He had come from Chicago to give a talk on Jewish painters while an exhibition of his own work was on view at the center. Those auditorium walls were a challenge, and when Harry Lebau, the executive director, asked what Mr. Katz would take to fill them—the arched spaces were about fifteen feet high and eight feet at the base; the smaller ones, about six feet by four feet—he said $100 apiece. Before he could change his mind, Mr. Lebau plunked down a $25 deposit out of his own pocket. He also suggested themes: Judaism as a religion, Judaism as Zionist nationalism, the Sabbath as queen and as bride, and so on. Mr. Katz followed these suggestions faithfully, without any aesthetic sacrifice. If there were passages of formal decoration, there were also inventive motifs; each panel has its own firm design, and all are related by a common palette and a common vigorous spirit. If some of the superfluous architectural plaster ornaments of the room were removed and the murals properly lighted, they would more firmly unify it by assuming the dominance they should have. For these paintings, the Elizabeth center paid all of $600, while the Hackensack "Y" paid $3,000 for its inferior set. (I must add that those who like Winters' work should not consider his fee as anything but moderate.)

True, this was an extreme case, for Mr. Katz did his job during the depths of the depression. Call it "distress merchandise" and forget that artists were ever reduced to such terms. The fact remains that most artists still do not make a living from the sales of their work, but must supplement their income by teaching, craft work, or some unrelated occupation. Good talent can be found to execute any commission for a reasonable fee. I do not suggest that artists should be exploited, but simply that their price range is extremely flexible, and that a rate of pay which a good union housepainter would scorn might sometimes be acceptable to a more subtle wielder of the brush. The most important thing for an artist is to create; figuratively, a mural painter is willing to pay for the privilege of spreading himself on a choice expanse of wall. Give him a thousand dollars, or two or three thousand, and he will not haggle over the exact number of square feet. Herbert Ferber voluntarily made his sculpture for the Millburn synagogue much larger than had been originally specified because he thought the site demanded it (and he was right).

[*A second article will follow.*]

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FROM THE AMERICAN SCENE

THE DRESSMAKER

A Stitch in Time

TOBY SHAFTER

MY FAVORITE dress was beginning to wear out. I had bought it once between bus stops in Boston and worn it constantly for five years. When it was fashionable to glitter at five o'clock it was a cocktail gown. Later, it became a short evening gown with no alteration whatsoever. Imagination supplied what the dress lacked, for it was a very simple affair of coral shantung with a high mandarin neck and wing sleeves finished in gold with a slim gold belt. I wore it with my best gold shoes and it made me look almost six feet tall.

I had always cherished the idea of having it copied in pure silk shantung with excellent tailoring instead of the mass-produced shoddy seams with which it had been sewn. Now, if ever, was the time. The seams had pulled, the material was wearing thin, and a few wine stains testified to some carnival spirit of the past.

First, I snipped a triangle of the shantung and sent it to Japan to be matched by a friend, for I wanted the best quality silk. The answer came back that shantung was a Chinese weave. I gave up the idea of Oriental silk and decided to find a domestic substitute. In the meantime, however, some Chinese shantung was apparently smuggled into a Tokyo department store. My friend sent me five yards of beautiful silk.

Now came the problem of a dressmaker. It was a simple dress to copy, but I didn't know where to begin looking for a seamstress in New York. My funds were limited and I had heard that fantastic prices were often charged in New York as a matter of course. Several conferences with friends and acquaintances resulted in "just the right little dressmaker for you." Her name was Mrs. Snyder and she lived in the Bronx. I could not go to the Bronx. Mrs. Snyder could not come to my place, I was informed by the intermediary, because she had heart trouble and could not walk up to the fourth floor where I lived. It was therefore arranged that we meet at the home of the intermediary, who had an elevator apartment.

ON THE appointed day and hour, I gathered up the five yards of luscious red silk shantung, a few matching spools of silk thread, and the old dress. I went to my friend's apartment, rode up in the elevator, and waited and waited and waited. My friend came. We had supper together. We finished supper and washed the dishes.

When we had almost given up hope, Mrs. Snyder came in panting, full of apologies, explanations, and resolutions. She was a dark-eyed woman of about fifty, with straight hair drawn back in a flat bun, dressed in a full skirt of taffeta with a matching blouse that plunged low at the V-neck. She was starry-eyed as she looked about her. "Such wonderful pictures. Like in a museum!" she exclaimed. "Did you make them yourself?"

My friend explained that they were the work of her brother-in-law, who was a professional artist.

OUR readers will recall TOBY SHAFTER'S amusing description of the Maine community she was born in, in our issue of January 1949. Here she turns her glance on one of the perils of New York, where she now lives and writes. Miss Shafter attended Simmons College in Boston and Columbia University and the Jewish Theological Seminary in New York.

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"I love art," Mrs. Snyder announced. "I've gone to the museum many times. The pictures they have there. I could eat them."

"There's a costume and dress museum on the lower floor. I should imagine you would be particularly interested in that, Mrs. Snyder," my friend offered. "Mrs. Snyder is really a dress designer," she explained to me in an aside.

"Pictures. Pictures. I love them. There's nothing I adore more," Mrs. Snyder continued. "I could spend days and nights looking at them. . . ."

"The dress," I put in hastily, offering the material. "All you have to do is take the old dress and use that as the pattern. It fits me perfectly."

Mrs. Snyder rolled her eyes upward and clasped her hands to her breast. "Beautiful. Beautiful. Beautiful," she exclaimed, taking the material from me and shaking it loose from its folds. "I can make a beautiful dress from this material. There's so much of it."

"Here is the dress I want copied," I said, spreading it out on the couch so she could see its lines.

Mrs. Snyder made a slight moue with her thin, long lips but said nothing. Or perhaps I only imagined it. "Let me see how it fits on you. Try it on," she suggested.

I slipped into the old dress. It was pretty sad-looking, but essentially it was what I wanted with new cloth and good sewing.

"M-mmm, m-mmm," Mrs. Snyder murmured shaking her head from side to side. "Such a skimpy skirt. Do you want I should make you a fuller skirt? It would be much nicer." She looked at me eagerly.

"If you want to," I agreed, imagining the slim tubular skirt with a fuller flare at the bottom. "But all you are supposed to do is cut the new dress exactly like the old one for the price."

But Mrs. Snyder was not listening. "I can give you a better uplift at the bosom, too," she added. "The tucks should go in at a slant instead of up and down." She swiftly pinned the folds at a slant to show me the general effect. It was, indeed, a great improvement and I was convinced that I had a veritable jewel of a dressmaker in Mrs. Snyder. I had hired her for the most perfunctory of copying jobs at a special low price. She was enthusiastically planning to make me a perfect, custom-made dress.

After she left, my friend remarked to me, "I'm glad I got you and Mrs. Snyder together. You can see she loves her work. Wait and see. She'll produce a creation for you."

MRS. SNYDER called me as she had promised she would when she was ready for the next fitting.

"Miss Talby, Miss Talby, I've made you a beautiful skirt. Three and three-quarters yards of material I used in it," Mrs. Snyder announced in her high voice that was a bit trying to the ears. Over the telephone, it had a slight whine.

"That's fine, Mrs. Snyder," I answered politely. "When do you want to have the fitting?"

"I didn't make the waist yet on purpose," Mrs. Snyder informed me. "For this skirt, you need a waist with a V-neck. I could make you a lovely waist with a V-neck. Say I should do it," she wheedled.

"Well, I'm not too sure how it would look. After all, I want a Chinese dress. How could I have that with a V-neck?" I pointed out to Mrs. Snyder. "You'd better copy the mandarin neck and the wing sleeves just as they are in the old dress," I decided.

Mrs. Snyder could not conceal her disappointment. "All right, I'll do what you say, Miss Talby," she conceded, "but when I tell you that with this skirt. . . ." Her voice trailed off.

"When can we have the next fitting?" I asked Mrs. Snyder quickly. It occurred to me that I didn't know her address or telephone number or the proper spelling of her name.

"You don't need the dress in a special hurry," Mrs. Snyder half inquired, half informed me.

"Well, I'm going to a cocktail party next Friday evening but I have other things to wear."

"Then the Thursday after that I'll be in town anyway. I hate to make the long subway trip extra," Mrs. Snyder decided. "Can you come uptown to meet me?"

"I don't think that's a very good idea. If I come uptown, where can we have the fitting? We need a good place so the dress will come out exactly right."

"We can go into any ladies' room. There are ladies' rooms all over Manhattan. It's not like the Bronx," Mrs. Snyder offered.

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"I can't see having a dress that I want you to take extra pains with fitted in a ladies' room," I replied. "Let's meet at my friend's apartment again. I'll reimburse you for the extra carfare."

"Oh, no. Oh, no. I didn't mean that at all, Miss Talby," Mrs. Snyder protested. "It's just more convenient for me while I'm already uptown."

We set the time and place at a small midtown hotel. I had to wait only about twenty-five minutes for Mrs. Snyder, who appeared in a flurry of profuse explanations. She led me to an unattended ladies' room. There was no place to lay our hats and coats or handbags. From the start there was an atmosphere of furtiveness and discomfort which did not augur well for the fitting.

Mrs. Snyder produced the material triumphantly from a large paper bag. "This is the skirt I made," she announced holding aloft a voluminous, red, bag-like object. "You'll see when you try it on. It's beautiful."

I held my tongue and withheld judgment until I had awkwardly divested myself of the skirt I was wearing and put on the one Mrs. Snyder considerately held for me to step into. It didn't seem quite right to me. Instead of fitting smoothly at the hips and growing gradually wider at the bottom, as I had imagined, it had a series of bunched gathers and unpressed pleats at the waistline. I stood patiently while Mrs. Snyder pinned it to the bodice which she had cut according to my specifications.

"I'm telling you, Miss Talby," Mrs. Snyder observed with her mouth full of pins, "with this skirt, a V-neck would be better. I could still change. Such a beautiful skirt," she remarked patting it into place.

Now that I was in the dress there was no place to see it. There was only a long, narrow mirror above the row of cracked marble sinks, and no chair to stand on. I spied a covered garbage can standing in a corner, and balancing myself precariously on top of it with one hand on Mrs. Snyder's shoulder, I managed to catch a fleeting glimpse of myself in the mirror to the accompaniment of the groaning and creaking of the garbage can. I looked six months pregnant in the wide skirt which Mrs. Snyder had concocted instead of the slim, svelte, bell-bottom one I had visualized.

"Beautiful. Beautiful," Mrs. Snyder murmured, patting the folds into place where it stood out fore and aft like an inflated red balloon. "If you only knew how wonderful a V-neck. . . ."

I was so stunned I managed to say only, "No V-neck," before I made my escape.

Weeks went by and there was no word from Mrs. Snyder. I was not too worried. She had my material, but I had not paid her anything and did not intend to until the dress was completed. *My way,* I thought angrily to myself as time passed and there was still no call; and suddenly I became determined that I would not go around in a wide red balloon that was totally incongruous with a mandarin waist. Taking my courage in my hands, I called Mrs. Snyder.

I merely stated who I was and was greeted with a torrent of words. "Oh, Miss Talby, I've been so sick. You have no idea. I nearly died and the doctor said I would have a nervous breakdown if I tried to do anything, so that is why I never called you," she informed me without pausing for breath.

"Then I take it you've done nothing further on the dress?" I asked a bit timidly.

"The dress. The dress!" Mrs. Snyder exclaimed. "How could I do anything on the dress when I was dying?"

"Well, good," I answered. "Because I've decided that I want the dress like the old one—exactly how we agreed when I gave you the material. A Chinese dress is supposed to give a slim tubular effect, and I want the skirt copied from the old one."

"But Miss Talby, that's not the style this year," Mrs. Snyder wailed. "This year, it's in style to have a full skirt with. . . ."

"Yes, yes, I know," I interrupted somewhat impatiently. "What you're trying to do is make me a dress with a full skirt and a V-neck exactly like the one you're wearing. I don't want your dress. I want my own dress."

"Don't you want to be in style, Miss Talby?" Mrs. Snyder said, making one last desperate effort to convince me. "You shouldn't go around looking skinny when everyone else is wearing wide, full skirts. Think how funny you'll look."

"My mind is made up," I answered firmly. "I wore that dress for five years with the slim skirt and it came and went with all

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the styles. I like it exactly the way it is."

"Well, all right, Miss Talby, if you say so," Mrs. Snyder said, admitting momentary defeat. "You know the skirt was cut on the bias."

"Yes, I know the skirt was cut on the bias," I replied, adding what I hoped was firmness to my voice. "That's what made the dress fit so smoothly over the hips. It hung so well it made me look tall. So now you know what the dress meant to me."

"Well, I'll see what I can do, Miss Talby," Mrs. Snyder replied doubtfully. "I'll have a hard time cutting it on the bias now that the cloth is in pieces."

"Now, Mrs. Snyder, that's no answer, you'll see what you can do," I said, quite furious by this time. "I gave you five yards of material and you know this dress shouldn't have taken more than three yards. I told you to copy the dress and that's what I want you to do. You had no business cutting up three and three-quarters yards of material to make that skirt."

"All right. All right, Miss Talby. I'll make a copy of the dress. But you'll see. It will only be a copy of your own dress and not like the beautiful one I would have made you if you would only let me."

We set the next appointment in my friend's apartment. No more ladies' rooms, I told Mrs. Snyder firmly.

WHEN we next met, Mrs. Snyder had forgotten all about our altercation. She had the dress, slim and tubular and cut on the bias, looking like the old dress but with infinitely better material and custom-made details. Though it was only basted together loosely, I could see that it was eventually going to fit like a dream.

I whirled around in front of the mirror, happy and triumphant. Mrs. Snyder, dear soul that she was, was happy in my happiness.

"You like it, Miss Talby?" she asked eagerly.

"I love it," I replied.

"You have nice places to wear it?" she inquired.

"There'll be lots of parties during the winter holiday season. I suppose I'll be invited to some," I answered.

"You have someone to take you? A steady boy-friend?" Mrs. Snyder pursued.

"Well, there is one young man I favor," I said in as noncommittal a voice as possible.

"Oh, Miss Talby, if my three sons weren't all married, I'd like to have you for a daughter-in-law. Now this one you favor, he's eligible? Now I always ask every man I meet if he's eligible," Mrs. Snyder resumed in a more practical vein. "First I find out whether a man is eligible. At my age, they can be anything," Mrs. Snyder sighed recalling the perfidies of men. "Then if they are eligible, I tell them I don't give samples. The men nowadays! A woman can't be too careful of them."

Whether Mrs. Snyder was widow, grass or sod, divorcee, or the illegitimate mother of three married sons, I never discovered. Men, and the difficulties of getting one, occupied a great deal of her energy and conversation, as they did mine at the time. We fixed the date for the next fitting, for Mrs. Snyder claimed that another was required to bring the dress to perfection.

"You'll see, Miss Talby, the dress will bring you luck and a good *chosen*. A good bridegroom," Mrs. Snyder assured me as she lingered to chat. "Now this one you like, what does he have for an occupation? An artist? He's crazy, then? Not crazy but nice? Can't you find yourself a man with a nice, steady job, and eligible? Let me tell you from all my experience. . . ."

I lost myself in my own thoughts and heard nothing further until Mrs. Snyder switched the subject to apartments. "Now this apartment I like," Mrs. Snyder announced. "You should get one like it with an elevator. Then I could come to fit you in your own apartment. It would be so nice if you had an apartment of your own with an elevator."

"My apartment is nice," I answered. "And I don't mind its being a walk-up. It's only three short flights of stairs. And I have a woodburning fireplace, a beautiful garden entrance with trees, and a gold-fish pond, and it's on a nice Village street. That should count for something."

"A woodburning fireplace. What do you need it for?" Mrs. Snyder sniffed. "Better an elevator. Easier on the heart and on the feet."

I don't know exactly how it happened but somehow between the procrastinations of Mrs. Snyder's fittings, her excuses, her

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illnesses, and her inability to keep various midtown appointments with me, I did move into another apartment without a wood-burning fireplace and a charming entrance, on a dirty, narrow street. The building did have an elevator. Led on by the lure of my own new apartment and a dinner invitation, Mrs. Snyder came one day for what I thought was to be the final fitting.

"This landlord is much better than the other one," Mrs. Snyder announced as she surveyed my new apartment. "I told you the other landlord was no good. Now this is an apartment—with an elevator," she observed with satisfaction.

The dress looked substantially as it had the last time I saw it. Mrs. Snyder measured off the proper length for the hem and then proceeded to rip apart the basting threads at the waistline. "I want this dress to be exactly right," she murmured as she pinned it together again.

We ate a dinner that was scanty but Mrs. Snyder's eyes sparkled with the spiced wine that was plentiful. I gave her the metallic gold braid I had bought to trim the wing sleeves and high neck of the dress, adding that I hoped she would finish it soon. As an added inducement, I presented her with a ticket to a new opera. "An older man who's a good friend of mine will be there, too, sitting in the seat right next to you," I told her.

"He's eligible?" Mrs. Snyder asked promptly.

"Well, I don't know whether you'd call him that or not," I answered hesitantly. "He's not married and never has been. He's over seventy years old, I believe. But he's an awfully nice man. Witty and well educated."

"I've heard the Roumanian Inn is a nice place to meet men. Have you ever been there, Miss Talby? I'm going there some evening for dinner, and then I'll stay for the dancing—if I meet some nice man. . . ."

Mrs. Snyder met us at the opera and appeared to enjoy it. I don't believe she listened to the music much or cared what the plot was about, but the idea of being at the opera seemed to give her a thrill. She was interested in my friend, the older man, too, but not excessively so. He left in the middle of the opera, saying he was sick. I do not believe that it was Mrs. Snyder who made him sick. She did not take his departure amiss, at any rate. She seemed quite pleased with my company and after the opera insisted on taking me into one of the whipped-cream emporiums along Broadway. She thanked me again and again, saying how much she had enjoyed the evening.

Now our relations entered a new phase—a social one. There were still fittings, and now Mrs. Snyder came often. Sometimes she brought the dress, sometimes she did not. There was always a little something to be fixed or adjusted. She basted the seams and ripped them out again. She kept tabs on my social life, asking me each time where I was going, with whom I was going, and what our plans for the evening were.

"Him I didn't like," she would remark holding the pins tightly between her lips, when I mentioned an appointment with my favorite beau. "A nice girl like you could find somebody better. Oh, Miss Talby, if I were only a man."

Spring was approaching and I realized that the making and unmaking of the dress had been going on almost six months. Moreover, my beau had planned an elaborate evening a week hence—dinner, the opera, and then possibly dancing. By this time, he had seen every dress I owned—I needed something spectacularly attractive.

I called Mrs. Snyder on the phone. I called her once. I called her twice. There was never any answer. I spent the better part of the weekend trying to reach her by telephone and did not succeed. Perhaps she had eloped with the material, the half-finished dress, and one of her "eligible" men. On Tuesday morning, she did answer the telephone. She was, as usual, full of apologies. She had spent the weekend at the home of one of her sons. His wife was sick. I explained the situation to her, told her I must have the dress for the following Monday evening, and impressed upon her that she had been basting and ripping the dress for six months. "You know it won't take you long to sew up the seams, Mrs. Snyder," I told her when I sensed reluctance in her voice.

"One more fitting, just one more fitting, Miss Talby," she begged, "and then the dress will be ready to be sewn. I want to be sure that the bosom line is exactly right."

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The week was hectic. There was one more fitting. Mrs. Snyder brought the dress in pieces. She had ripped it out again, but I stood over her sternly as she basted it together again in my presence. She told me all the difficulties she would encounter in finishing it. There was the belt to be brought to the belt-maker, a zipper to install, shoulder pads to buy. To all this, my firm answer was a kindly, "But that won't take more than five or ten minutes, Mrs. Snyder."

Mrs. Snyder shook her head dolefully. "You don't know. You never know, Miss Talby, how long these things take. The belt-maker likes to take me out for coffee and cheese cake, the presser wants to talk to me. It can take a long time." I was adamant. The dress must be finished within a week. To make certain, I called Mrs. Snyder up at least every other morning. At last she could procrastinate no longer and admitted that the seams were ready to be sewn, the hem turned, and the dress would be finished.

"I'll see if I can get downtown tomorrow. There's a place where I think I can use a sewing machine," she finally informed me with great reluctance.

"Haven't you a sewing machine of your own?" I asked, horrified.

"Of course I have a sewing machine," Mrs. Snyder said soothingly, "but it's an old one and it will take me a long time on that. If I go downtown I can get it done in a few minutes."

I called Mrs. Snyder the next day and the next. She said she had gone downtown and not been able to use the sewing machine. I knew that she hadn't, but she promised faithfully to have the dress done by Tuesday.

"But what good will the dress do me on Tuesday? I'm going out *Monday* night and I have nothing to wear," I wailed. Having the dress for the opera began to mean a great deal to me.

"You always had other things to wear before," Mrs. Snyder pointed out maddeningly. "Besides, him I don't like so much. You could find yourself a much better boyfriend."

"Mrs. Snyder, I want the dress for Monday night," I said, fully exasperated. "You've been making and unmaking it since before Thanksgiving. Spring is here now."

"I know. I know, Miss Talby," Mrs. Snyder said soothingly. "Don't worry. I'll do the best I can. You'll have your dress."

Late Monday afternoon, Mrs. Snyder called me. Even before she spoke, I knew—the dress was not done. She had had an attack of lumbago and could not move her back. The doctor had ordered her to stay in bed. "But I'll have the dress for you tomorrow," she assured me brightly.

The evening was spoiled before it began. My escort came late. My hair was a mess. The dress I wore lacked umph. We gulped the excellent supper. When we arrived at the opera, it had already begun. Nor was it as good as we had anticipated. If things had been right, if I had been charming and scintillating, I felt he might have asked me to marry him that night. When he left, I knew I'd never see him again.

Mrs. Snyder did bring the dress the next evening—too late. She knew I was angry—that it was more than anger, for it had some of the elements of heartbreak and despair.

"Did you have a nice time on your date last night?" she asked brightly.

"So-so," I answered. She must have guessed that something was wrong—she looked conscience-stricken.

I tried on the dress. It *was* beautiful, though scant solace to me. I paid Mrs. Snyder what I owed her and we parted.

Soon after, I moved out of that apartment.

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CEDARS OF LEBANON

THREE LETTERS FROM BIALYSTOK

Proud Irises and the "Messenger of Death"

MORDECAI TENENBAUM (known in the underground as Tamaroff) was one of the heroes of the Jewish resistance in the ghettos during World War II. He was born in Warsaw in 1916 and as a young man became one of the leaders of Dror, a Socialist Zionist halutz movement. When the war broke out, Tenenbaum left Warsaw for Vilna. After the German conquest of that city, he remained there for some time as an organizer of the halutz underground. In the spring of 1942 he returned to Warsaw, only to leave again several months later on a mission from the resistance movement to train the underground in Bialystok. He succeeded in unifying the resistance forces there and commanded the revolt of the Bialystok Ghetto of August 17, 1943. When the revolt failed and all was lost, he, together with his comrade-in-arms Daniel Moskowitz, committed suicide. Tenenbaum was twenty-seven years old when he died.

We reprint below three letters written by Tenenbaum to his friend, Veronica W., a fellow member of Dror and the liaison between the Jewish Fighters Organization and Bialystok. The letters were written between February and August 1943, between the rising of the ghetto in Warsaw and that in Bialystok and they are filled with Tenenbaum's growing sense of personal isolation and impending doom. They were published for the first time in the September 1955 *Bulletin* of the Ghetto Fighters House in Haifa, Israel, in a Hebrew translation from the original Polish. It is from this Hebrew that I have translated them here into English.—JACOB SLOAN.

In this letter "Wanda" refers to Tema S., Tenenbaum's dearest friend, who disappeared in the Warsaw Ghetto, where she had gone on an assignment from him. Irena was a pious Polish Catholic, one of the leaders of the Polish scout movement, who maintained close contact with Dror, and unsuccessfully tried to get help to the Bialystok Ghetto during a rising. Postmen, railwaymen, etc., were cooperative Germans who were in a position to place resistance liaison girls in jobs where they could move around outside the ghetto walls. Philip was Dr. Philipowska, a member of the Polish resistance movement.

Monday, 6:20 A.M.
[End of February 1943]

I've not received a letter from you for some time. Let's have a chat. Now. Later I may find it hard. For to talk a man needs inner peace, and some spark of life—though it be only light reflected in his eyes—as well as a bit of curiosity about his own surroundings, the people around him, about the changes that are taking place. Right now—it's still possible.

I'd love to have a chain like yours. For myself. A chain of thought. But—let's chat.

I'm writing with my right hand, propping my head up with my left; as I write, I whistle Polish folk songs. How I love them! They're so simple, direct, sad. They invariably come to my lips when I start whistling. It is certain that I am the only living creature left of our family. Why this is so only God knows, and I. And you ought to know too: Wanda loved these songs very much. She was always singing them, laughing.

All right, that's enough, no more of that. No songs. It's not at all in character for a man in my position—etc., etc.

I've stopped whistling. That's enough. As you can see, you and I share the same interests: you have your chain of thought, and I my chain of sounds—so many memories, beauty, longing, exaltation. . . .

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I still have seventeen minutes. They are supposed to come at seven. So I'll tell you about yesterday. The same blue sky. Sun, and the mud drying. And the wind so soft, like spring. Like . . . like what? Like the touch of a girl's hair stroking your face. Exactly like that, that familiar.

This afternoon I went to the park. They've already begun getting the glass ready for the hothouses. They are planting radishes and lettuce, milking cows, hauling dung. Is it spring already—no, still ugly winter. Everything looks so miserable, like a poor orphan. The devil take it! How everyone sees the world through his own spectacles!

At this time every year I hear the call to far-off places. To the end of the earth. The call to adventure. Whither? To Vilna? To Cracow? To Bedzin? *Odin ozort* [what difference]. The worst thing is to sit here and to know: I am death's messenger. I've overcome them all. Beware, or you'll be my victim, too.

Well, what do you think? Are you enjoying this chat? The gambit not very wide—war, times out of joint, etc. As for Sobidor, I'd advise you to write very little about it. Only family letters. As for Irena—the devil only knows! Something else: if you should come to visit us—not now, but if you should have to—fetch some flowers with you. All right? Otherwise, a man just sits at a bare table. As for your pussy willows, they are perishing.

I really liked your room very much. It's just that I've forgotten—and I had learned it by heart—where the closet stands, and what wall the mirror is on. But what good is a new room without associations, whose inside hasn't been sealed with a smile, a melody, a *balagan* [popular song].

So much for that. I should like to live in an enormous room, all glass. No furniture at all. Just a sofa. Walls and ceiling all of glass. And a path leading to the Master of the Universe. (Darkness seize Him, how I loathe Him. He revolts me.)

The sick have gotten well, and we have new invalids now. Three days ago, there were twelve invalids, in bed with a slight grippe. Now the trend is to get well. No new invalids. Shoshana W. is thinking of living with you. For my part—she can go. I'm interested only in formal affairs. Ought we dare [a revolt]? Let's think about it some more. . . .

Have the postmen died? Maybe others can be found—postmen or railwaymen or telegraphers—to carry messages. We've got to look. Everything is practically all right with Philip. There'll be a third mission.

People are coming. Enough for now. Something else: Why do you mention our honorific names in your letters? I'm not bringing this up out of fear lest you take my name in vain, but simply because it isn't necessary. You understand.

Are you managing to read my letters? Have you learned how by now? Or do you guess? Stay well, V. Keep your head up! Spring hasn't passed yet, and V.'s smile will be very precious, very precious indeed. Perhaps even in this incarnation of ours. (What a shame we aren't Indians—bareness, warmth and bananas, rice.) That'll do. My visitor has arrived. I have to stop. The babbling kettle reminds me of your small house, yours alone and no one else's—and if ever I visit you I'll bring flowers. Nonsense again.

* * *

[May 1943]

My dear,

Thank you very, very much for the letter; it's so good, so proud, so beautiful. Yesterday I waited for the "mail"—there was nothing. I went home twice, looked for our letter carrier—in vain.

Today, too, I was waiting, waiting, and there was nothing. So I went to him—and he was asleep. I made a search of his jacket and I found it. And he kept on sleeping. I began to read it there (and went on reading in the street). At first I was sad, so depressed—I was afraid that I might have hurt you in some way, and afterwards—I felt better, it cleared up, the sun was shining. . . .

And thank you too for your first postcard and for your last one. Everything in it is so much ours, bears our imprint, is beautiful. Let me press your hand! And . . . and . . . I just want to write—let me kiss your hand too. There's good reason . . . that's the conventional form for expressing one's gratitude.

And now I must write you about my flowers. There are so many of them! Pay attention! There's a magnificent bough, like a triangle. It stands there as though rising straight from the earth. That's one thing. A lion's-tooth, a rusk stalk (but it's beautiful, from the garden, each and every leaf a knife), and these choice wild flowers. In the

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middle—yellow irises one meter high. Yesterday there were only bulbs, and overnight they turned into flowers. Against the dim green background, they look like candles, like memorial candles flaming. Here are two of them for you.

On the floor in front of the small table stands a large bunch of acacias. And all these flowers in one place—like a small old church, like a plot in a graveyard that has sprouted wild, or perhaps like the altar of my sacrificial house.

On the large table—proud irises, closed into themselves. Overnight all the bulbs have blossomed. They are so straight. They look down upon us from their height; their stance is proud, a regal pride. Lovely, lovely.

If you were here you would certainly praise them.

If the thought should ever occur to you that I don't know anything, that I'll never succeed in doing anything right, etc., please be so kind as to remember that I'm good at arranging flowers. All right? And now I must leave you—the light is bothering the girls. Tomorrow we'll continue our chat.

So, good night, V.

If you wish, I'll give you the flowers, but you must leave me the splendor. Agreed?

Happy dreams, sleep of peace.

M.

Sabbath 11:15 P.M.

P.S. for Sunday: They brought jasmine.

Sunday 9:40

Good evening!

And what is new with you? How did you spend Sunday? Is it warm where you are, too? My garden has blossomed beautifully. My garden. No one is allowed to come in. But the sun is stifling. It's fearfully hot.

When you come, I'll show you some beautiful things. Not just poems, I have stories, poems, long poems. For I am the only representative of the future left.

You say it, V.: Aren't your letters a hundred times more intelligent than mine? I have many of them already, soon I'll know them by heart.

And then—I'll burn them.

I've come to the end of my paper. Stop. But you—you must write a lot, a lot, a lot!

God bless you.

Have you gotten your copy of Slowacki [19th-century Polish poet]?

* * *

This, the last of Tenenbaum's letters, was apparently written directly after the completion of plans for cooperation between the Zionist halutz groups and the Communists in the revolt of the Bialystok Ghetto. The Andrezj referred to is Andrezj Schmidt, a leader of the Communists in the Bialystok Ghetto. "Sausages" was the underground term for grenades, "small ones" for pistols. The gift which Mordecai thanks Veronica for consisted of rifles. The car he asked about was the one used to transport the ammunition.

My own V.,

Excuse me for writing in pencil, for I am a wanderer without a home. I won't be getting a room until tomorrow. And I beg your pardon in advance for any silly mistakes I may make. I must admit—I'm in my cups. I'm ashamed to admit it, I feel like a fool, but I did it out of a sense of obligation, as a "duty." We finally came to an agreement with Andrezj. We shall all live peacefully together like members of one family—in every respect. That's settled. After a long talk he was forced to accept all my, all our, suggestions and demands. And at the end—what a stupid practice!—we drained our cups. So I'm walking along, writing, making various plans. That is to say—we drank moderately. It will be interesting to see whether you answer this letter. And what your answer will be. We'll see.

As you can see, we've a great deal of news, and good and pleasant news it is. And we have sausages too. And I thank you very, very much for this wonderful gift. Don't worry, we have plenty of small ones. It'll do. We've a nickname for everything—these are called Saus. B-635.

When will the car be coming? And when will there be a letter? That shouldn't be any business of mine. Nor should I be concerned whether there's a letter for me. Be well, V. I press your hand.

M.

7/23/43 7:30 P.M.

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ON THE HORIZON

REFLECTIONS ON A TALK BY TOYNBEE

The Uses of the Diaspora

H. D. SCHMIDT

IN JUNE of this year the Oxford University Jewish Society invited Professor Arnold Toynbee to speak on the "Jewish Role in History" at the Oxford synagogue. Other lecture halls were available, but the Jewish students felt that the synagogue would be the most appropriate place for Professor Toynbee to defend his views—views that have hurt Jewish feelings greatly because of his relegation of Judaism to an obscure corner of culture and history as a "Syriac fossil" and his equating of Zionist terrorists with Nazis.

The Jewish synagogue in Oxford mainly serves the needs of the university students. It has withstood the attempts of previous generations to turn it, as they tried to turn every synagogue, into a respectable Jewish church, and it is still frequently used as an assembly room, and also as a dining and lecture hall as well as house of worship and religious study. On the particular evening in June that Toynbee faced an expectant audience of Jewish and Gentile students, along with many Jewish and Gentile guests, the tense anticipation of an academic tournament not unlike the medieval religious disputations pervaded the place. This time, however, the roles were somewhat reversed. The learned "rabbi" of the Gentiles was facing Jewish scholars and students unfriendly to him because of his "heretical" views. Like the Jewish rabbis of the Middle Ages, he did not recant. Toynbee spoke softly, calmly, cautiously, as a critical historian who went about his task "without friends." He withdrew nothing he had written, yet he developed a consistent and important interpretation of the historical role of the Jewish Diaspora. It was, I say, important, not because it threw new light on the Jewish past, but because it provoked fresh thought about the present and future role of the Diaspora.

TOYNBEE'S starting point was the phenomenon of Jewish survival from the 6th century B.C.E. onwards. The other "Syriac" states completely vanished under the impact of the collision with Babylonians and Greeks. Having lost state and country, most of the Syriac peoples lost their ethnic identity too. The Jews, however, did not. They succeeded in developing a new mode of communal existence which enabled them to preserve their identity under alien rule. Jew and Gentile alike regarded that preservation as unique and miraculous. It was, however, nothing of the kind in Toynbee's view. There were other "fossils" of the Syriac civilization; the Iranian Parsees and the Nestorian and Monophysite Christian communities were able to survive by replacing political ties with religious forms of social cohesion and finding new commercial skills to make good their lost life on the land. In fact, this communal structure—the *millet* system of the Ottoman Empire—became the rule rather than the exception everywhere but in the West, where the intolerant nation-state arose with its demand

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A. J. TOYNBEE'S remarks, in his monumental *Study of History*, about Jewry past and present, Diaspora and Zionist, continue to trouble the minds of thinking Jews both here and abroad. We continue the discussion in these pages with a second article on the subject. The first, by Franz Borkenau, appeared in our May 1955 issue under the title "Toynbee's Judgment of the Jews." H. D. SCHMIDT, who writes on Jewish history, teaches at Carmel College in Oxon, England.

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for the complete ethnic assimilation of all people within its borders to the majority group. Nonetheless, in some Western countries that were more tolerant of corporate diversity, like the United States, one could, and can, still find many religious and ethnic diasporas deriving their communal identities —for example—from the Huguenots, from 17th-century Scotland, from 19th-century Poland, from Protestant sects of Northwestern Europe, and so on.

The nation-state is now, according to Toynbee, moribund as a political form. The diaspora or *millet*, not the nation-state, is destined to be the political form of the future. The world community to come will be composed, not of sovereign national states, but of communities. The ever increasing mobility fostered by the industrial revolution works to disperse over the earth the members of every nation, and hence to create new diasporas. These, Toynbee feels, possess a greater survival value than the nation-state and offer greater cultural opportunities to every description of religious, ethnic, and racial community.

In the past the diaspora form of life was an essential element in the phenomenon of Jewish survival, and the Jews were the pioneers in a mode of life destined to become the precedent for many more diasporas to come. At the present time, however, while other diasporas are still in their formative phase, the spiritual content of the Jewish Diaspora, the hope of the return to Palestine, has become problematical. Toynbee holds that the Jewish Diaspora can no longer live on that tradition of hope because, for the first time since the Roman conquest, it now can be realized by a call at the nearest travel bureau. The prayer for "next year in Jerusalem" loses fervor when one is able to fly to Lydda airport the next day. Those Jews who prefer to remain in the Diaspora, and to live the lives of Jews there, will have to look for a new psychological basis upon which to do so. They cannot build their lives on a hope which their own acts have shown not to be sincere. They cannot pray for something they do not wish to be fulfilled.

So, at a time when the diaspora as such offers the prototype of a new kind of global community, the original Diaspora, that of the Jews, is caught up in a fateful spiritual dilemma.

So much for Toynbee's ideas. But do they stand up under close examination?

His definition of the spiritual content of the Jewish Diaspora is certainly too narrow and one-sided. Indeed shockingly so. If Jews in the dispersion were a distinctive group merely by virtue of nostalgia for their homeland, they would be little different spiritually from ordinary exiles and refugees. How could Toynbee overlook the fact—which even fanatical anti-Semites have acknowledged—that the Jews are bearers of religious ideas and have through the ages maintained a concept of God and of the universe that can still hold up in the 20th century? The Jewish concept of God remains relevant and significant because it implies cosmic order and the spiritual unity of the universe; without these, science as well as religion would collapse. It also implies a moral purpose in the existence of man and the development of his society without which we would degenerate into technological savages and end up in self-destruction.

If the Jews in the past consciously visualized an active role for themselves in history, it was as servants of the Kingdom of God, as laborers preparing "in the desert a highway for our God"—to use Isaiah's words. The idea of the highway and of its ultimate goal in redemption was further developed by the German Jewish philosopher Hermann Cohen early in this century. He believed that every generation of Jews contributed its section to the highway. The final goal, the Kingdom of God, as Cohen saw it, functioned as a social polar star. Though never attainable, it could guide each generation on its way. Therefore the role of the Jews was, and should continue to be in future, to uphold the goal idea. If the fundamental concept of the Jews as workers on the highway is still accepted today—as I think it is by many of us—then the idea that a ticket on the El Al airline can buy redemption or the realization of the goal is seen to be rather far-fetched.

Of all this, Professor Toynbee had nothing to say. But if so keen an observer as he has failed to perceive the true spiritual content of Jewish life, does it altogether reflect on his own judgment, or could it be that contemporary Jewish life is much too preoccu-

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pied with speculation about Mr. Beigin's tactics or the success of the Claims Conference? Were Toynbee more aware of the extent to which religious and ethical thought remains alive for some Jews of today and of how dynamically it contributes to Western ideas, he would not, one feels, have as readily applied the term "Syriac fossil" to the Jewish community. It is not for me to say whether in fact there ever existed such a thing as the "Syriac civilization" and what precisely it meant to the peoples who formed it. However, when used to characterize a community still in existence, the word *fossil* implies that it is petrified and worth merely a respectable niche in a museum. Hence we Jews have good reason to resent Toynbee's remarks.

A HIGH measure of traditionalism has indeed characterized Jewish life and thought in the past. Still, that is only half the picture. The other half, which has been equally characteristic, is the large measure of nonconformity encouraged by the absence of a clerical hierarchy and by the practice of scholarly discussion. Jewish thinkers like Maimonides were traditionalists and nonconformists at once. With Maimonides, systematized tradition went hand in hand with ideas about the nature of God and after-life that were greatly at variance with those held by his Jewish contemporaries, and for a long time after his death Maimonides had fierce opponents as well as fervent supporters among the Jews. If today he is exalted by both Conservative and Liberal Jews, it is for different reasons that are inherent in his blend of tradition and dissent. This blend has, in fact, characterized great Jewish thinkers ever since.

Though Baruch Spinoza made the love of God and the unity of the universe the supporting pillars of his philosophy, he was also the first to apply historical criticism to the Bible. Moses Mendelssohn, too, combined the old and the new, the Bible and Hebrew with German and the spirit of the Enlightenment. And how fascinating was that blend of Jewish thought and personal insight in Albert Einstein, who did not reject tradition but advocated its intelligent use and adaptation. He himself held that a personal God who could intervene in natural events or deal out personal rewards and punishments was untenable, but he did uphold the Jewish traditions of the ultimate goal, of the meaningfulness of history, and of the spiritual unity of the universe. "Syriac fossil" obviously makes no sense when applied to a people that produces men like these.

Nor would it be unfair to expect Professor Toynbee to pay some heed to men like Franz Rosenzweig, and be aware of the impact of Martin Buber's religious thought on Christian theologians before pronouncing any verdict on contemporary Jewry, let alone the whole history of Diaspora Jewry. The conclusion is inescapable that Toynbee is largely ignorant of Jewish intellectual history at its most creative and interesting—which makes his comments on Jewry all the more presumptuous.

Had he been more familiar with that history, he could hardly have asserted that the hope of the return to Palestine, as the core of the Diaspora's ethos, had become a problem only recently. In fact, it was extensively debated by Jews in the West in the first decades of the 19th century. After the Jews of Western Europe, starting with the deputies of French Jewry assembled in Paris in 1806, had formally decided to regard themselves as citizens of the states in which they lived and had been granted full civil rights, rabbinical meetings and the first Jewish periodicals in Germany dwelled at great length on the point of eliminating from religious services and from Jewish prayer books all references to a return to Palestine. What was decided in theory over a hundred years ago was demonstrated in practice after the establishment of the State of Israel, when the seven million Jews of the West elected to stay in their native countries. This decision was momentous and historical, but not new. Its originators were those Furtados, Friedlanders, Jacobsons, and Abraham Geigers who a century and more back began laying the theoretical and practical foundations for a Jewish Diaspora that would be integrated in the Western world. Much has changed since then, but fundamentally their order of things still obtains, and is accepted in practice by many Jews who do not even know the names of these men. No one can simply shut out these past one hundred and fifty years of Jewish history, least of all a historian.

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On the other hand, where Toynbee insists on the *survival* value of the Diaspora, he has historical evidence on his side. The wider the Jews spread the less became the risk of their total disappearance or extermination. The over-concentration of Jews in East Europe had become a problem long before Hitler. Conflict and bloodshed on a large scale continuously threatened in countries like Poland before the advent of the Nazis, as every student of Poland between the wars knows. Had 90 per cent of world Jewry continued to live in Europe, and had not America provided the opportunity of building up a new and prosperous Diaspora, there would not have been a Balfour Declaration in the First World War, and the Second would have had an even more devastating effect upon us. Who can make so bold as to assert that history has no future disasters in store, and that survival might not depend once more on the American or another Jewish Diaspora?

Nor can it be denied that other diasporas are emerging everywhere. Aliens have penetrated *en masse* into provinces of countries whose capitals alone knew colonies of foreigners on a large scale in the past. Europe has more refugees than ever. Britain now has substantial diasporas of Poles, Italians, Cypriots, West Indians, Indians, and Africans. The sight of a colored driver or conductor has become a familiar feature in the provincial towns of England. NATO is developing an American and British diaspora on a large scale, and one that is not of quite as temporary a nature as may appear. Never before in the history of the United States have so many of her citizens lived abroad, gone to school abroad, and got married abroad. The Israeli diaspora, the community of Israelis abroad, is perhaps the latest dispersion; its members, as American and European observers have been quick to notice, form a group apart and distinct from the "native" Jewish diasporas in many countries.

In the United States, Toynbee finds not only a strong and prosperous Jewish community, but also other thriving communities that are religious and ethnic in character and yet manage to weave the strands of their own traditions into those of American society at large. In fact, the picture of America as a plural society has inspired his belief in the possibility of a United States of the Earth organized as a global community of communities. There is, however, some misunderstanding here on Toynbee's part, and it is a significant one.

A plural society is not what the fathers of the American Constitution, whom Toynbee commends for their political wisdom, intended. They envisaged a new society of free and equal *individuals*, not a society of free and equal *communities*. It took the 20th century, with its group catastrophes and its systematic study of social psychology, to discover that the 18th-century image of a nation composed of individuals was perhaps a false ideal, and that the normal individual wants the social comfort and security offered to him by a closer, more intimate group.

Toynbee's picture of American society as a plural one turns out to be almost as distorted as his rather empty picture of the Jewish Diaspora. The concept of the melting pot is 18th-century in spirit if not origin, and deliberately ignores the right of any ethnic group to maintain its identity and cultural autonomy. From the point of view of an outright "Americanizer," Cubans, Poles, Italians, Jews, Mexicans, Chinese, Puerto Ricans are mere residues that have *not yet* been melted down, but whose eventual disintegration as groups is both desirable and certain.

American literature and social studies abound in problems of social friction, prejudice, and pressure groups. Though it was in the United States that the terms "community" and "community center" first won wide circulation (it was during the first decade of this century), and though America has been in the forefront in group psychology and sociological field work, American thought still clings largely to the "self-evident truths" of 1776. The numerous apparently distinct groups surviving in the United States today are not there *because* of American ideals—though American liberty and democracy have something to do with it—but *despite* them. Thoughts about the future of the Jewish Diaspora in America must take account of that fact. Actually, Toynbee seems to have transferred the concept of a plural society to the United States from the British Commonwealth, where it happens to be much more popular, and for good reason.

In Britain—as some readers unfamiliar

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with English usage might not know—the word *state* means nothing; *national* anthem is a misnomer because "God Save the Queen" is not one; nor is there a *national* flag or a *national* language. The idea of an English "melting pot" has never arisen and, in fact, the nation-state, which Toynbee regards as a typical product of Western civilization, has never existed in his own country, and the British Commonwealth is actually much nearer his ideal of a community of communities than the United States. (Consequently, a Jewish Diaspora in the United States faces psychological problems of integration which are different from those of the Jewish Diaspora of the British Commonwealth. If Western Jewry is to develop healthy communities these problems will have to be given careful study.)

TOYNBEE had nothing to say in his talk about the social and economic functions of the Jewish Diaspora. Was their dispersion not an essential pre-condition for the activity of Jews as economic and cultural middlemen? Eighteenth-century observers in Britain and in France marveled at the phenomenon of the Jewish Diaspora and its survival. The first French *Encyclopédie* in 1772 attributed to the Jews the function of providing international contacts; they enabled the remotest nations "to converse and to correspond." Something of that role survives today, and not so very long ago it was made a criminal offense in Communist countries, where the press used the term "cosmopolitan" as an expletive and synonym for Jew. Yet the promotion of international contacts is a task which the Jewish community should regard as even more imperative today than in the past. And if hostile critics, fascist or Communist, regard the Jews with suspicion because they are citizens of the world, this should only strengthen the Jew in his belief that he is true to his old historical role.

Few will deny that the time has come to give more thought to the spiritual and physical foundations of the Jewish Diaspora. We owe Professor Toynbee a measure of gratitude, not for pronouncing us the pioneer diaspora-builders, a title we did not deserve in the past and do not deserve as yet in the present. In the past our communities modeled their structure to fit their environment. Today the shortcomings of our communal and inter-communal organization are too glaring to permit the contention that the Jewish should serve as model to other diasporas. But we owe Professor Toynbee gratitude nevertheless for calling our own attention to the historical distinctiveness of the diaspora form of social, political, and religious life. He has jolted and angered us in doing so, but if he will have provoked us thereby to a new and more critical examination of the forms of communal life under which we Jews live in the Diaspora we shall be content.

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THE STUDY OF MAN

EUROPEAN TRADITIONS AND AMERICAN SOCIOLOGY

An Exchange

S. M. LIPSET AND HERBERT LUETHY

WE BELIEVE that the exchange published below on sociology, its national schools, and their methods as applied to the subject of social mobility will be of interest to the layman as well as the specialist. Social mobility is a question whose importance far transcends any scholarly discipline. Many momentous political and social decisions now and in the future will hinge on it, whether or not the social scientists adequately prepare the way—and whether or not we take their advice. For this and other reasons, we have seen fit to print this exchange as a regular "Study of Man" instead of in our correspondence columns. S. M. LIPSET, associate professor in the graduate department of sociology at Columbia, is at present working with the Center for Advanced Study in the Behavioral Sciences, at Stanford, California. HERBERT LUETHY's political articles appear regularly in our pages; last month we printed his "Bonn Joins the Co-existence Game."—ED.

Mr. Lipset Writes

I SHOULD like to comment on Herbert Luethy's critique, "Social Mobility Again—and Elites" (in your September issue), of the article "Class and Opportunity in Europe and the United States" by Natalie Rogoff and myself, which appeared in your number of December 1954.

1. The basis of Mr. Luethy's article is an unqualified attack on American sociology as vulgar empiricism, and implicit praise of the presumably more cultured, non-quantitative European social science. Like many other forms of anti-Americanism, Luethy's attack is based on little knowledge of America, and also, which is more surprising, less knowledge about European scholarship.

He alleges, for example, that concern with social mobility is "an obsession of American sociologists." In fact, few American sociologists have paid much attention to social mobility until recent years. If anything, concern with social mobility has been an obsession of Europeans. There are literally thousands of quantitative studies of social mobility in different parts of Europe dating back to the late 19th century. Before and after World War I, German, French, Italian, and English scholars were busy inspecting marriage registers to find out the relationship between the occupations of fathers and sons, or of marriage partners, or securing data from questionnaires given to people in different occupations. A detailed early report on such studies may be found in Pitirim Sorokin's excellent book *Social Mobility* (1927). In 1931 Paul Lazarsfeld, then at the University of Vienna, wrote a short book *Jugend und Beruf* ("Youth and Occupation"), which summarized over one hundred twenty German and Austrian quantitative studies dealing with a problem Mr. Luethy thinks unanalyzable: the factors affecting young people's choice of careers. The idea of a "coefficient of social mobility"—what Mr. Luethy calls the factor of "pure mobility" and which he credits to American sociology—was first developed by an Italian, Federico Chessa, in his excellent study *La Trasmissione Ereditria delle Professioni* (1912).

The first international sociological associa-

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tion, formed at the turn of the century, was largely a European organization; it decided to make its first international project the study of social mobility. The International Sociological Association, formed after World War II, also designated as its principal research task the study of social mobility. And curiously, the I.S.A. committee in charge of this project has had difficulty in finding American sociologists who are interested in the problem. Mr. Luethy to the contrary notwithstanding, there are comparatively few American studies of social mobility.

2. Mr. Luethy seems to have found disturbing our suggestion that advanced industrial countries have similar rates of mobility. On second thought, however, he sees that this is not only possible but obvious since European society is no more static than American, given wars, revolutions, genocide, transfers of population, and industrial expansion. (I might add that the abundant European data on mobility in the more stable pre-World War I Europe indicate a considerable amount of movement, both up and down the class structure.) He then goes on to argue that Europeans today, unlike Americans, are inclined to regard social mobility as a "nightmare"—what they want is security and stability. I should be the last person to argue that individuals in Europe, or America for that matter, are happy about the prospect of losing jobs, or being pushed around from one place to another, which is what he is actually talking about. American workers, in spite of their concern to improve their socio-economic position, also want more social security, more unemployment insurance (the guaranteed annual wage), and more trade union protection. But in Europe and America, the parties and organizations of the working class have at the same time been fighting successfully for a more fluid social structure. They demand, in particular, an expansion of educational opportunities for the children of the lower classes. And the evidence would suggest that many workers in all countries become small businessmen.

All the available evidence from survey studies suggests that one consequence of the welfare state and the increase in income around the world, has been an increase in the level of aspiration which workers have for their children. In a number of European countries, one finds that many working-class parents desire middle-class occupations for their sons. A successful journalist may consider social mobility "a nightmare"; but I doubt greatly if the low-paid Parisian workers would agree with him.

3. Mr. Luethy suggests that the rise in the social position of the entire lower class in America as a consequence of increased wealth is more important in explaining differences between America and Europe than variations in rates of individual mobility. I am in complete agreement with him. This point was, in fact, one of the major arguments of our article. Natalie Rogoff and I held that "the assembly line and mass production, with the higher wages and more equitable distribution of wealth they make possible, are thus probably more responsible for the development of the American 'classless' society than trends in social mobility."

4. Mr. Luethy seems to think that our finding that most advanced industrial countries have similar rates of mobility is not a contribution to knowledge. But presumably data showing that Europe had lower rates of mobility than America would also have been "obvious" and supererogatory. (I might add that studies which I have located since the original article was written indicate somewhat comparable rates of mobility in Japan, Sweden, Denmark, Germany, France, Switzerland, Great Britain, and the United States.)

5. Mr. Luethy objects to isolating "'pure social mobility'; i.e., that degree or margin of mobility which exists independently of the historical expansion or contraction of the economy's occupational structure, and is thus not due to over-all changes in job opportunities, but entirely to individual causes." He thinks this distinction is artificial and worthless for analytic purposes. Essentially all that this distinction assumes is that there are three factors which may affect the amount of social mobility in a society: (a) changes in the "opportunity structure," a shift in the size of relevant classes; (b) demographic factors, the effect of the fact that the lower classes have a higher birth rate than the upper classes; and (c) interchange mobility, upward movements which are balanced by downward movements. The latter constitutes "pure mobility." Now in spite of what Mr. Luethy would like to believe, the latter form of mobility represents a major proportion of mobility in all industrialized societies. The phrase "shirt sleeves to shirt sleeves in three generations" is a popular recognition of this fact. All the studies available indicate that approximately 25 per cent of the children

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of middle-class parents become manual workers in most Western countries. And this seems to have been true before World War I as well. Surely it is important to analyze the factors involved in this type of movement, and also to deal with its consequences. In recent decades we have seen what emphasis has been laid on the reactionary political role of the downward mobile in different countries.

6. Mr. Luethy argues that "there are not only thirty-six *ways* of measuring social mobility, there are as many ***types*** of social mobility itself." Of course there are many types, although I am sure there are not thirty-six. This is only to call attention to deficiencies in the analysis of mobility, and to the need for more research.

7. Mr. Luethy doubts that social science can contribute anything to our knowledge of what makes some people more successful than others. Clearly, we shall never be able to locate all the factors which affect individual or group behavior. But does Mr. Luethy mean that we cannot discover *some* of the factors? Sociology and the other social sciences are trying to specify and test propositions that purport to account for variations in behavior. The amount of behavior which can be explained by our analyses will always be limited. But is no knowledge, or intuition, better than some empirically based knowledge?

Let me end with a question. How does increased knowledge concerning mobility serve a "utilitarian" purpose? What does Mr. Luethy think that sociologists will be able to tell policy-makers on the basis of knowledge about social mobility? Until he makes clear what he means by the charge that students of social mobility are involved in "social engineering," I must charge him with intellectual irresponsibility.

Mr. Luethy Answers

THIS rather futile exchange results from a misunderstanding. My note in COMMENTARY on "social mobility" was excerpted from a review article in French appearing in *Preuves* (Paris) for April 1955 that was devoted to a bulky tome on French genealogy relating specifically to the "old bourgoisie."

Let me re-state my theses briefly: (1) the history of families, in a country with a strong family structure like France's, could provide the study of social history with an excellent tool; (2) as now understood, particularly in France, family history seems to serve nothing more than the vanity of snobs; (3) setting out to "demonstrate" that the oldest bourgeois families—and their fortunes—are very, very old, works like the one mentioned above nourish the myth that the French social structure is largely petrified. Having noted this, I went on to oppose to the myth of the "ancientness" of European societies the myth of the "dynamism" of American society, a myth nourished by the diametrically opposite attitude, which holds that a fortune or position achieved by one's own efforts, and not inherited, is an object of legitimate pride. These two opposed myths exaggerate certain characteristics of the two societies that, while real enough, are far less revealing than they seem to be.

It was to back up this criticism that I touched on the Lipset and Rogoff article; and basing myself on a criticism of the French study of social mobility cited by the authors—a study that, in my opinion, gives no conclusive results—I took the liberty of suggesting that for the study of European societies it would perhaps be better not to follow the methods of American sociology by rote. These may be well adapted to the society for whose study they were designed, but are much less valid for the more "historical" and "traditional" societies of Western Europe. I argued that social history, in Europe at least, is not anonymous, and that a sufficient number of real inquiries into differently circumstanced families, covering several complete generations, would yield a more concrete image of the movement of society than could be obtained by plundering anonymous file cases.

COMMENTARY saw fit to publish the part of this review article dealing with the Lipset and Rogoff study, omitting the section on the book in question, *Recueil généalogique de la bourgeoisie ancienne,* as this could hardly be expected to interest the American lay public. Mr. Lipset could therefore not have known that the object of my article was not at all "an unqualified attack on American sociology," and still less "implicit praise of . . . European social science"—it was precisely European social science that I *explicitly* criticized and made fun of.

Yet having granted the basis for Mr. Lipset's misunderstanding of the excerpt, I still cannot help thinking that there is something a little "obsessive" in his taxing me, from the very start, with "anti-Americanism." Have I

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laid rough hands on a national idol, and without knowing it insulted America in its person? Why such a tone? And why the utterly uncalled for insinuation about the "successful journalist" who treats the misery of "low-paid Parisian workers" with scorn? If these are examples of quantitative sociology at work, I can only say, without heat, that they are most inept.

But from harsh words let us turn to compliments. It seems that I gave American sociology too much credit in attributing to it discoveries that belong to Europe. (A strange way of showing my anti-Americanism: what would I have been accused of had I said, as does Mr. Lipset himself, that American students have discovered nothing and that everything they know came from Europe originally?) He is very kind in conceding to Europe Sorokin's important works; in my ignorance I always took Sorokin for an American scientist, in view of the fact that his whole work, except his first things published in Russian, before 1917, has been produced in America. Of course, the very word *sociology* was contributed by Comte; and Germany and Austria take precedence in modern sociological theory. The notion of "absolute mobility" we owe to Federico Chessa, an Italian. But Auguste Comte is no more, and Chessa has had no success, and had fallen into the most complete oblivion until quite recently, when his researches were resumed by American investigators. In Germany—a pathological case of what one might truthfully call the "sociological obsession"—we have had a break in the continuity of sociological study. And as far as France is concerned, I must content myself with calling attention to the study of social mobility on which Mr. Lipset and Miss Rogoff relied in making their comparison. This little and most deceptive article, employing methods quite elementary in character, is in actual fact the first and only study of this subject ever attempted in France!

Of course, scientific workers of all nationalities have a praiseworthy tendency to deplore the slightness of the work done in their own countries, and to make comparisons to the advantage of that done elsewhere—if only in order to stimulate the public conscience and patriotism of the people in their own countries who pay the bill for scientific work. But all the same, it is not Germany or Scandinavia that has since 1945 come up with all those multiple "social research projects," well endowed and and equipped with the most modern quantitative methods thanks to Unesco and the great American foundations. In most of the projects in European countries, the style, the methods, and even the researchers come from the United States.

Now in my review article I contended that for several generations American sociologists have been "obsessed" with the problem of how to integrate "all the heterogenous contributions of the many traditions, races, and nations making up the American people" (these are my very words). Fortunately, I do not have to dwell at length on this point, since in the meantime Commentary published William Petersen's excellent study, "The 'Scientific' Basis of Our Immigration Policy" (July 1955). American social scientists, research workers, experts, investigating committees, and centers of study have for almost a century and a half studied the consequences of the various waves of immigrations in relation to the absorptive capacity of American society, and to the adaptability of various ethnic and social groups. If Mr. Lipset holds all this not to be sociology, then we certainly disagree in our notion of this science. And does not this enormous amount of preparatory work, which resulted in a whole body of legislation on immigration fraught with the most serious political and social consequences, constitute an answer to the last question—what can sociology say to "policy-makers"?—asked so magisterially of me by Mr. Lipset?

As to the "accusation" that I am supposed to have made against American sociology, that it is "a useful and even utilitarian science" (my own terms!), it was not an accusation but praise; it was exactly this "will to usefulness" that I contrasted with the aimless games played by the French genealogists I was criticizing. Moreover, as it appears to me, several celebrated sociological schools have arisen in the United States precisely out of what were originally solely utilitarian research projects sponsored by big business and trade unions; it is to such survey projects that we owe so much of our knowledge of labor productivity, of the practice of "public relations," of the organization of markets, etc., etc. But perhaps here, too, Mr. Lipset will object that these projects were not sociological.

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Why is Mr. Lipset so eager to make sociology a useless, hence "noble" science? In my humble opinion, it is precisely its social usefulness that makes American sociology so vital, and has inspired those of its projects which have had the greatest—well—usefulness. If Mr. Lipset thinks that his science ought *not* to aim at practical results, then he ought to explain what there is in it that is so interesting to the "low-paid Parisian worker."

I ASK pardon for having responded in the same tone in which I was addressed. That tone adds nothing to the discussion of the problems raised. So let me simply re-state our points of disagreement:

1. The "immobility" of European societies, as contrasted with the "dynamism" of American society, is to a large degree mythical. But I think that under different social and economic conditions a high coefficient of social mobility does not necessarily justify a plus mark; a rapid "up and down movement" on the social ladder can be a sign of decay as well as of health.

2. The "social mobility" of many European countries is quite comparable to that of the United States, provided only that *we leave out of account the farm population.* But to leave this out of account is to leave out something extremely essential in countries where, as in France, it amounts to 40 per cent of the population. The revolutionary character of American society, and that which distinguishes it most from *all* previous ones, lies perhaps in the fact that it has granted farmers the same degree of social mobility that other groups possess.

3. Starting from this point, I suggested that "pure social mobility"—that is, a mobility independent of the structural changes in a society—could very well be a constant of city life, not only in all countries but in all ages. This was, of course, a pure hypothesis, but I did not advance it lightly: it was suggested to me by the very intensive research that has been done in the French society of the 17th and 18th centuries. This research has brought to light the astonishingly intense and rapid social circulation that went on among the supposedly closed "castes" under the *ancien régime;* my view was further strengthened by my knowledge (albeit more superficial) of the role of the Church as a "social elevator" throughout the Middle Ages. In this case, the coefficient of "absolute mobility" could have quite another meaning than the one attributed to it; instead of being a measure of the "health" or of the "sclerosis" of a society, it would, being a constant, be incapable by definition of indicating *any* movement; it would be the constant factor in the "circulation of elites" in Pareto's sense (and, if I am not mistaken, this is what Federico Chessa thought, too).

4. In conclusion, and here is our essential disagreement, I have maintained that this circulation of elites is not a collective but an individual movement, and that as such it escapes quantitative statistics; the addition of "exceptional cases" can hardly furnish us with anything more than a percentage of "exceptional cases," and this would tell us little, for "exceptional cases" cannot be dealt with in the same way as the anonymous groups actually described. This disagreement of mine with the sociologists is neither personal nor cause for surprise: it is a variation of an old quarrel. I speak as a historian, Mr. Lipset speaks as a quantitative sociologist. This makes it impossible to settle our debate conclusively; certainly, we shall never be able to do so by personal polemics.

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LETTERS FROM READERS

American Jewish Artists

To the Editor of Commentary:

William Schack's article on "Art Worth Celebrating," which appeared in your October issue, was both perceptive and stimulating.

I was executive director of the national Tercentenary committee which sponsored the Contemporary Fine Arts Exhibit about which Mr. Schack wrote. I have seen very nearly all the press comment on the exhibit, in New York and the other cities where it was shown. No one else succeeded, as Mr. Schack did, in pointing up the two facts with which we had to wrestle: first, that with the possible exception of the synagogue there is no "American Jewish art," there are only American Jewish artists; and second, that during a Tercentenary celebration it was important to show that these artists were so good as to be in themselves a valuable segment of American civilization today, whatever their style and subjects.

Mr. Schack's analysis was a real contribution to general understanding of the place of Jews in the American community, and I for one read it with much appreciation.

David Bernstein

New York City

To the Editor of Commentary:

William Schack reports his disappointment with the 1954 group show "Jewish Motifs by American Artists" at the 92nd Street "Y", for which I was responsible. It is a critic's privilege, nay, duty, to state his views honestly, and I bow to Mr. Schack's unfavorable verdict as I did to the favorable *Art News* and *Arts Digest* reviews of the same show. It is hard to believe, though, that in a show including works by Samuel Adler, Max Band, Philip Evergood, Ruth Gikow, Chaim Gross, Benjamin Kopman, Louis Lozowick, Joseph Margulies, William Meyerowitz, Bernard Reder, Anton Refregier, Emanuel Romano, Isaac and Moses Soyer, Nahum Tschacbasov, Abraham Walkowitz, Max Weber, and other well-known artists, not more than a half dozen items of "outstanding merit" could be found. If Mr. Schack, who called the official Fine Arts Exhibit of the American Jewish Tercentenary a "collection of masterpieces by comparison," reviewed the lists of participants in both exhibits, he must have noted in how many cases they were the same. Could these artists have sent masterpieces to one show, and to the other work that only rose "above mere competence"? . . .

Nor could he have ignored the fact that the "Y" show, less than half the size of the Riverside show, included a number of outstanding artists who were notably missing from the latter —such as Leonard Baskin, or the very Ben-Zion whom Schack commends in his article, and ten of those mentioned above.

The "Y" show did not aim at complete coverage of the scene—as its title announced. But it did demonstrate the extent of contemporary interest in the Jewish theme (and if the Tercentenary's larger assembly of "pure" Jewish participants turned up only 20 per cent of work even "nominally" Jewish, why should we be assailed for finding so little among non-Jewish artists? In any event, the four Gentiles who showed with forty-three Jews displayed very satisfactory works).

Perhaps Mr. Schack, perceptive as he is, was insidiously influenced by the contrast in settings—the 92nd Street "Y" is no Whitney, not even a Riverside Museum, and has neither the walls nor the lighting to provide the atmosphere that works of art seem to require in an age of glamorized window dressing. In the light of his over-all reaction to the two shows, it is interesting to note that Mr. Schack singled out one-eighth of the "Y" show, and only one-twenty-seventh of the Tercentenary's as "products of a higher emotional and aesthetical level."

I agree in general with the tenor of Mr. Schack's article. I, too, think that mere Jewish birth is rather unimportant from an artistic viewpoint. Why, then, does he include as Jews in his list individuals who are not known as Jews to their colleagues and contemporaries—Joseph Stella, Walt Kuhn, Jonas Lie, Eugene Speicher, Alexander Brook, and Adolph Dehn? There is no room for such racial nonsense!

Alfred Werner

New York, N. Y.

To the Editor of Commentary:

The one factual misstatement in William Schack's article is not, perhaps, an error in the context of the essay. Mr. Schack lists Walt Kuhn among the Jewish American painters; actually Kuhn was an American of German

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Protestant extraction. However, among the many Jewish-born artists whom the author tosses into one huge salad are Catholics, agnostics, militant Communists, atheists, mystics (of the Gobi rather than Gaza desert variety), and a very few believers in Judaism. Any Protestant would be at home in such a heterogeneity. . . .

THOMAS B. HESS
Managing Editor, *Art News*
New York City

MR. SCHACK *writes:*

Having a high regard for both the 92nd Street "Y" and Alfred Werner, I made my adverse judgment on their exhibition with extreme reluctance.

Dr. Werner asks whether the same artists can be represented at simultaneous exhibitions by works of greatly unequal quality. The answer is obviously yes, since only a few geniuses have been able to produce continuously works of uniform excellence. But his question doesn't have much relevance since the artists whose works I considered outstanding in his show were also well represented in the "Contemporary."

More than that, many—perhaps most—of the artists in the "Y" exhibition were not represented by their best work because they (and Dr. Werner) were limited by the Jewish theme. Their best work is not Jewish in either content or spirit: e.g., Gross (represented by a water color, not a sculpture), Lozowick, the two Soyers, Kopman—and Evergood among the non-Jews. Hence the weakness of the "Y" show was due less to anyone's faulty selection than to its inherent possibilities. . . . Waiving such limits, the "Contemporary" had a greater choice among the artists' best work. Dr. Werner's argument, therefore, only reinforces the thesis of my article —that there is very little Jewishness in the art of American Jewish artists.

I pass over his insinuation that I cannot judge art except under elegant exhibition conditions; and it certainly would be "interesting to note" how he computed his percentages of "products of a higher emotional, and aesthetic, level," but I won't go into it.

I did not "assail" Dr. Werner for failing to find more paintings on Jewish themes by non-Jewish artists—I merely noted the quantitatively meager results. When he says in defense that the "Contemporary" had such a small percentage of works with Jewish content, he is again unwittingly bolstering my thesis.

I am not sure that I understand Dr. Werner's final paragraph. Does he mean that the artists he names in it are not in fact Jews, or that they are not Jews because some of their colleagues may not have known them as such, or that I should not have mentioned them as Jewish artists because their work has no Jewish content? If it is the last, Dr. Werner is opposing my whole thesis (with which he professes to "agree in general")—that virtually all American Jewish artists, whether they are only nominally or quite obviously Jews, reveal next to no Jewishness in their work. Or does Dr. Werner have in mind a gerrymandered definition of "Jew" which would exclude artists (and others) who do not publicly proclaim themselves as Jews or who have not done any work on a Jewish theme?

As to the point raised by Mr. Hess: In his article on American art in the *Universal Jewish Encyclopedia,* George S. Hellman lists as a Jew Walt Kuhn and other artists I mention who are not generally known as such. If any of them later chose one or another of the creeds which Mr. Hess refers to, the fact remains that any definition of a Jew other than one of birth lands us in an exitless semantic swamp, as I try to show in my reply to Dr. Werner. Mr. Hess can have no quarrel with me, since I point out that his estranged Jews—and even frankly Jewish artists—have not given a Jewish accent to their art.

WILLIAM SCHACK
Redding, Conn.

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

William Schack's article raises more questions than it answers: Is there anything specifically Jewish in their [Jewish artists'] work? ". . . are there American Jewish characteristics at all? Can they be reflected in canvas and carving?" etc. . . .

Perhaps some of the answers, at least hints, lie in the historic and religious influences that left their imprint on the Jewish people when they were culturally isolated. . . .

—Jews, for one thing, are newcomers to the plastic arts: the Biblical prohibition against the making of a "graven image" saw to that. . . . Thus the Jewish artist had to make a psychological break with his religion, perhaps not always conscious. He had to become an iconoclast whereas his Gentile counterpart started as iconographer. Does this furnish any clue as to why the more revolutionary forms of modern art have such an appeal for Jewish artists?

—Then the duality of Jewish existence. . . . How did the blending and interaction of the two influences, the one from the insulated ghetto, the other, increasing one, from the "outside" world, affect the individual in the arts? What are the results and dangers, if any, of such a schizophrenic situation? . . .

—The "Messianic complex" has been the glory and the plague of the Jewish people. . . .

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It endowed Jewish artists with burning idealism, zeal, mysticism, interest in social reform, single-mindedness, desire to point the way.

—Learning and sharpness of mind were always highly valued. . . . Therefore a tendency to intellectualize and philosophize. . . .

These factors . . . were all to some extent common to Jewish artists of various lands. Does this aggregate comprise the common denominator and supply the overtones which account for the distinctly "Jewish flavor" in the work of Jewish artists no matter what their lands of origin, and regardless whether their specific themes are Jewish? In this context Bloom's "Synagogue," Shahn's "Sacco and Vanzetti," Levine's "Feast of Pure Reasons," Soutine's "Choir Boy," Lipchitz's and Gabo's abstract sculptures, and even Modigliani's nudes begin to show something in common.

One final incidental question. Why, if we Jews are proud of our large representation in the arts, do we, when an "outsider" like the French critic Jean Bouret comments on the contemporary American paintings exhibited in Paris as having "characteristics . . . typically Jewish"—why, I say, do we then cry: Anti-Semitism?

MORRIS KATCHER

New York City

Political Salesmanship

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

It seems to me that Professor Boorstin's suggestive outline on public relations aspects of the Presidency ("Selling the President to the People," November) missed something that may be at the heart of the whole problem. He asserts there is a dangerous possibility that, instead of leading millions, statesmen may in reality be "tamely echoing" the "every shifting mood and inclination" of the public. Is it not possible that the real dangers lie in the opposite direction—not in the leader leading too little by adhering to the whims of his electorate but rather in the possibilities of playing to the crowd, of introducing sentiments and promoting emotional reactions? . . . If the leader is successful in "educating the public" . . . he may then use the "will of the people" as argument in support of whatever he intends to do.

This pattern of legitimacy through direct democracy would seem to characterize modern public relations- and propaganda-minded totalitarian states. America seems to have been protected from the frightening possibilities inherent in direct-democracy-via-public-relations largely through the strength of our Constitution, which provides the limits of legitimacy for democratic action, and through the basically libertarian and cautious sentiments of our people.

The domestic political trauma just past, involving the problem of McCarthyism, should cast enough question on the reliability of these healthy impulses as to make the temptations of political salesmanship highly significant for students of the political system.

NELSON W. POLSBY

Brown University
Providence, Rhode Island

"Ideology"

TO THE EDITOR OF COMMENTARY:

I can't help wincing a little at the following sentence in Russell Kirk's letter in your November issue: "Mr. Handlin is an ideologist; Mr. Lippmann is not." I used this ticklish word "ideology" myself in your pages recently, and I doubt if my use of it was much more legitimate than Mr. Kirk's. Like "rhetoric" and "democracy," it seems to be entering the no man's land of sloganeering, and it might be well to take a leaf from Mr. Kirk's cherished Schoolmen. Isn't an ideology, strictly speaking, what happens to a political vision, a philosophy, a program, when it enters the realm of tactical maneuvering? The dictionary is vague about this, but I feel sure that a good Thomist would take a more neutral view of ideology than Mr. Kirk does, and would call it, perhaps, a tactical instrument of the practical order. Any set of ideas can become an ideology in certain circumstances, and I imagine that every professional thinker is by turn an ideologist. The word can best be compared with "rhetoric," which in its classical scholastic sense merely means that aspect of formal discourse intended to move or persuade. All discourse, I think, has a rhetorical dimension just as all discourse has an ideological dimension. It's too bad to let the word degenerate into a mere expletive.

R. W. FLINT

Cambridge, Mass.

Correction

In George Lichtheim's "Changing Alignments in the Middle East" (October), passages are cited from Col. Halford Hoskins' *The Middle East* (Macmillan), and from another volume also entitled *The Middle East*, published by the Royal Institute of International Affairs. The text gave the impression that reference was made to one work only, thus incorrectly crediting Col. Hoskins with statements made by the author of the introduction to the Royal Institute publication. The second of the three quotations was taken from the latter work.

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BOOKS IN REVIEW

Kinds of Conservatism

CONSERVATISM IN AMERICA. By CLINTON ROSSITER. Knopf. 327 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by EDWARD N. SAVETH

TOWARD the close of FDR's administration, many liberals, reflecting the atmosphere of "a season of inaction and consolidation," seemed more interested in conserving than altering the political and economic status quo. Thus they became, under Clinton Rossiter's definition, conservatives. Other liberals today, though remaining liberals, feel that a new crystallization of conservative doctrine is necessary in order to preempt the ideological void on the right before it is filled by fascism and racism. Still other liberals—intellectuals and home-owners—incline towards conservatism because they are disillusioned with liberalism for not having produced the millennium. Finally, the so-called better elements—businessmen for the most part—now entering politics through real or vicarious roles on "Ike's team" stand in need of an ideology, and naturally look for it on the right.

One should not overlook the academic roots of the "new conservatism." Many conventionally trained political scientists are somewhat dismayed by the incursions of pollsters, sociologists, psychologists, and psychiatrists into their field; the more orthodox scholar finds it difficult to evaluate those glittering inversions of the obvious which David Reisman is so fond of presenting. The spate of recent books by historians on the nature of American liberalism, and of books like Mr. Rossiter's on American conservatism, constitutes an affirmation of history-centered political science as against the typically phenomenological approach of the socio-psychologists: the latter are to be criticized for their lack of a sense for the historical factor.

Two somewhat separate interpretations of American conservatism have been advanced lately. The first, of which Louis Hartz' *The Liberal Tradition in America* is an outstanding example, argues that, since the United States was "born free" and never had an important feudal class (except what he calls the pre-Civil War make-believe Southern aristocracy), the nation has always been monolithically liberal. The only really enduring political conflict in America has been between big-propertied Whigs and small-owners who are liberal, and its violence has been limited by the adherence of both groups to a liberal constitution that defends both property and liberty. The lack of truly deep class divisions, argues Mr. Hartz, has prevented the evolution of sharply defined radical and conservative dogmas in this country.

Mr. Rossiter's willingness to go along with this thesis is implicit in a chapter of his book entitled "A Conservative History of American Progressivism." But his major effort is devoted to delineating the unique characteristics of an American conservative tradition. According to Rossiter, you are a conservative, rather than a liberal, if you believe less in the innate goodness of man and more in his potential for evil; if you are inclined to recognize inequality—but not political inequality—as the natural condition of mankind; if *vox populi* impresses you more as a potential tyrant than as the voice of God; if you regard civil rights as the rewards for political virtue and vigilance rather than as natural rights; if you regard private property as the concomitant of human rights rather than as a threat to them; if you possess "religious feeling" and a more than middling amount of moral sense; if you distrust "reason" sufficiently to let it be overruled by the mandate of a higher law on occasion; if you recognize the inevitability of social classes and an aristocracy that both rules and serves; if you believe in the "civilizing, disciplinary, conserving mission of education."

The conservative *genus Americanus* is endowed by Mr. Rossiter with still other characteristics, however. He is a Republican, although Mr. Rossiter does not say that Democrats and other people can't be conservatives—in fact, just about the only people disqualified as conservatives are Communists and individuals like

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Gerald L. K. Smith and Allen Zoll. Still, the Republican party is designated as standard-bearer of the new conservatism, particularly if it "champions the preservative elements in the American tradition, appeals high-mindedly to sentiments of loyalty and unity, combines the conservatism of the sound dollar and the liberalism of government-aided equality of opportunity into a positive program for the twentieth century, remembers that a united America is the 'last best hope of earth' and thus casts away the bloody shirt of Communism . . . and fights elections on genuine issues—and all the while maintains that it is 'the party of tradition and progress'."

The American conservative is also to be distinguished by his preoccupation with the three great institutional complexes upon which conservatism rests: churches, schools, and the economic system. If, at the next meeting of the PTA, you discover someone steering a steady course between "Deweyites and anti-Deweyites, vocationalists and generalists, traditionalists and progressives, sectarians and secularists . . . absolutists of the Right and absolutists of the Left," he is pretty sure to be a conservative. If at your local chamber of commerce you happen to meet someone with a preference for the facts of economic life rather than for assumptions about it, who believes in socially responsible free enterprise, the honest dollar, and a "welfare community" that would be "less dangerous in power and more benevolent in operation than the 'welfare state,'" that man is talking conservatism. Finally, all good conservatives will unite on a foreign policy "based on hard facts and animated by good will."

THESE criteria are disappointing; they offer little help, except in gross instances, in distinguishing conservatives from liberals and the rest of the population. And yet if conservatism is less a fixed political credo and more a state of mind or way of looking at the world and at life, then all that Mr. Rossiter has to say about conservatism adds up to more than his definition of it. If the actual content of his book is vague, its mood is pervasive, unmistakable, and offers a reflection of what an earlier generation of historians called "the spirit of the age." At the same time, it is unusual to see a historian like Rossiter writing impressionistically in a book bare of footnotes and with only a scant bibliography; one expected his treatment of conservatism to be more solid in its scholarship and stronger in scholarly apparatus. This, together with its relative shortness, puts Mr. Rossiter's book in the category of the once-over-lightlies that Peter Viereck and Russell Kirk have given the same subject.

One cannot help but wish that Mr. Rossiter had written a different kind of book—more of a *history* of American conservatism and less of an essay on it. What we need is thorough research clarifying the specifics of American conservatism, rather than a *tour de force* simply proclaiming it to be a good thing. Mr. Rossiter apologizes for neglecting such "exciting examples of conservative political and social thought" as George Santayana, Ralph Adams Cram, Agnes Repplier, H. L. Mencken, Albert Jay Nock, Madison Grant, Barrett Wendell, Charles Eliot Norton, James Russell Lowell, and others. These omissions—for the post-Civil War period alone—are enough to cause one to wonder whether Mr. Rossiter hasn't got hold of the wrong end of his subject. Moreover, in dealing with the historic development of American conservatism, Mr. Rossiter permits himself some surprising omissions and emphases. He sees the present generation of American businessmen as constituting an elite, an aristocracy "of an American cut" that could assume a position of leadership in a conservative society. There is, however, little in his account to indicate that American businessmen, as a class, have any traditions to draw upon that would support them in this role. The author's handling of the historical background of our business community follows the lines of the liberal (so-called Jefferson-Jackson-FDR) interpretation of American history, which depicts Alexander Hamilton as serving the rich and well-born, business as the antagonist of Jacksonian democracy, and Andrew Carnegie as a poor social philosopher. The transition from this to the lofty, if not platitudinous, expectations that Mr. Rossiter entertains of the businessman of today is too sudden.

Indeed, I am puzzled as to why he did not base himself on the Federalist-Whig-Republican interpretation of American history, which has become rather popular during the past decade. In this view Hamilton is less collaborator and defender of the Colonial upper class than a nation-maker *par excellence*, a political genius who saved the infant republic by deliberately and realistically marrying it to that group in the community which had the largest economic stake in its preservation; and who did all this

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without himself profiting from it financially.

The Federalist-Whig-Republican interpretation sees the business community as the prime moving force not only in the establishment of the Republic, but in the growth of American democracy. The emerging business class, it argues, rather than the frontiersman, as Frederick Jackson Turner claimed, or the urban proletariat, as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr. maintains, was the chief impetus behind Jacksonian democracy. Premising political freedom upon the development of free enterprise, the Whig-Republican view sees the "industrial statesman" (no longer the "robber baron") of the post-Civil War era as fighting democracy's true struggle in resisting "bureaucratic" efforts toward the regulation of his business. Finally, today's businessman, insofar as he seeks to preserve his freedom of action from government interference, has again become democracy's main defender against statism.

Mr. Rossiter undoubtedly had his reasons—even valid ones—for ignoring this line of historical interpretation. But one would still like to know why he completely ignores it, particularly since the differences he points up in his book between past business behavior and future expectations are so striking.

If Mr. Rossiter's thesis is granted that American conservative thinking has a unique and definable pattern (and that is perhaps to grant a great deal), it still seems to me that he might have marked some of the variations within this pattern. The conservatism of the latter 19th-century business community, which finds classic expression in the writings of William Graham Sumner, is distinctly *laissez-faire*. Patrician conservatism, on the other hand, of which Henry and Brooks Adams were the spokesmen, and of which Theodore Roosevelt was the outstanding embodiment in politics, makes free use of governmental power in trying to impose a patrician restraint upon the juggernauts of capital and labor for the benefit of society as a whole. Mr. Rossiter might have dealt better with the 19th century had he explored the possibilities offered by the hypothesis of *two* conservatisms: one business-oriented and *laissez-faire*, the other patrician-oriented and making free use of the agencies of government in an effort to impose intelligence and order upon society and to establish the patrician class as a mediating one between capital and labor.

Years ago, Vernon L. Parrington planned three volumes on the evolution of American liberal thinking in which he intended to defend it even as Rossiter now defends conservatism. Today, Parrington's approach—particularly with respect to his rigorous division between liberals and conservatives and the dark colors in which he painted the latter—is open to serious criticism. But the fact remains that Parrington, for all the faults in his method that later scholars have discovered, contributed importantly to the establishment of traditions of American intellectual liberalism. Today there is need for a similar effort in understanding American conservatism. This could be done by a scholar of Parrington's intensity, but without his dogmatism.

Ambitious Project

HISTOIRE DE L'ANTISEMITISME. VOL. I. DU CHRIST AUX JUIFS DE COUR. By LEON POLIAKOV. Calmann-Lévy (Paris). 342 pp. 775 francs.

Reviewed by JAMES PARKES

THE publication of this volume marks the realization of the first stage of an ambitious project, a three-volume history of anti-Semitism. Its author, M. Léon Poliakov, has thus far been mainly concerned with contemporary problems, working at the Centre de Documentation Juive on different aspects of Nazi anti-Semitism.* His new project plunges him into the field of historical research. One might add the pleasant Americanism which has now become a part of the English language—"And how!" For the range which he has proposed to cover is immense. This first volume deals with "Jews whose history unfolds exclusively within Christendom, that is, Ashkenazi Jews," and covers the period from the beginnings of anti-Semitism up to the time of emancipation. In his second volume he proposes to turn to the Sephardim—"Jews who have lived alternately under Christian and Muslim rule or exclusively under the Muslims." In the final volume the subject will be "the phenomenon of Jewish assimilation characteristic of the 19th century, and the recrudescence of anti-Semitism especially characteristic of our present period."

The allocation of an entire volume to Jewish relations with Islam is important. It marks a

*Mr. Poliakov is author of the important *Harvest of Hate (Bréviare de la Haine)*. See note on p. 508.—ED.

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change from the traditional attitude, either that the subject was of much less importance than the European story, or the wholly erroneous view that everything was perfect in the Jewish-Muslim relationship until the wicked Zionists came in and destroyed a state of idyllic harmony and mutual affection. It is a volume whose appearance will be awaited with a great deal of interest, and much of which will have to be a work of pioneering. S. D. Goitein's recent volume *Jews and Arabs* (Noonday Press) is an admirable introduction to a principal aspect of the subject, but Mr. Poliakov will have to cast his net much wider if he is to give a comprehensive picture of a fascinating but exceedingly complex series of relationships with higher heights and deeper depths than were experienced by European Jewry.

The present volume is divided into four sections. The first covers the pagan world and the thousand years from Golgotha to the Crusades; the second deals with the massacres of the First Crusade and the emergence of the Jewish usurer; the third with the Black Death and the infamy of the last phase of the Middle Ages; and the fourth and final section with the "Age of the Ghetto," which includes a review of the Christian feelings about Jews in two countries where there were no Jews, England and France—feelings which Mr. Poliakov characterizes as *"l'antisemitisme à l'état pur"*—one country which during this period decided to exclude Jews, that is Russia, and then the "active" anti-Semitism of Luther's Germany, and the extraordinary ghetto community of the Four Lands of Poland.

By far the weakest part of the book is the first section. To cover the thousand years in which the foundations of all subsequent anti-Semitism were laid in twenty-one pages would, in any case, be difficult. Mr. Poliakov's delight in the full description of concrete instances makes it impossible, especially as his instances are not well chosen. More than two pages are devoted to Agobard, an important figure in a full discussion of the Carolingian Renaissance and of the state of Jewry at that time, but of much less importance in a wider view, for the simple reason that the Carolingian Renaissance was followed by further Dark Ages and Agobard's writings were entirely unknown to subsequent centuries. The story of the survival of the single manuscript of Agobard we possess is well known. (In 1605 the bibliophile, Papire Masson, was doing a "book-hunt" in Lyons and happened to go into the shop of a binder, who he found about to cut up some old parchment to use for covers of books he was binding. Masson recognized it as the lost works of Agobard and just saved it from destruction.) Moreover, to deal in detail with Agobard and to make no reference to the legislation of the Christian Roman Empire and its successor states is indefensible.

The medieval situation of the Jews cannot be understood without the background of their gradual loss of social and economic equality at a time when they were still nominally Roman citizens; and it is equally incomprehensible without an understanding of the lack of status from which a "foreigner" suffered in the Germanic societies which followed the Roman. The full *servitudo camerae* may have developed only after the First Crusade, but it was already inherent in the Carolingian charters of the 9th century. It is only after an adequate treatment of these two factors that the ground would be adequately laid for a consideration of the transition from merchant to usurer, and for a proper appreciation of the highly specialized role played by the Jewish usurer as a means of filling the coffers of indigent princes. Hence the chapter on the usurer is weak.

A somewhat similar criticism must be levelled at Mr. Poliakov's handling of the theological developments which created the medieval Christian theologian's conception of "the Jew." They all belong to the first four centuries of Christianity, and they proceeded in logical sequence. By omitting any clear picture of this development, Mr. Poliakov's account, for example, of the statements of English and French theologians at periods when there were no Jews in their countries gets badly out of focus. These were not original remarks, but merely restatements of what had already been said by Tertullian, Irenaeus, Ambrose, or some other early Church Father.

HAVING dealt with the flaws in this most interesting work, it is pleasant to turn to the positive side. The genius of the author, as well as the most original part of his work, is shown in his ability to reconstruct the popular situation from the First Crusade onwards, and his constant quotation of medieval and other popular literature is of the greatest value. It is the second and third sections of the book which will provide most illumination for the reader and introduce him to a good deal of original

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material that supplements and enriches what we already possess. From the Crusades through the Black Death, the author's technique of vivid sketches of actual situations comes fully into its own; and the same talent has served him well in much of his description of the conditions of Polish Jewry before and after Chmielnicki, in his picture of the emergence of Hasidism, and in his account of the attitude of the Muscovite princes to the entry of Jews into Holy Russia.

If it is a weakness that he has laid inadequate foundations for these sections by his omission of a fuller treatment of the theological and legislative contributions of early centuries, he has laid an admirable foundation in them for his further study of emancipation and the return of anti-Semitism in modern times. For here it is the popular attitude which is of supreme importance, and the theologian and the lawgiver pass into the background. They were, in fact, often more enlightened than the masses, but could not cope with popular hostility, suspicion, and superstition. The 19th-century peasant or proletarian was ready to believe in ritual murder, in universal Jewish hatred of Christianity, in Jewish plots against Christendom, and so on, because such beliefs had become universal among his ancestors, and found expression in traditional ballad and religious drama, in the iconography of his church, and in the shrines of supposed infant martyrs to Jewish hatred. The picture which the author gives of how these beliefs passed from being carefully inculcated to being instinctive is admirably drawn.

If, as one may hope, a second edition or a translation be called for, one would wish for a strengthening of the initial chapters. And one would wish equally that the work were provided with an index. But the main body of the book provides a notable contribution to an exceedingly complex and still living problem.

Novelist Going Places

THE DEER PARK. By NORMAN MAILER. Putnam. 375 pp. $4.00.

Reviewed by RICHARD CHASE

NORMAN MAILER'S impressive war novel *The Naked and the Dead* left one wondering whether this author could write on anything but the largest scale. A book like *The Naked and the Dead,* or Dos Passos's *USA,* on which

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in some ways it was modeled, protects the author from his own artistic uncertainties. It succeeds by sheer hard work and cumulative effect, not to mention the stake the reader feels he has in the book after plowing through seven hundred pages or more. Not that the massive effect was the only virtue of *The Naked and the Dead*. It also made an exciting, even a concentrated story, with its picture of the scouting expedition on the more or less symbolic Pacific island mountain and its account of how the private and the lieutenant we were made to admire were crushed between the power-hungry sergeant and the general.

In his next two books Mailer has been taking a narrower and deeper view of things. The scaled-down context he chose to deal with in *Barbary Shore* was that of political commitment. In some ways *Barbary Shore* is still his most interesting book. It introduced us to his talent for comic writing of the horrible-grotesque sort and showed to what extent the older comic sense of Dickens and Dostoevsky has been replaced in a writer like Mailer by that of Kafka and Nathanael West. *Barbary Shore* benefited by its unified setting—a run-down tenement inhabited by a would-be novelist and by Stalinists and quasi-Stalinists who become related to one another not only by politics but by sexual entanglements. In an Existential mood Mailer was trying, one gathered, to explore and dramatize the mystery of modern political and sexual commitments. All too often, however, the probing of mystery became mere trafficking in mystification—something which of course does not happen in Kafka. You couldn't tell, for example, whether the hero-novelist was being coy or suffering from amnesia when he said he didn't know whether or not he had been in the war. The Communists and Russia, as I recall, were never overtly mentioned at all. Instead the characters were made to use expressions like "allegiance to a party in a far country." And what Mailer honorably proved was the difficulty of making devious political mysteries believable in an American setting.

In *The Deer Park,* Mailer's third novel, sex is the main subject and politics is pushed into the background. The characters are mostly Hollywood types vacationing at a fantastically new, luridly lit chrome and plastic resort called Desert D'Or and modeled on Palm Springs. Mailer is a careful student and *The Deer Park* constitutes a fair Art of Love for rich Americans. The author informs us that the haven of joy he describes was once a prospectors' town called Desert Door. And indeed he makes his characters regard sex as (in David Riesman's words) "the last frontier." As Mailer says of one, sex is his "dream of bounty."

We are to understand also that sex has something to do with art and the integrity of the artist. "Think of Sex as Time," we are told, "and Time as the connection of new circuits." The two main figures of the book are trying to connect to new circuits, and both are would-be artists. Charles Francis Eitel is a movie director who has never produced a picture according to his own high standards and is in disrepute because, although not a Communist, he was an unfriendly witness before a Congressional committee. He regains his position and fame only by hopelessly compromising himself in his own eyes. But as he fails, so the young novelist-narrator (apparently) succeeds in the high calling of the artist. The exact relation of Eitel and the narrator is not very clear, and the novel has many internal cross-purposes and unproved relationships.

With all its rampant carelessness, *The Deer Park* is nevertheless a notable entry in The Great Hollywood Novel Sweepstakes. Herman Teppis, the mogul, Collie Munshin, his assistant, Lulu Meyers, the new-made star, are all memorable. And the sustained account of the relationship between Eitel and Elena Esposito is worthy of Balzac and makes a small masterly novel within a novel.

The general similarity between the narrators in *Barbary Shore* and *The Deer Park* suggests that Mailer, as should be clear anyway, is a highly self-conscious, though often wild-swinging novelist. He seems to have taken up a convention practiced so far with much greater success by Europeans than by Americans—that of projecting oneself into one's own novel as an emerging novelist. There are various reasons why this should be difficult for Americans to do well and all too easy to do badly. For one thing, the young-American-who-wants-to-write is a problematic, lumpish, and depressing phenomenon, and it is perhaps partly a sense of this fact that has led such novelists as Faulkner and Hemingway to put themselves into their novels as students, aviators, big-game hunters, and so on, rather than as writers or would-be writers. In *Barbary Shore* and *The Deer Park* Mailer has been trying with considerable ingenuity and some success to do what his

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predecessors have failed or chosen not to do.

One cannot say that he has brought off the difficult trick, or even that it is necessarily desirable that he should. Still, he is making a serious attempt at one of the accomplishments that have to be included in a complete art of the novel. The least one can say in general about *The Deer Park* is that it is written by a novelist who is still very obviously going places.

The West German Democracy

GERMAN DEMOCRACY AT WORK. A selective study by JAMES K. POLLOCK, HENRY L. BRETTON, FRANK GRACE, DANIEL S. MCHARGUE; ed. James K. Pollock. University of Michigan Press. 202 pp. $4.50.

Reviewed by G. L. ARNOLD

THE authors of this study traveled to West Germany in the summer of 1953 "to observe the German political scene in the period of its greatest activity," on the eve of the Federal elections in September of that year. Their purpose was to investigate how the electoral system was operating, and more generally how the West Germans were taking to their brand-new Federal institutions. From internal evidence it appears that they were also concerned to gauge the true strength of Dr. Adenauer's party in relation to the Social Democrats, and to assess the significance of neutralist and "anti-American" sentiment. By contrast, they do not seem to have regarded the strength of nationalist and neo-Nazi tendencies as worth investigating. Remarks on this topic are brief and cursory, and there is no discussion of the extent to which the Federal bureaucracy has been staffed with former National Socialists.

On its purely documentary side, the study bears the marks of careful investigation and patient attention to detail. Four of the eight chapters are devoted to analysis of election machinery, national and regional close-ups of the September 1953 poll, discussion of party electoral strategy, etc. There are some useful annexes which will save students the bother of wading through Federal German election statistics for 1949 and 1953. There is a diagram showing the respective strengths of the Christian Democrats and the Social Democrats in relation to the Catholic vote in twenty-five cities and communities; a sketch map of Federal institutions; and a profusion of notes displaying the authors' familiarity with election literature in the summer of 1953. The volume is printed and produced in accordance with academic standards; anyone wishing to discover how the German Federal elections of 1953 were organized, how the votes were cast, and how they were distributed, can do no better than consult it.

IT IS when one comes to the chapters dealing

"ALLAN TEMKO TURNS THE STONES OF NOTRE-DAME INTO FLESH AND BLOOD; AND THE STORY OF ITS BUILDING BECOMES A VERITABLE BIOGRAPHY OF THE MEDIEVAL FRENCH SOUL."—LEWIS MUMFORD

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with German history and present-day politics that doubts begin to stir. The authors have indeed tried to play fair. Their wholehearted admiration for Dr. Adenauer is qualified by recognition that he has no monopoly of virtue. Repeatedly the reader is assured that the Social Democrats are really quite sound on the Communist issue, though lamentably inclined to flirt with nationalist and neutralist sentiment. Yet the total impression is that the SPD has "failed to adjust itself to political reality." In particular, it is blamed for being anti-European: "Although still an opposition party, the SPD has accumulated enough of a vested interest—especially at the state level—to be unable to fit itself into the framework of present Western European integration."

The preface to the volume is dated February 1955. Eight months after these words were printed, the German Socialist leaders formally associated themselves with M. Jean Monnet's "Action Committee" for a United States of Europe. In doing so they aligned themselves with the other Socialist parties of Western Europe, and of course with the leading influences among European Liberals and Christian Democrats. It is arguable that this apparent conversion could not have been foreseen, although in fact it merely formalized what better informed observers knew to be the basic orientation of the SPD since the death of Schumacher and the gradual discomfiture of those among his disciples who thought the party could ride to power on the back of the nationalist wave. In any case the incident shows how difficult it is to understand the politics of a foreign country.

There is less justification for the inadequacy (to put it mildly) of the historical introduction. This takes the form of a naive eulogy of the CDU, a party apparently dedicated to the realization of Christian ideals, and an equally naive disparagement of the SPD. Political Catholicism in Germany since 1848 gets an elaborate whitewash. Thus while the failure of Bismarck's *Kulturkampf* against the Catholic Church in the 70's is duly noted, there is no hint that during the Wilhelminian epoch the Catholic Center party became the mainstay of the Imperial government which dragged Germany into war in 1914; nor is there any reference to the sinister role played by the party's Bavarian allies in undermining the Weimar Republic and giving Hitler his first big opportunity. With equal lack of critical balance, the history of the CDU in the Federal Republic is described as a process of Catholic-Protestant cooperation to realize the principles of "Social Christianity" (a term not further defined), and there is a delicious passage extolling the growth of inter-confessional harmony (p. 46) which would certainly come as a surprise to leaders and followers on both sides of the denominational gulf. For good measure, a vaguely pro-Socialist editorial in the totally unrepresentative monthly *Frankfurter Hefte* is gravely noted as evidence that "In Greater Hesse, in other words, the CDU stands for Christian Socialism in the tradition of Bishop Ketteler, the *Rerum Novarum,* and the *Quadragesimo Anno.*" This will be news to the party leaders. But the two "political" authors, Mr. Grace and Mr. Bretton, are altogether too much given to taking appearances for reality:

"The West Germans are of course fully cognizant of the dangers which threaten their national existence. They see and fear the specter of an Anglo-French-Russian understanding at their expense and consequently move closer to the United States. Thus, whatever the disposition of France and Britain may be, the realities of Soviet pressure may soon force a showdown and may bring to an end the period of procrastination and diplomatic hedging. Neither the Adenauer government nor the United States will placidly accept a development which must result in the crippling of the free world's efforts to strengthen itself against Soviet aggression. If Germany cannot be rearmed within the framework of the Western European Union, then ways must be found to utilize German troops within the area of the North Atlantic Treaty Organization in some other manner."

In the light of Dr. Adenauer's recent voyage to Moscow and Bonn's current toying with the idea of watering the NATO wine sufficiently to make reunification possible, this passage has a rather dim look today. Mr. Bretton is no more fortunate as a historian:

"Since its organization in 1869, the SPD appears to have been destined to play the role of a loyal and permanent opposition party in German politics. Of radical-Marxist origin, it opposed the nationalist-conservative regime of the Empire and was banned in 1878 for two years under the anti-socialist legislation of Chancellor Bismarck. It managed to grow and expand, however, in spite of all oppression and adversities to the point where it became strong

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This *I Believe*

By Homer W. Smith*

"AS a fallen angel, man would be ludicrous. As an intelligent animal, he has reason to be proud because he is the first who can ask himself, 'Whither, Why, and Whence?'

". . . he can know himself as a creature of earth who has risen by his own efforts from a low estate. If he would rise higher he must be true to earth, he must accept that he is its creature, unplanned, unprotected and unfavored, co-natural with all other living creatures and with the air and water and sunlight and black soil from which their dynamic pattern has been fabricated by impersonal and indifferent forces. . . .

". . . No pattern of living is written in the stars: each may be tried and esteemed according to the individual. No principle of justice is foreordained: justice must be realized between individuals as a reasoned compromise. . . . To analogize between the human organism, the individual, the highest court of appeal in all human affairs, and the aggregate of individuals that comprises society is to fall into a grave biological error. No value, right or virtue can be discovered in any pattern of living that does not stem from the individuals concerned. . . . Individual men must dictate their Bill of Rights, and not 'society.'

". . . But appended to the Bill of Rights is an unwritten Bill of Duties: sharing the benefits of collective effort in no measure abrogates man's individual responsibility. What man does, he does as an individual, what he would do, men as individuals must do. . . . His fate was not decreed in the temple of Osiris, or written on the tablets of Marduk, or settled by Olympian conclave or predestined by a righteous Yahweh—he has always had it clutched in his own hands, he need but open his fingers to read his lifeline. . . . He alone by his own efforts can enlarge the bounds of empire, to the effecting of all things possible, to remolding this sorry scheme of things nearer to the heart's desire. He alone can see himself and his world in width and depth. He alone can choose, out of his vision of the present and the past, his future course."

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enough to take over the reigns [*sic*] of government following the collapse of 1918. By 1919 it polled 45 per cent of the total vote and exceeded all other parties in terms of enrolled membership, and ideological as well as organizational cohesiveness."

Every single statement in this passage is demonstrably inaccurate. The SPD was not founded in 1869 (Bebel and Liebknecht organized a congress in that year, but they had to reckon with the rival organization of Lassalle's followers which had been operating since 1863), nor did it have a "radical-Marxist" orientation either then or later; the 1875 program was violently denounced by Marx, and it was only in 1891 that the party adopted a watered-down version of Marxian socialism. Bismarck's suppression law of 1878 lasted for twelve years, not two, and although ostensibly anti-socialist was in fact aimed at the National Liberals and parliamentarianism generally. The party did not "grow and expand in spite of all oppression and adversities." It was defeated in 1907, stagnated for years thereafter, and as a result of its electoral débâcle in that year came increasingly under the influence of the conservative trade union leaders, who dissuaded it from conducting a more energetic campaign for a broader franchise, and in general prepared the way for its pro-war enthusiasm and political subservience in 1914 (cf. Carl E. Schorske, *German Social Democracy 1905-1917*, Harvard University Press, 1955). So far from gaining 45 per cent of the vote in 1919, it had to share it with the left-wing USPD, with whom it was then engaged in something tantamount to civil war. The "reins of government" meantime were firmly held (as they are today) by the old bureaucracy and the "bourgeois" parties, who had an absolute majority in the National Assembly of 1919, although the Monarchist-Republican split disabled them from working together. In this respect the Bonn Republic is certainly an improvement on its predecessor: the split having been healed, there is no need now to conceal the basically conservative character of the regime.

After this display of historical scholarship it is scarcely surprising to find that for Mr. Bretton, as for Mr. Grace, the political struggle in West Germany since 1949 reduced itself to the "great debate" between the Federal Chancellor and his misguided Socialist opponents. Mr. Pollock and Mr. McHargue keep closer to electoral realities, but it seems regrettable that they have not made much use of the excellent public-opinion surveys conducted by the non-partisan Institut fuer Demoskopie, although a "Note on Public Opinion Polls" (pp. 176/8) draws attention to their findings. An analysis of the latest of these surveys might have done something to qualify the more optimistic conclusions of this study regarding the stability of German democracy. While the polls naturally do not disclose the proportion of Federal ministers and key officials with former Nazi party or SS affiliations (their identity is anyhow no secret in Bonn), they show that, for example, until quite recently a substantial minority of Germans (around one-third) were favorably disposed to at least some aspects of the Hitler regime. As late as 1952, 10 per cent of those polled considered Hitler "the greatest statesman of the century," and another 22 per cent held that "while he made some mistakes, he was certainly a head of state worthy of admiration (*vorbildlicher Staatsfuehrer*). Even the 40 per cent who thought his negative traits were dominant, allowed that he had "done some good." Only 28 per cent wanted no part of him. This

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breakdown certainly does not support the belief that most West Germans then had become fully converted to democracy. Yet the same people a year later gave Adenauer his majority. Is it altogether fanciful to suppose that the 28 per cent who in that election voted for the Social Democrats were identical with the 28 per cent whom the poll a year earlier found to have rejected Hitlerism *in toto*, and that Dr. Adenauer's following comprised most of the lukewarm and a proportion of the unregenerate? It is at any rate a possibility worth considering.

Hopeful Tinkerer

JOHN MAYNARD KEYNES: ECONOMIST AND POLICY MAKER. By SEYMOUR HARRIS. Scribner (20th Century Library). 234 pp. $3.00.

Reviewed by BEN B. SELIGMAN

TWENTY years ago or so, New Deal economists and political scientists grasped at John Maynard Keynes's ideas as precisely the kind of rationalizations needed to justify what it was they were doing. Nevertheless, Keynes was not the sort of thinker who directly affected the course of events; he possessed rather the unique faculty of knowing how to ride history. The New Deal began its tinkering long before 1936, when Keynes's major work, *The General Theory of Employment, Interest and Money*, was published. But Keynes knew, as did his contemporary, Roosevelt, how to cope with the economic and psychological needs of his time.

Keynes's answers to these needs were supposedly revolutionary. Professor Harris (whose book has substance, though it is badly organized and written) summarizes the main points: an emphasis on the necessity of full employment for a well-functioning capitalism; a demonstration that the economy can be "in ballance" despite depressed business conditions; an attack on thrift as an impediment to prosperity; a preference for monetary manipulation as the cure for economic ills; a rejection of mechanical budget-balancing and mere wage-cutting; and a bias in favor of inflation.

Yet all this has roots in the classical 19th-century Anglo-Saxon system of economics, which was based in part on the belief that the interests of different social groups were actually in harmony. Optimists such as Frederic Bastiat and Jean-Baptiste Say rejected those factors of class struggle in classical theory which later attained fruition in Marx. Harmony could be made to support many things, even government intervention, for happiness was the prime goal of the social order and governmental acts could be excused as an enlightened way of increasing happiness in accord with Utilitarian notions. (A recent work by Lionel Robbins, a conservative British economist, goes out of its way to show that the Classicists anticipated Laborism.)

Having been schooled at Cambridge, Keynes was no stranger to Utilitarianism. His sources in this typically British ideology are obvious, and his theory suggests a more equal distribution of income as a means of increasing *welfare*. This does not necessarily imply planning from the center; as Abba Lerner has shown, Keynes's theory is based on the assumption that institutional changes under capitalism may be accomplished without detailed, day-by-day interference with the market. That government action was necessary at times to insure the greatest possible "effective demand" did not contradict the major argument. Keynes really wanted to make capitalism work, and in this he did not differ from his intellectual forebears.

BUT he always advocated an expedient, *ad hoc* course of action. In an early book on Indian currency, he pleaded for a managed money system that would be able to establish counterweights to the disconcertingly rapid price changes resulting from heavy gold movements in and out of India. Later on, he won world-wide fame simply by stressing short-run problems, those pertaining to the here and now, rather than equilibrium in that long-run in which, he said, we shall all be dead. This led him eventually to his theory of employment and to a further consideration of income distribution, a matter that had not been touched since the famous debate between Malthus and Ricardo.

Keynes came to see that effective demand and income formation were the keys to capitalist motion. More and more he stressed the fact that money was not merely a veil obscuring the supposedly "real" economic factors, but was itself significant, an object of acquisition in itself that transcended the function of a mere counter. The relation between money and goods was reflected in what Keynes called the "liquid-

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ity preference," and it was the shifting of desire between money and goods that contributed heavily to the formation of income. Money was no ordinary symbol; it acquired a life and importance in the economic system entirely its own.

Keynes's preference for the inflationary solution of economic ailments was a characteristic that some of his disciples were wont to ignore. Professor Harris's little volume makes it clear that Keynes didn't mind inflation—so long as it was managed. In 1925 Keynes attacked Britain's return to the gold standard as deflationary, basing his arguments on the need for conscious control of the currency to replace the ostensibly automatic mechanism of gold. Britain's export trade was then in the doldrums, he averred, not because domestic wages were high but because the pound was overvalued. The return to gold at pre-war levels had noticeably raised the value of sterling, placing British goods at a decided disadvantage in foreign markets. Cutting wages internally would only create trouble; a better solution was currency depreciation.

Keynes, of course, was right. Rising prices would stimulate investment, and furthermore (here his social bias came through) inflation would sap the strength of the mere coupon-clippers, an unproductive class to which it might be better anyway to apply economic euthanasia. Yet, true to his nature as a pragmatist, during the war Keynes concocted various devices to suppress inflation. In a little book, *How to Pay for the War,* he suggested compulsory government bond purchases through automatic payroll deductions as a means of sopping up excess buying power. There was no novelty in this, for all Keynes did was reverse his usual theory: before the war, investment was insufficient, but during war it would be excessive.

Keynes's brilliance became apparent early in his career, notably in the now famous *Economic Consequences of the Peace,* a savage attack on the architects of the Versailles Treaty. Who will not relish, for its magnificent rhetoric, this description of Lloyd George: ". . . This siren, this goat-footed bard, this half-human visitor to our age from the hag-ridden magic and enchanted woods of Celtic antiquity"; or the wry comment that Clemenceau "had one illusion —France; and one disillusion—mankind, including Frenchmen. . . ."? Keynes rejected Versailles because it was hypocritical. Its reparation provisions were impractical and would distort the European economy for many decades. The key to the matter was the transfer problem; to make payments, a country needs not only resources but must be able to ship goods that will be accepted by its creditors. Versailles was unrealistic because Germany, an industrial nation importing food and raw materials, would be compelled to reduce imports and at the same time have to ship more manufactured goods abroad. As Harris shows, reparations became a matter of impassioned oratory rather than sensible economics, and Keynes did not hesitate to say so.

When, after the war, the British economy became stagnant, Keynes threw overboard more of his inherited intellectual baggage. By 1923 he had developed the argument that prosperity was cumulative; moreover, it could be initiated by governmental investment. Five years later he differed sharply with the English Conservative party, which then took a stand against government spending. In 1930 he was saying in his somewhat obscure *Treatise on Money* that the relation between savings and investment determined the price level. Since interest rates were adjudged to be the price paid for the use

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of savings, a surplus of the latter could depress interest rates and thus bring about greater investment. That is, interest was a kind of fulcrum around which saving and investment moved in precarious, seesaw fashion. But then, during the depression, interest rates dropped and still nothing happened. Investment did not increase. Clearly, something was wrong and Keynes meant to find out.

In 1935 he wrote to George Bernard Shaw that he was composing a book that would revolutionize the way the world thought about economics. Again he was right. This work, *The General Theory,* the main ideas of which are well summarized by Professor Harris, offered an analytical apparatus that, while adjusted to short-run, static matters, was fully able to deal with more complex and dynamical ones. Keynes had assumed there was little change in consumer tastes, population, or industrial capacity. In a sense, he employed the time-honored technique of abstraction that had been adopted by economists since the days of Ricardo. Others after Keynes relaxed his assumptions, made their models or systems of economic analysis more dynamic, more complex and realistic, but without departing from Keynes's basic vision.

THE central problem was employment. In its broadest sense, this was determined by the connections one to the other of income, saving, investment, the amount of money and its circulation, and the rate of interest. These elements exhibited certain relationships or, to be technical about it, certain functions. The demand for investment was related to interest and to the prospective rate of profit on new capital. Then there was the relation of consumer spending to total income, from which could be obtained the "marginal propensity to consume," or that part of additional income which people wanted to spend.

This last notion was especially important, for on the basis of it the Keynesian system could calculate the "multiplier," or the relation that would obtain between additional investment and the increased national income ensuing from it. Add to this the "liquidity function," or the effect on interest rates that the amount of the public's cash holdings might have, and the Keynesian Theory was complete.

This doctrine soon dominated academic thinking. Opponents, the most notable of

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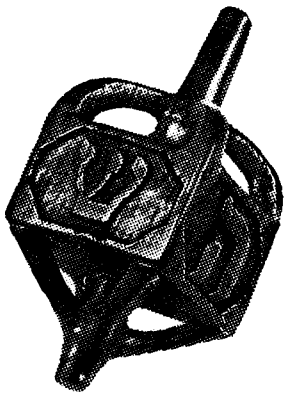

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whom was Keynes's own teacher, Arthur C. Pigou, were in time won over. A genuine "school" grew up: exegetical experts, public-relations men, and popularizers appeared to spread the gospel. And beyond this center there were the sympathizers who, while they had no real knowledge of the inner technicalities, thought it was all a good thing. As Joseph Schumpeter once remarked, only the Physiocrats and the Marxists had won similar influence.

This was high praise indeed from a dichard opponent of Keynesianism. Schumpeter had expressed a marked antipathy to the new theory because there were piled on it more practical conclusions and policy suggestions than Schumpeter thought it could carry. The important thing to note is that for Keynes there was a direct line from theory to policy. Professor Harris rightly makes much of this observation: Keynes was in favor of any modification of traditional economic practice so long as stagnation and catastrophe would be avoided. He was in essence a tinkerer, and with this went his optimism about the future of capitalism. Keynes's willingness to change a few knobs and dials on the hitherto sacrosanct classical machine revealed as nothing else could that sense of hopefulness which is a major ingredient of Keynesian economics.

Book Reviewers in This Issue

Edward N. Saveth is on the staff of the Council for Middle Eastern Affairs.

The Rev. Dr. James W. Parkes is the noted liberal theologian of the Church of England and authority on Judaism; his most recent book is *Israel and the World*.

Richard Chase is the author of books on Walt Whitman, Herman Melville, and Emily Dickinson.

Dial Press is bringing out G. L. Arnold's *The Pattern of World Conflict* this month.

Ben B. Seligman is an economist and the area director of the American Jewish Committee's Washington office.

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MEMOIRS BY HARRY S. TRUMAN

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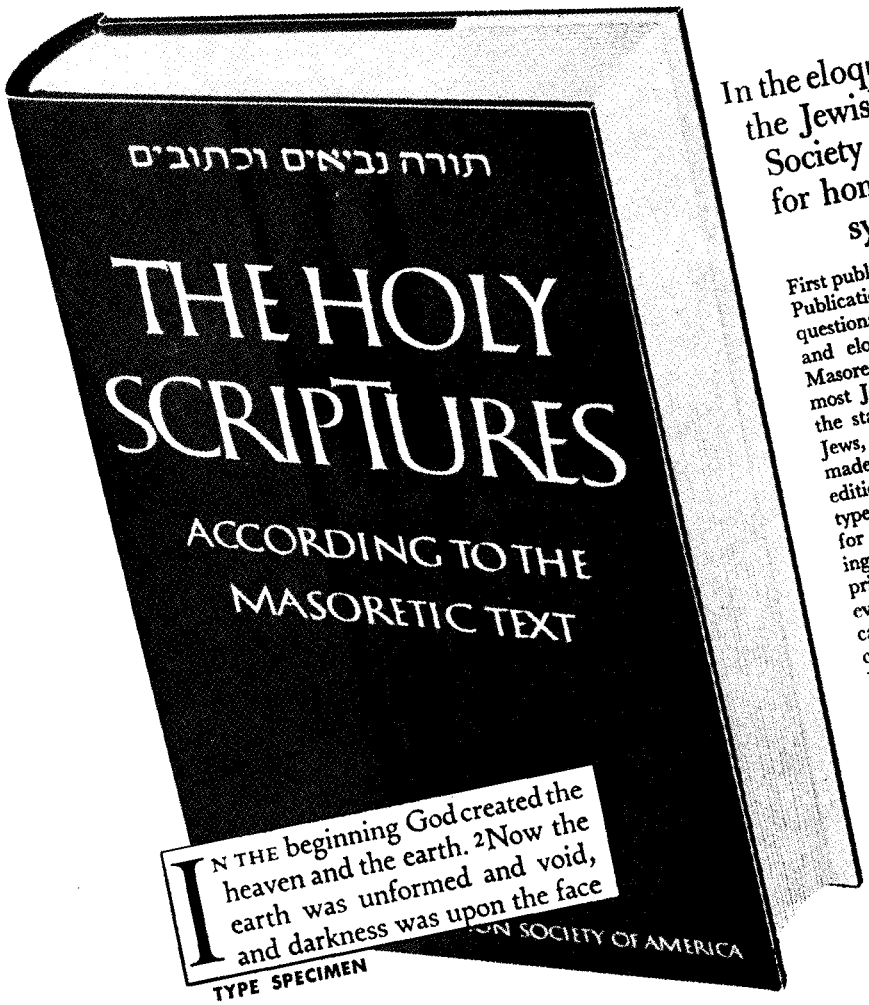
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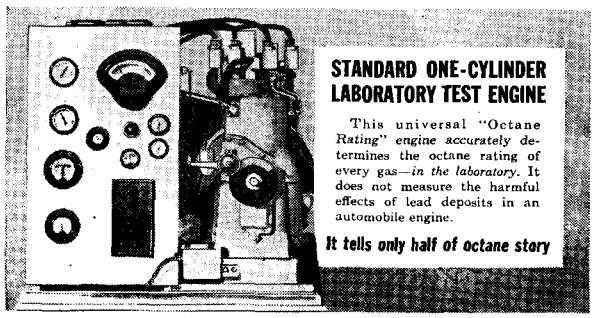

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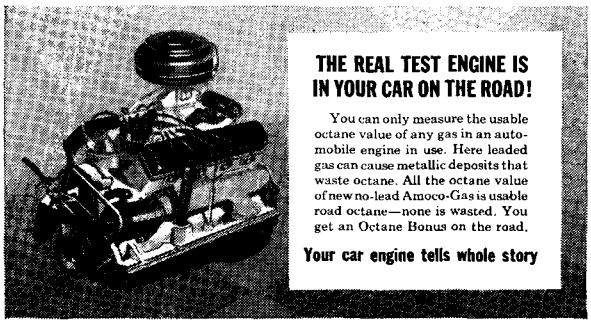

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